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THE SIZE OF LIVING THINGS

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I

THE size of things has a fascination of its own. There is a certain thrill in hearing that a fish weighing hundreds of pounds has been caught with rod and line; that one of the big trees of California has an archway cut through its bole capable of letting a stagecoach pass; that the bulkiest of men have attained a quarter of a ton weight; that it takes two harvest mice to weigh as much as a halfpenny; that an average man contains only about two and a half cubic feet; or that many bacteria, capable of producing virulent diseases, are so small that it would take over three hundred, end to end, to get from one side to the other of the full stop at the end of this sentence.

But when we look into the subject more systematically, the passing thrill of surprise gives place to a deeper interest. For one thing, we shall find ourselves confronted by the problem of the limitations of size. Why has no animal ever achieved a weight of much more than a hundred tons? Why are the predatory dragon flies never as large as eagles, or these social beings, the ants, as big as those other social beings, men? Why do lobsters and crabs manage to reach weights more than a hundred times greater than the biggest insect, but more than a thousand times smaller than the biggest vertebrates? Why, to choose something which at first sight seems to have nothing to do with size — why do you never see an insect drinking from a pool of water? As we follow up the clues, we shall begin to understand some of life's difficulties in a new way — the difficulties attendant upon very small size, the quite different difficulties attendant upon great bulk; and we shall realize that size, which we are so apt to take for granted, is one of the most serious problems with which evolving life has had to cope.

Reflection upon our own size will also help us toward an estimate of our position in the universe — of how we stand between the infinitely big and the infinitely little. It has been only in the last few decades that this estimate could be justly made. We knew the bulk of the big trees and whales; but not till quite recently did the existence of filter-passing viruses reveal to us the lower limit of size in life. And when we pass to the lifeless background, we seem, in discovering the electron, to have attained to the ultimate degree of smallness, to the indivisible unit of world stuff; and the development of Einstein's theory has made it possible to state at least a minimum weight for

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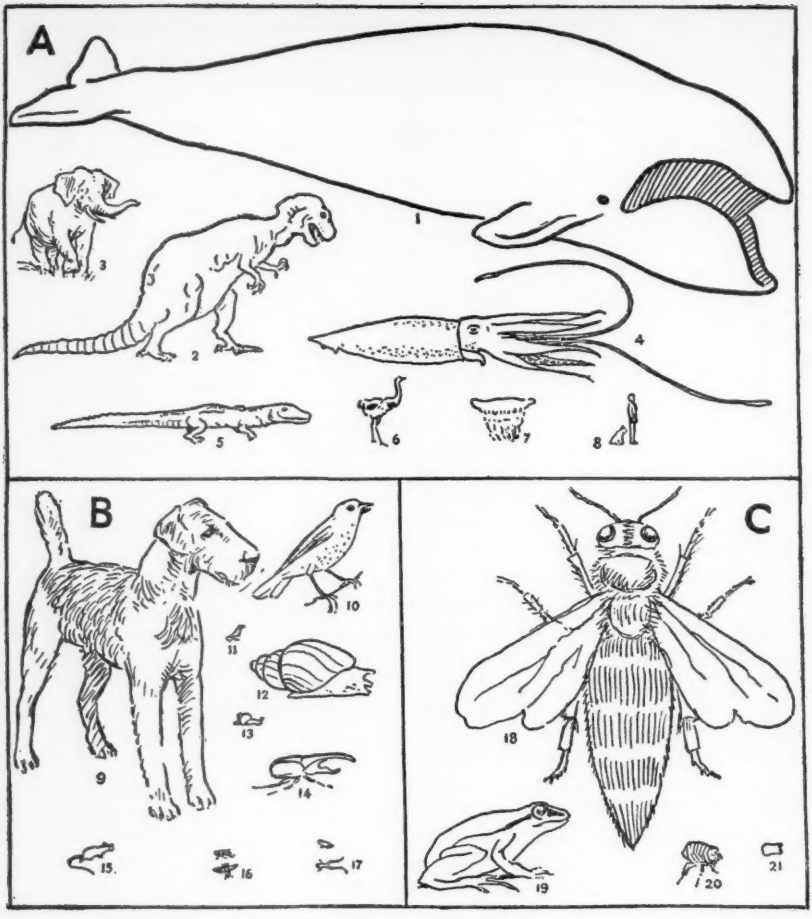


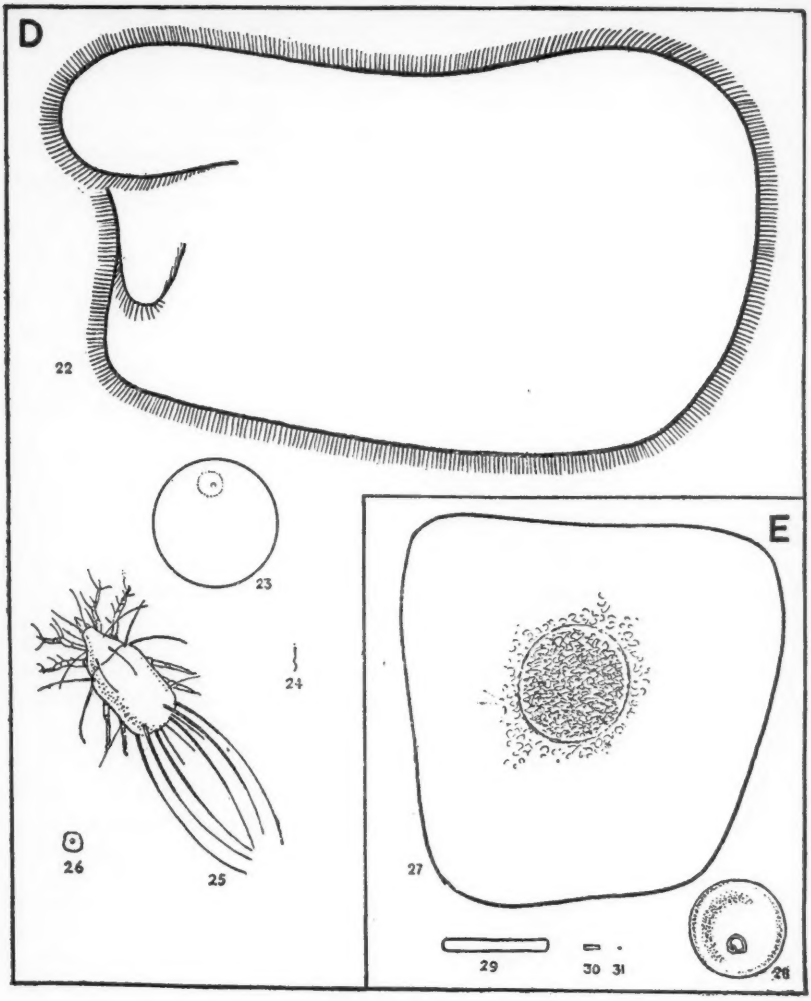
A diagram of relative sizes. In each major division (A, B, C, D, E) of the diagram, all the creatures are drawn to the same scale. The smallest of each division is enlarged to make the largest of the division following

A

1. A very large whale
2. The largest known land carnivore, the extinct reptile Tyrannosaurus
3. A large elephant
4. A giant cuttlefish
5. The largest recorded crocodile
6. An ostrich
7. The largest known jellyfish
8. A man and a dog

B

9. The dog (8) enlarged
10. A thrush
11. A humming bird
12. A giant land snail
13. The common snail
14. The bulkiest insect
15. A mouse
16. A queen bee
17. The smallest vertebrate



C

18. The queen bee (16) enlarged
19. The frog (17) enlarged
20. A flea
21. A very large single-celled animal (Bursaria)

D

22. Bursaria (21) enlarged
23. A human unfertilized ovum
24. A human sperm
25. A cheese mite
26. A human gland cell

E

27. The gland cell (26) enlarged
28. A human red blood corpuscle
29. A very large bacterium
30. A small bacterium
31. An ultramicroscopic filter-passing virus

the entire universe. Where does the physical body of man stand? Is he nearer in size to whale or to bacterium? How many electrons are there in a man? And how does this number compare with the number of men it would take to weigh down the earth? — the sun? — the entire universe?

Let us begin with a foundation of hard fact, giving the weights in grams. A gram is about $\frac{1}{28}$ of an ounce; a thousand grams make a kilogram, close to $2\frac{1}{5}$ pounds; a thousand kilograms make a metric ton, almost identical with an English ton. A milligram is a thousandth part of a gram. But both upward and downward the weights prolong themselves to regions where we have no units to deal with them. The simplest way to bring them home is to express them all in grams, but in powers of ten. The exponent, or little number after and above the ten, represents the number of ciphers to put into the figure for grams. When, for instance, the weight of the moon is given as 10^{24} x 7 g., this means 7 x 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 grams, or, since there are one million grams to the ton, seven million million million tons — that is, seven trillion tons. When the exponent has a minus sign in front of it, it denotes a fraction of a gram, and again the number of ciphers in the denominator of the fraction is given by the exponent. Thus one of the insulin-secreting cells of our pancreas weighs about 10^{-9} gram. This is $\frac{1}{1,000,000,000}$ gram, or one millionth of a milligram.

In most cases, since the specific gravity of protoplasm is very close to that of water, the weight in grams is close to the volume in cubic centimetres. With trees, this volume will be considerably greater than the weight; while with armored creatures like crabs or some dinosaurs the weight in grams will exceed the volume in cubic centimetres. Let us also remember that volumes go up as the cube of the linear dimensions. An animal weighing a ton, for instance, would be just balanced by a cubic vessel full of water measuring one metre each way. The corresponding cube of water which would balance a human insulin-producing cell would measure 10^{-3} centimetre along each side, which is $\frac{1}{1000}$ centimetre, or $\frac{1}{100}$ millimetre, or 10μ, one μ being $\frac{1}{1000}$ millimetre.

Since the weights of animals and plants are variable, since many are not very accurately known, and others have to be calculated, with a certain unavoidable margin of error, from their linear dimensions, we do not pretend to give precise weights, but only put organisms between certain limits of weight, the upper limit of each pigeonhole being ten times as heavy as the lower. Thus most men come in the class between 10^4 and 10^5 grams — between ten and a hundred kilograms. Men are near the upper limit of the class; in the same class, in descending order, come sheep, swans, and the largest known crustaceans.

II

So much for necessary introduction; now for the facts. The largest organisms are vegetables, the big trees of California, with a weight of nearly a thousand tons. A number of other trees exceed the largest animals in weight, and a still greater number in volume. The largest animals are whales, some of which considerably exceed one hundred tons in weight. They are not only the largest existing animals, but by far the largest which have ever existed, for the monstrous reptiles of the secondary period, which are often supposed to hold the palm for size, could none of them have exceeded about fifty tons. Some of the lazy great basking sharks reach about the

same weight; so, since we shall never know the exact size of the dinosaurs, the second prize must be shared between reptiles and elasmobranch fish.

The largest invertebrates are to be found among the mollusks; some of the giant squids weigh two or three tons. The runner-up among invertebrate groups is a dark horse; very few even among professional zoölogists would guess that it is the cœlenterates. But so it is. In the northern seas, specimens of the jellyfish *Cyanea arctica* have been found with a disk over seven feet across and eighteen inches thick, and great bulky tentacles five feet long hanging down below. One of these cannot weigh less than half a ton, with bulk equal to that of a good-sized horse. The clams come next, if we take their shell into account, for Tridacna may weigh nearly as much as a man. If, however, we go by bulk of living substance, the giant clam is beaten by a crustacean, the giant spider crab from Japanese seas.

Then come a number of groups, all of which manage to exceed one kilogram, but fall short of ten. There are the hydroid polyps, with the deep-water Branchiocerianthus which, rooted in the mud, and with gut subdivided into hundreds of tiny tubes for greater strength, stands over a yard high and sifts the slow-passing deep-sea currents for food with its net of tentacles, adjusted by being hung from an obliquely set disk. There are the largest marine snails; the largest lamp shells; the largest sea urchins, starfish, sea cucumbers, and sea lilies; and, rather surprisingly, the largest bristle worms, both marine forms and earthworms. Possibly the largest tapeworms, such as *Bothriocephalus latus*, which may reach a length of over seventy feet of coiled living ribbon in human intestines, just come into this class, though their flatness handicaps them.

The insects and spiders come far below, the largest beetles and tarantulas not exceeding two or three ounces. The pigmy among animal groups is that of the rotifers or wheel animalcules, the most gigantic among which fails to weigh ten milligrams! They comprise, too, the smallest of all multicellular animals, some of their adult males weighing considerably less than a thousandth of a milligram, so that it would take about a thousand of them to equal one of our striated muscle fibres, and over a million of them to weigh as much as a hive bee.

Even the biggest rotifers are much smaller than the biggest among the Protozoa, or single-celled animals. Some of the extinct nummulites, flattened disk-shaped Foraminifera, were bigger than a shilling, and must have weighed well over a gram. They easily beat many small fish and frogs in size, and were bigger than the largest ants, which, though the most successful of all invertebrates, never reach one gram in weight, and are usually much less. The largest ant colonies known possess a million or so inhabitants. This whole population would weigh about as much as one large man. Indeed, the small size of most insects is at first hearing barely credible. Three average fleas go to a milligram. If you bought an ounce of fleas, you would have the pleasure of receiving over eighty thousand of them. Even the solid hive bee weighs less than a gram — over five hundred bees to the pound, nearly a hundred thousand to outweigh a single average man!

The lower limit of size among the various groups is much more constant than the upper. The smallest insects, Crustacea, most groups of worms, and cœlenterates, all lie between one hundredth and one thousandth of a milligram. Some very primitive worms run down one class further, and rotifers

two. The smallest mollusks, lamp shells, and echinoderms are between ten and a thousand times larger, while the smallest vertebrate is four classes up — ten thousand times as big. Even so the difference between the maximum sizes attained by different main groups is greater by a hundred thousand times than the difference between their minima.

There is clearly a lower limit set to a multicellular animal by the fact that it must consist of at least several hundred cells. But it seems to be impossible or unprofitable to construct a vertebrate out of less than several hundred million cells. The vertebrates, both at top and at bottom, are the giants of the animal kingdom.

It is a surprise to find a frog that weighs as much as a fox terrier. It is a still greater surprise to know that there exist fully formed adult insects — a beetle or two, and several parasitoid wasplike creatures — of smaller bulk than the human ovum and yet with compound eyes, a nice nervous system, three pairs of jaws and three pairs of legs, veined wings, striped muscles, and the rest! It is rather unexpected that the smallest adult vertebrate is not a fish, but a frog; and it is most unexpected to find that the largest elephant would have ample clearance top and bottom inside a large whale's skin, while a full-sized horse outlined on the same whale would look hardly larger than a crest embroidered on the breast pocket of a blazer.

Then we come to single cells. By far the largest is — or was — the yolk of the extinct Æpyornis's egg, which must have weighed some ten pounds. But eggs are exceptional cells; so are multinucleated cells like striated muscle fibres and the biggest nummulites. Of cells with a single nucleus, some protists such as Foraminifera may reach over a milligram — gigantic units of protoplasm; and the ciliate Bursaria is nearly as big. But among ordinary tissue cells of Metazoa the largest are only about one hundredth of a milligram, while average cells of a mammal range between a thousandth and a ten-millionth of a milligram. In our own frames, the body of a large nerve cell is well over ten thousand times bulkier than a red blood corpuscle or a spermatozoön — a difference five or ten times greater than that between the largest whale and the average man. (In these calculations the outgrowths of the nerve cells have been left out of account, as peculiar products of cell activity. If they are included, then the spinal sensory and motor nerve cells, supplying the limbs of the giant dinosaurs and of giraffes, take the palm for size; but even they can only reach a few milligrams, in spite of being over ten feet long.)

The smallest free-living true cells are in the same size-class with the smallest tissue cells; but parasitic Protozoa, which live inside other cells, may be a hundred times smaller. Bacteria are built on a different scale. The largest of them are little bigger than the smallest tissue cell, and the average round bacterium or coccus is a thousand times smaller. These finally pass below the limits of microscopic vision, until, with the filter passers, such as the virus of distemper or yellow fever, we reach organisms with only about a thousand protein molecules. Somewhere near these we may expect to find the lower limit of size proscribed to life; for several hundred molecules are probably as necessary in the construction of an organic unit as are several hundred cells for the construction of a multicellular animal.

III

Having made a little voyage of discovery among the bare facts, it is time

to begin a quest for principles. The great bulk of land vertebrates range from ten grams to a hundred kilograms. What is it that has led to this comparatively narrow range of weight — not a fifth of that found in animal life as a whole — being most popular in the dominant group?

A disadvantage in being *very* small is that you are not big enough to be out of reach of annoyance by the mere inorganic molecules of the environment. The molecules of a fluid like water are rushing about in all directions at a very considerable speed. They run against any object in the water, and bounce off again. When the surface of the object is big enough for there to be thousands of such collisions every second, the laws of probability will see to it that the number of bumps on one side will be closely equal to that on the other; and the steady average effect of the myriad single bumps we know and measure as fluid pressure. But when the diameter of the object falls to about 1μ, it may quite easily happen that one side of it momentarily receives an unusually heavy rain of bumps while the other is spared, and the object will be pushed bodily in one direction. The result is that the smallest organisms (like the old lady in the nursery rhyme) can never keep quiet; they are in a constant St. Vitus's dance, christened Brownian movement after its discoverer.

Such hectic existences are only possible when the surface is absolutely very small; but let us not forget that an absolutely very small surface must be *relatively* a big one. This question of relative surface is perhaps the most important single principle involved in our dealings with size. Simply magnify an object without changing its shape, and, without meaning to, you have changed all its properties. For the surface increases as the square of the diameter, the volume as its cube; and so the amount of surface relative to bulk must diminish with size. Let us take an example or so. The filter-passing organisms photographed by Barnard with ultra-violet light are $\frac{1}{10}\mu$ across; the yolk or true ovum of an emu's egg is about 10 centimetres across — a million times greater. Both are of the same shape; but the proportion of surface to bulk is one million times greater in the filter passer than in the bird's egg. In other words, if the substance of the bird's egg were divided into round pieces each as big as one of the filter passers, the same weight of material would have a million times more surface than before. Or again, a big African elephant is roughly one million times as heavy as a small mouse. The amount of surface for each gram of elephant is only one hundredth of what it is in the mouse.

The most familiar effect of this surface-volume relation is on the rate of falling. The greater the amount of surface exposed relative to weight, the greater the resistance of the air. So that it comes about that the spores of bacteria or ferns or mushrooms, or the pollen grains of higher plants, are kept up by the feeblest air currents; and even in still air they cannot fall fast. They float down, like Alice down the well, rather than falling. If a mouse is dropped down the shaft of a coal mine, the acceleration due to gravity soon comes up against the retardation due to air resistance, and after a hundred feet or so a steady rate is reached, which permits it to reach the bottom dazed but unhurt, however deep the shaft. A cat, on the other hand, is killed; a man is not only killed, but horribly mangled; and if a pit pony happens to fall over, the speed at the bottom is so appalling that the body makes a hole in the ground, and is so thoroughly smashed that nothing remains save a

few fragments of the bones and a splash on the walls.

The same principles hold good for the much slower rate of falling through water; and consequently the microscopic animal will have to make much less effort to prevent itself sinking than any fish unprovided with a gas bladder.

Relative surface is also important for temperature regulation in warm-blooded animals; for the escape of heat must be proportional to the surface, through which it leaks away. As the heat is derived from the combustion of the food, a mouse must eat much more in proportion to its weight than a man to make up for this extra heat loss which its small size unavoidably imposes upon it. The reason that children need proportionately more food than grown-ups is not only due to the fact that they are growing, but also to the fact that their heat loss is relatively greater. A baby of a year old loses more than twice as much heat for each pound of its weight than does a twelve-stone man. For this reason, it is doubtful whether the attempt should be made to harden children by letting them go about with bare legs in winter; their heat requirements are greater than their parents', not less.

IV

The intake of food and oxygen is another function with which surfaces are concerned. When a cell doubles its linear size, the bulk to be nourished increases eightfold, but the surface through which nourishment is to be absorbed increases only fourfold. It is obvious that such a process could not go on indefinitely, any more than could the growth of a nation dependent on foreign trade if its ports and harbor facilities fell progressively behind the increase of its population. The biggest single cells (excluding such mere storehouses as egg yolks) have only attained their size by adopting some device for increasing relative surface — they are flattened, or cylindrical, or, like Foraminifera, have much of their substance in the form of a network of fine living threads, or possess long thin processes like nerve cells.

With many-celled animals, similar considerations still hold good. Food must be absorbed from a surface — the surface of the intestine. In small forms, enough surface is provided by a straight, smooth tube, but this would never work in larger animals. To get over the difficulty, all sorts of dodges have been adopted. In large flatworms, the whole gut is branched; in large Crustacea like lobsters and crabs, absorption mostly goes on in the feathery 'liver,' which provides thousands of tubes instead of one; in the earthworm, the absorptive surface of the intestine is nearly doubled by a projecting fold; in ourselves, not only is the effective inner surface of the intestine multiplied many times by the myriads of miniature fingerlike villi, but the intestine itself is coiled; and in some herbivores the coiling is prodigious. Among lower animals without a fixed adult size, the period for which rapid growth can continue must often depend upon the inherited construction of the intestine. For instance, in flatworms, if the gut is a simple tube, increase of bulk rapidly brings down the relative surface, and the animal while still quite small can only eat enough to keep itself going, but not to grow; while if the gut is elaborately branched, growth will not be slowed down until a much larger bulk has been reached.

The same sort of arguments apply equally well to other processes, such as respiration and excretion, whose amount depends on amount of available surface. In small animals gills can be unbranched; in big ones they must

be feathery. Large vertebrates like us could not breathe if their lungs were not partitioned off into millions of tiny sacs. The coiling and multiplication of kidney tubules in large animals are equally necessary. An embryo frog excretes by means of three pairs of kidney tubules. An adult frog would die from accumulation of waste substances if he possessed only six large tubes of equivalent proportions, even if their walls remained thin enough for secretion; what he needs is many thousands of small tubules.

When the animal is small, no transport system is necessary to get the food or water or oxygen to the cells from the original absorptive surface; all goes well by diffusion alone. But bulk brings difficulties here too. The flatness of the larger flatworms is partly due to the need for having every cell near enough to the surface to be able to get oxygen by diffusion. The elaborate branching of their intestines and all other internal organs is needed to ensure that no cell shall be more than a microscopic distance away from a source of digested food. Mahomet and the mountain meet halfway. With the biological invention of a blood system, this need for branching disappears. The enormous area of surface which is needed is now furnished by the linings of innumerable tiny vessels, and the organs themselves can revert to a compact form. Finally, insects and spiders have developed a breathing system which supplies air direct to the tissues, providing a large surface for gas exchange in the tiny end branches of the air tubes, which penetrate even into the individual cells.

In swimming and flying, too, surface comes into play. No large animal could move with sufficient rapidity by means of the microscopic 'hairs' we call cilia, since the size of a single cilium *can* never be more than microscopic, and their number depends on the extent of surface. The largest animals provided with cilia are new-hatched tadpoles, and all they can achieve is an exceedingly slow gliding.

When muscles are employed in swimming, their force must be applied to the water through the intermediary of some surface — the body may be wriggled, or its motions communicated to an enlargement at the tail, or limbs developed as oars or paddles. When the animal is small, these swimming surfaces are relatively so big that little or no special adaptations are needed; but once it grows bulky, the swimming surface must be enlarged. The body itself is expanded sideways, as in leeches; or up and down, as in sea snakes; a regular tail fin is developed, as in most fish; or the limbs are expanded into flat plates, as in swimming crab or turtle.

The necessary increase of surface in swimming limb or tail can at first be achieved by stiffening and multiplying hairs and spines; but as soon as the animal exceeds a few millimetres in length this ceases to be enough, and the organ itself must be expanded. The change is beautifully seen within the individual development of many Crustacea.

The same applies to wings. All flying animals more than a fraction of a gram in weight require a broad and continuous expanse to fly with, whether this be a sheet of skin, as in bats, a marvelous compound structure such as the wing of a bird, or the thin hinged flap of an insect's wing. But if they are much smaller, a double row of hairs on either side of a central rod will serve perfectly well. This is seen in some minute insects, such as the little thrips, which include several plant pests, and some of the tiny parasitoid wasps like the Myrmaridæ. The lovely plume moths are a little larger, and are intermediate in wing construction; their

flight surface is made of hairs, but it is only rendered sufficient by a multiplication of the number of hair-fringed rods.

V

There are many other ways in which the big animal inevitably fails to be a mere scale enlargement of its smaller relatives. The relative size of many organs decreases instead of increasing with total absolute bulk, so that in a big animal they do not have to be proportionately so large as in a small one. Relative wing size is a case in point.

Then everyone knows the small-eyed look of an elephant or, still more, of a whale. To obtain a good image, an eye has to be of a certain absolute size; this is because the image even in our own eyes is really a mosaic, each sensory cell in the retina behaving as a unit. The image we see is built up out of unitary spots of color, just as a half-tone picture in a newspaper is built up out of combinations of single black and white dots. To get an image of a reasonably large field, they must be numerous. Once a certain absolute size of eye is reached, any advantage due to further enlargement is more than counterbalanced by the material used and the difficulties of construction, just as very little advantage is to be gained in photography by making a camera over full-plate size. Even in a giraffe, which has an exceptionally large eye for a big animal, the eye's relative weight is small compared with that of a rat.

Most sense organs behave in a similar way. This is especially true of the organs of touch and temperature in the skin. It matters to a mouse to be able to deal with things the size of bread crumbs. But such trivialities do not concern an elephant; the elephant accordingly can, and does, have its skin sense organs much more thinly spread over its surface.

This in turn has an effect on the size of the nervous system; for the fewer the sense organs, the fewer sensory nerve cells are needed, and the smaller the size of the ganglia on the spinal nerve roots which are composed of sensory nerve cells. Since the sense organs of touch are distributed over the surface, we should only expect these ganglia to grow proportionately to surface, and not to bulk, even if the sense organs were as thickly scattered over the skin of a big as of a small animal; but as they are more sparsely scattered in the big animal the weight of the ganglion does not even keep up with the size of the animal's surface, and its growth is actually only just more than proportional to the square root of the weight.

As a matter of fact, when the nervous system as a whole, or the brain by itself, is compared in a series of related mammals or birds of different size, it is found to increase only about as fast as the surface, instead of keeping pace with the weight; and the same is true of the heart. It would take us too far to go into the detailed reasons for this; but the fact that a large animal does not need a brain or heart of the same proportional size as a small model of the same type is important. It warns us not to be too hasty in drawing conclusions as to intelligence from *percentage* brain weight, or as to the efficiency of circulation from *percentage* heart weight. Size itself reduces the percentage weight; we must know the proper formula before we can tell whether an individual, a sex, or a species has a brain weight *effectively* above or below that of another individual, sex, or species of different magnitude. In man, comparisons (often invidious) have frequently been made between the brain size of men

and women; but not until Dubois and Lapicque worked out the proper formulæ for change of brain proportion with size was it possible to say whether the smaller brain of women meant anything save that the bodies of women were smaller.

Another such example, but of a rather different type. We marvel at the size of an ostrich's egg, which would provide a large party with breakfast, and is the equivalent by weight of about twenty hen's eggs. But we forget to marvel at the ostrich itself, which weighs as much as about forty or fifty hens. The size of birds' eggs, in fact, does not increase as fast as the size of the birds that lay them. A humming bird lays an egg 15 per cent of its own weight; that of a thrush is 9 per cent, that of a goose some 4 per cent, and that of an ostrich only 16 per cent. Two competing forces are here at work. It is advantageous to have large eggs, since they give the young bird a better start in life; but the purely physical fact that all the new material for the egg enlargement must pass through the egg's surface will, as bulk grows, slow down egg increase below body increase. And, as a matter of fact, we find that in quite small birds, below the size of a goose or swan, egg weight increases only a little faster than body surface.

These figures apply to averages only. Adjustments can be made in response to special needs. In wading birds the young must run about immediately on being hatched; and accordingly their egg size is well above that of equal-sized birds whose young are born naked and fed in the nest. The common cuckoo, to deceive its hosts, must have an egg not too unlike theirs in size; and accordingly its egg is uniquely small — appropriate to a bird one third of its body weight. The limitation of egg size is prescribed by laws which apply to dead as well as to living matter; its regulation within these inexorable limits is the affair of the interplay of biological forces.

VI

We come back again to the advantages and disadvantages of size. At the outset, it is not until living units are quit of the frenzy of Brownian movement that they themselves become capable of accurately regulated locomotion. The first desirable step in size is to become so much bigger than ordinary molecules that you can forget about them.

But even then you are still microscopic, still wholly at the mercy of anything but the most imperceptible currents. Only by joining together tens or hundreds of thousands of cells can you begin to make headway against such brute forces. About the same level of size is necessary for any high degree of organization to be achieved. Size also brings speed and power, and this is of advantage in exploring more of the environment. But the effective range (apart from involuntary floating with the wind or the current) of any creature below about half a million cells and a hundredth of a gram is extremely limited. Ants with fixed nests make expeditions of several hundred yards, and mosquitoes migrate for a mile or so. When we get to whole grams, however, winged life at least has the world before it. Many migratory birds that regularly travel thousands of miles weigh less than ten grams. Swimming life soon follows suit; think of the migrations of tiny eels across the Atlantic, or of baby salmon down great rivers. Most land life lags a little; though driver ants are always on the move, and mice shift their quarters readily enough, controlled migration hardly begins in

land animals till weight is reckoned by the pound.

If a certain size is needed for any degree of emancipation from passive slavery to the forces of environment, it is equally needed to achieve active control over them. Before anything worthy of the name of brain can be constructed, the animal must consist of tens of thousands of cells. The insects with best-developed instincts run from a milligram to a gram. But while a very efficient set of instincts can be built up with the aid of a few hundred or thousand brain cells, rapid and varied power of learning demands a far greater number. For instincts are based on fixed and predetermined arrangements of nerve paths, while efficient learning demands the possibility of almost innumerable arrangements. The facts are that no vertebrates of less than several grams weight (such as small birds) show any power of rapid learning, and none below several ounces weight (such as rats) are what we usually call intelligent, while even the smallest human dwarf has a body weight to be reckoned in tens of pounds. We are far from knowing the precise size needed; but the intelligence of a rat would be impossible without brain cells enough to outweigh the whole body of a bee, while the human level of intellect would be impossible without a brain composed of several hundred million cells, and therefore with a weight to be reckoned in ounces, outweighing the very great majority of existing whole animals. In any case, a very considerable size was a prerequisite to the evolution of the human mind.

Size too means a disregarding of obstacles: the rhinoceros crashes through the bush that halts and tangles man; the horse gallops over the grass that is a jungle to the ant. Size may help to intimidate or to escape from enemies, or may enable the carnivore to attack new and larger prey; and it usually goes with longevity.

Size thus holds out many advantages for life. But size brings disadvantages as well as advantages, and so life finally comes up against a limit of size, where disadvantages and advantages balance.

The limits are different for different kinds of animals, for they depend upon the construction of the type, and upon the world which it inhabits. Single-celled animals, as we have seen, soon reach a limit on account of the surface-volume relation. Organisms that must swim and have only cilia to swim with come to a limit even earlier. Whether they be one- or many-celled, the limit is at about a milligram. Those which use cilia not to swim, but to produce a food current, are not handicapped until much later; by folding the current-producing surface, and arranging neat exits and entrances for the current, many lamp shells and bivalve mollusks reach several ounces; but as the current-producing cilia are confined to a surface, there comes a limit, which is attained when the soft parts reach a weight of a few pounds.

With most slow-moving sea animals, it is the food question which restricts size. It is usually more advantageous to the race to have a number of medium-sized animals utilizing the food available in a given area than to put all the biological eggs into the single basket of one big individual. Without some greater degree of motility than these possess, sea urchins or sea cucumbers as big as sheep would be inefficient at exploiting the food resources of the neighborhood. The only such slow creatures above a few pounds weight of soft parts are jellyfish, the largest of which manage to obtain sufficient food in the crowded surface waters of cold seas by spreading prodigious nets of poisonous tentacles.

Insects and spiders have so low a limit of size because of their air-tube method of breathing, which is inefficient over large distances. Crustacea are limited by their habit of moulting. A crab as big as a cow would have to spend most of its life in retirement growing new armor plate. Land vertebrates are limited by their skeleton, which for mechanical reasons must increase in bulk more rapidly than the animal's total bulk, until it becomes unmanageable. And water animals are presumably limited by their food-getting capacities.

VII

At last we come to the position of man, as a sizable object, within the universe. Eddington begins his fascinating *Stars and Atoms* by pointing out that man is almost precisely halfway in size between an atom and a star.

The sun belongs to a system containing some 3000 million stars. The stars are globes comparable in size with the sun, that is to say, of the order of a million miles in diameter. The space for their accommodation is on the most lavish scale. Imagine thirty cricket balls roaming the whole interior of the earth; the stars roaming the heavens are just as little crowded and run as little risk of collision as the cricket balls. We marvel at the grandeur of the stellar system. But this probably is not the limit. Evidence is growing that the spiral nebulæ are 'island universes' outside our own stellar system. It may well be that our survey covers only one unit of a vaster organization.

A drop of water contains several thousand million million million atoms. Each atom is about one hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. Here we marvel at the minute delicacy of the workmanship. But this is not the limit. Within the atom are the much smaller electrons pursuing orbits, like planets round the sun, in a space which relatively to their size is no less roomy than the solar system.

Nearly midway in scale between the atom and the star there is another structure no less marvelous — the human body. Man is slightly nearer to the atom than to the star. About 10^{27} atoms build his body; about 10^{28} human bodies constitute enough material to build a star.

We can pursue this train of thought a little further. The size range of living beings, the amount by which the big tree is bigger than the filter passer, is 10^{24}; in other words, the biggest single organism is a quadrillion times larger than the smallest. Among different phyla only one has a range over half as great, and this is the unexpected group of the Protozoa. Mollusks and cœlenterates have a range of 10^{11}, and vertebrates, arthropods, and worms one of 10^{10} — ten thousand million. Echinoderms have only a range of a million times, rotifers even less. As proof of how soon the size of insects and of flying birds is cut short, we find they have ranges of only a million and ten thousand, respectively.

Man is a very large organism. During his individual existence he multiplies his original weight a thousand million, and comes to contain about a hundred million million cells. He is a little more than halfway up the size scale of mammals, and nearly two thirds up that of the vertebrates.

Then we look at the range of life as a whole, and compare it with the size ranges of not-living objects above and below the limits of living things; here too there are surprises. The sun is almost precisely as much heavier than a big tree as the big tree is heavier than the filter passer; but the range from the filter passer downward to the ultimate and smallest unit of world stuff, the electron, is only half this — only as much as from the big tree to

such an easily visible creature as the flea. It takes more tubercle bacilli to weigh one man than there are electrons in a tubercle bacillus.

It is possible to calculate, on the Einstein hypothesis, a minimum weight for the whole universe, a minimum figure for the totality of matter. This is nearly 10^{24} times as much as the sun — in other words, the sun is halfway between the big tree and the whole universe in size.

Although the molecules of living matter are, for molecules, enormous, yet the smallest living organisms are far down on the world's size scale. Once started, however, life has achieved a size range which is two fifths of that from electron to star, and probably well over a quarter of the whole range of size within the universe. Man is almost halfway between atom and star; he is nearly two fifths up the cosmic scale from electron to the all-embracing weight of the universe. But so vast is that scale that to be halfway up he would have to be as big as a million big trees rolled into one. Even if we were to take the thousand million people who now inhabit the globe as constituting but one single organism, this would still be more than ten times too small. The individual man is all but halfway between atom and star; humanity entire stands in the same position between electron and universe.

GENIUS LOCI

The Civilization of These United States

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

LOCALISM alone can produce, in the case of America, a thoroughly authentic type of man; this type alone can be the germ cell of an authentic American nation. Again, localism alone can lead to culture; it must start as a singular and single, and therefore small, thing. It will grow and spread as time goes on. The only really cultural atmosphere one finds to-day in America is that of Virginia. The cultured men who were born in its field of force are responsible for most that is of cultural value in America. But how different Virginia is from all other states! Its culture is a particular one; it is not only a matter of age, but of kind as well.

Let us now survey, in the form of a short sketch, whatever localisms and provincialisms and regionalisms already stand out within the United States. Here I am, of course, restricted to the narrow range of my personal experiences, but since in this connection it is a question more of type than of facts, I think that the following will suffice.

My lecture tour brought me to practically all parts of the United States. Everywhere it was not only my chief but my only concern to get into touch with the *genius loci* of the place

I visited; for all the success of my lecturing — I mean all the success I care for: that is, my succeeding in giving vital impulses — depended on that contact. When I started on my tour, I naturally expected to come across that uniformity everybody talks of. But to my surprise I found that, in spite of the short time that has elapsed since the foundation of most towns, and in spite of the mixed and nomadic character of a considerable percentage of their inhabitants, each of them has a distinctly individual atmosphere; the uniformity is all of the surface.

First of all, America seems to be subdivided even now into large provinces of a comparatively unified character, provinces out of which there would undoubtedly have grown, in earlier days and under different conditions, separate cultures. There are New England, the East, the North, the Middle West, the South bordering the Middle West, the South in the real geographical sense, the Far West. But within these provinces almost every town has a spirit of its own, so that while traveling I constantly had in mind the dawn of European civilization, when the Teutonic nomads just began to settle down around centres such as Cologne, Worms, Nürnberg, Paris, Carcassonne.

Take, for instance, Dallas, Texas. This part of America may be called the youngest part, because it began to thrive on this side, so to speak, of the discovery of the value of oil. It began to thrive after the crazes for skyscrapers, apartment houses, more speed, and so forth, had blown over — at any rate, as the storms they had originally been. On the other hand, there was still lingering in the air the romance of the cowboy and the prairie, and close by lay the ancient culture of Mexico. This coöperation of different causes and traditions might easily have created a *mixtum compositum* of the most interesting kind. As a matter of fact, there is even to-day, at Dallas, a perfectly delightful *genius loci*. On the material plane, the interests of oil, of course, predominate. But private life has already developed a charm quite in harmony with the lovely country. One notices in the souls of the residents something of the wide sweep of the prairie, the beginnings of an innate taste concerning things visible, such as one meets with, as a matter of course, in every Italian; and a vital exuberance attributable in equal parts, I should say, to the generosity of the Southern sun and to the prospects of prosperity due to the coöperation of man and the earth. I should greatly wonder if, after a few centuries, Texas did not develop a very delightful original culture — all the more so as this state includes the wonders of the desert, wooded hill lands, and the prairie, and all this under the spell of Mexico's ancient cultural spirit.

II

Now, as opposed to Texas, let us just cast a glance at Minnesota. It seems a providential thing that this state has been colonized to such a large extent by Swedes, for the landscape is essentially Swedish. Thus the Swede will take root easiest in this soil. The atmosphere of Minneapolis is thoroughly authentic. It is Swedish at bottom, and yet fundamentally American. This can lead to a very promising development. One should not forget that Sweden and Finland are in many respects the most modern countries in Europe in the American sense, and yet essentially cultured.

And now let us overleap hundreds of miles and give our attention, without transition, to Missouri. This state represents a borderland between the

Middle West and the South. But this general description misses the central point. The Missourian is foremost a Missourian — which does not only mean, as the popular satirist will have it, that he wants to see a thing before he believes in it, that he is suspicious and close-fisted to a certain extent. He is essentially rooted in the Missourian soil; he is the one white American I have met of peasantlike qualities.

But Missouri is not only one of the most prosperous, but also one of the most beautiful, states of the Union; in the fall, its scenery must be of an entrancing charm. Accordingly the psychic atmosphere of Missourian cities is even to-day one of harmony, which makes one think of France as opposed to Germany. To its peculiar gayety St. Louis owes its singular attractive power.

New England's great and very original charm is, alas, that of a dying culture. There is little likelihood that it will survive even for a century; all the less so as it represents an artificial civilization from the point of view of the earth. It was almost purely spirit-born; only a certain ethereal lyricism seems to harmonize with the peculiar hazy beauty of the land. In centuries to come, America will probably see New England's main, because most lasting, achievement in the fact that its sons are chiefly responsible for the colonization of the South and the Middle West. The lines of development American historians are in the habit of drawing between New England's past cultural achievements and the present and future state of America are, in my opinion, all of them untrue to fact. New England's culture was an exclusive thing in itself, beautiful but essentially sterile, and even to-day what is vital in America derives little more from Boston than it does from Athens; what seems to be of New England origin is really of generally Puritan origin. I should not wonder if New England ended as an essentially Irish country — less because of the growing percentage of residents of Irish extraction than because of a preestablished harmony between the Irish temperament and the New England landscape.

III

Now let us fly right across the continent to the Far West. California is so young that it should be impossible, one would think, to foretell anything of its future. Surely its present chief characteristics — for instance, that it has the largest output in the world, not only of oranges and tomatoes, but also of world saviors — cannot be considered lasting. At present the population to an extraordinary degree shows signs of a hysterical temperament; and this can only mean, since the climate in itself is excellent, that the present inhabitants are to a considerable extent not yet adapted to their surroundings. This state of transition could probably have been avoided only if the land had been colonized by members or descendants of the Southern races of Europe. But it is out of the question that under this bright, exhilarating sky, in this unique electric atmosphere, there should not develop, sooner or later, a corresponding type of man.

And this means a type of man very different from the native of any other part of the United States. I wonder whether it will ever be a cultural type; perhaps no culture would ever have developed in the radiant atmosphere of the Greek isles and seas if the Classic Age had been an age of conquered nature making life easy for all, and of democracy as well. These conditions would rather have made for a type akin to the Hawaiian. But very

few peoples have ever developed real culture, and many have been great without it.

What I could sense in this psychic atmosphere of California is the following. It is inhabited by a primitive sort of man; there is more of the frontier type alive in him than in any other American. But, on the other hand, he has an innate sense of beauty; beauty *means* a great deal to him. And there is something of champagne in his blood which may, some day, mature into a vintage entirely different from anything else that grows in the United States, and will certainly act most beneficently as a counterpart and counterpoint to the bourgeois quality of Eastern, Northern, and Middle Western life.

San Francisco is, of course, a thing in itself. Its atmosphere represents a delightful blend of the Far West and the Far East; it is the most attractive international seaport I know, and in centuries to come, when America shall have developed its own culture, it may play a part corresponding to that of Alexandria in Roman days — the Egyptian quality of Greek Alexandria being represented in San Francisco by the Chinese and Japanese, which foreign element forms an integral part of the atmosphere around the Golden Gate. It has been a city of ease, if not of luxury, from the outset. The grim Puritan has never played a prominent part in it. This was due, in the beginning, to the dominant rôle played by the representatives of those races to whom life is first and foremost a joyful thing — the Latin peoples. The different races soon began to blend, and the result is a general atmosphere of ease, of light-heartedness, of frivolous levity, which is the exact opposite of the atmosphere of Boston, all the more interesting since San Francisco too is essentially American.

IV

This, then, leads me to a short description of those towns the *genius loci* of which is less American, but which for that very reason act like leaven or spices within the whole of the American atmosphere — be it only in a way akin to the terrors of tabasco, the fire of which is surely banished from Hell because of its excessive heat.

Since we are still lingering in the Far West, let us begin with Los Angeles. This city, as it presents itself to-day, — it was quite different when I visited it in 1912, — has the most unreal atmosphere I ever inhaled in my life. It is surely for the purpose of redemption that Hollywood was established just there; according to the mathematical law that the multiplication of two negative quantities results in a positive one, the frankly avowed will-to-be-unreal of the film city alone can give a reality to what is essentially phantasmagoric. Los Angeles is the most weirdly unreal city I know, because its psychic atmosphere is chiefly constituted of the emanations of the most unreal, the most ghostlike, type in the world — the retired American. A modern American who retires cannot retire and live in a kind of Riviera, if he is at all sincere. There is as yet no leisured class on this continent; leisure is not yet recognized as a possible life form. Above all, those cultured interests which are found among representatives of any race, and which make, provided they form an integral and essential part of the atmosphere, a place of rest both meaningful and delightful anywhere, are lacking completely with the class forming the prevalent part of those who retire to Los Angeles. They usually belong to the Babbitt type. They have decided to have a good time as retired gentlemen, and they think they are having it

— but in reality they are most of them bored to death, because they have no idea what to do with their leisure.

But perhaps this extravagantly comic element is very necessary and wholesome as part of the general texture of American life. American life is on the whole too serious, in the sense that most Americans take themselves too much in dead earnest. It would do them good if they were to make up their minds as a nation to think of Los Angeles as a place to be laughed at, as the Greeks did in the case of Abdera. This would perhaps also help them to develop a real sense of humor. For in this, whatever they may think themselves, the Americans are singularly lacking.

One may, of course, use the word in many ways, but if 'humor' is to mean at all what it has always meant in the worlds of culture, then what Americans call a sense of humor is only a love of cracking jokes and enjoying jokes — and these jokes more often than not lack what the French call *pointe*. He only has humor in the real sense who knows how to give expression to a profound and even tragic opposition from the point of view of a benevolent and serene mind. His is the quality of divine laughter of the man inwardly superior to those things ordinary people take with such fearsome seriousness. Accordingly, there can be no high quality of humor unless intellectual understanding acts as the keynote. This is why ancient Chinese humor must be appraised as the highest mankind has as yet produced. This is why real humor is not merely a sense of proportion as such, as the English would have it — it is a sense of proportion ruled from within by a keen appreciation of spiritual and intellectual values.

Now there is not the faintest trace of this kind of understanding to be found in what Americans call humor. In their case it usually means nothing better than a device for not noticing the real conflicts of life, as the criminal about to be hanged often uses the last moments of his life to play the part of the man who does not care; or else it means an outlet for repressions or for a feeling of inferiority. Here let me quote from *The American Mind in Action*, by Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede: —

> American humor is what science calls a 'folkway.' It is an outlet for repressed emotions in disguise. At its crudest it relieves a suppressed hatred — as, for instance, in the practical joke, which does its victim an injury but compels him to join in the laugh at his own discomfiture if he wishes to be considered 'a good sport.' The joke disguises your vengeful purpose, but that purpose is the unconscious motive of your joke, and the victim shows that he recognizes your hidden motive when he responds to it with the anger and animosity which he suppresses. The American cartoon is this sort of cruel humor. In drama and the moving picture it takes the form of slap-stick comedy. The cruelty of the popular moving-picture humor is almost savage. And in the dressing tent at the circus you will hear the battered clown complain, 'If I was to fall down and break my neck, these rubes would laugh themselves to death.' They seem almost to hate him, and their laughter at his mishaps sounds cruel, because in that laughter they are draining off suppressed hatreds which the civilized conventions of morality have reservoired. The greater the repressions, the louder the laughter. Humor is a conspicuous quality of American life because in that life repressions are so general. Mark Twain tapped a well of hatred and revolt in the subconscious minds of his generation, and it paid him like an oil gusher. . . .
>
> His sense of inferiority made him conceal his satire in buffoonery — that is to say, when he wished to satirize his reader, he satirized himself, and the reader laughed at his own absurdities put forward as Mark

Twain's. It is this sense of inferiority which makes his humor seem 'kindly.' The laugher is playing a sort of practical joke on himself and enjoying his own discomfiture. By laughing at his shortcomings, he feels superior to them and escapes his own condemnation of them. Here is the quality in American humor which Rudyard Kipling struck at, in his lines about the American's 'cynic devil in his blood . . . that gilds the slough of his despond but dims the goal of his desire.' The reformer attacks the slough, to drain it instead of laughing at it; and the typical American always complains of his reformers that 'they have no sense of humor.' If they had, of course, it is not likely that they would be reformers.

V

And now to New Orleans. Nowhere did the absolute superiority of real culture strike me so forcibly as there. The percentage of Frenchmen who live in that city to-day is infinitesimal. Yet it is imbued with the tradition of the eighteenth century; it still owes all its charm and all its worth to the leaven of Old France. New Orleans is the one place in America where cooking is considered an art — and I thoroughly agree with Mr. Langdon Mitchell when he says that bad cooking and the manner in which people put up with it mean a gigantic block in the way leading to a possible American culture. Personally I consider an original sense for — or else a training toward appreciation of — the value of artful cooking much more important culturally than any 'education' in the usual sense. For, since hunger and thirst are the most elementary impulses of animal man, an association of these with æsthetic values means more for spiritualization in general than any intellectual and moral training. Surely there can be a high culture in terms of a simple life, but this is the most difficult kind of culture to attain; the case is analogous to that of the simplicity of classic art.

The example provided by drink is perhaps more illuminating even than that provided by food. It is, of course, possible to be a cultured person and yet a water drinker; on the basis of abstinence, even a very high culture can be developed. But then all that sense of quality and discrimination which the connoisseur applies to vintages must find its application in the distinction between different kinds of water. This is one of the wonders one has to admire in the greatest representative of Islamic culture: this people discriminates between water and wells as Europeans do between vintages. But whoever just drinks ice water, and thinks himself superior for that to the wine drinker, errs most lamentably. He stands, as far as soul development goes, far, far below any man of the Falstaff type, provided the latter be primarily a lover of quality and not of quantity. I repeat: the interest for food and drink is the most elementary of impulses; for this reason a culture of these means more for the culture of the whole of human nature than any training of the intellect. The basis of the greatness of Greek, Chinese, and French culture — I mention only these, but the case was the same with all real cultures and will be so as long as mankind dwells on earth — was the sense for the quality of food and drink these nations possessed or possess.

I must seize this opportunity to make quite clear to what a horrifying extent public opinion in America appears misguided in these fundamental respects. Cleanliness and purity seem to the American the alpha and omega of quality. Surely food and drink should be wholesome. But this has nothing to do, in principle, with the extermination of microbes. The symbiosis, and not the conflict, between microbes and man is the primary

phenomenon. Most of these tiny little creatures are not only harmless, but necessary for a sound metabolism; they become the causes of disease only when irritated. Further, no organism catches a determinate disease unless it is predisposed to it.

Now a great deal of what makes for good taste is due to the collaboration of microbes; only think of the various processes of fermentation. What, then, can be expected as a general result if food is sterilized? Probably loss of nutritive value, — all animals live on raw food, — but most certainly loss of taste. In California they are now growing dates on trees which descend from those acknowledged as the best of African, Arabian, Syrian, Mesopotamian growth. But those American dates one can buy in the shops are almost devoid of taste; that is, they have been so well sterilized that the microbes which make for the taste have been exterminated before they could perform their duty, or else their work has been destroyed by chemical process; the effect is much the same as that of the cleansing of precious old vessels covered with patina. Until Americans realize that this kind of cult of cleanliness is not a sign of culture, but of utter barbarism, they cannot expect that any Italian, any Frenchman, any Spaniard, or any cultured Chinese, who washes as rarely as he possibly can, will consider them his equals on the plane of true civilization. And he will be right before Eternity, God, and Man.

But let us revert to New Orleans. It is the one place in America with a tradition of good cooking; and this is being kept up by the French element, whose beneficial influence does not stop here. Owing to that tradition, even Americanism acquires a halo of beauty in New Orleans. I spent a night walking through those docks and market places where vegetables and fruits are being loaded in and out and sold by wholesale and retail in overwhelming, truly American quantities. But the exquisite sense of beauty of the French has conquered and now rules even this extravagant accumulation of material. The millions of radishes, beans, bananas, oranges, and so forth, look, in their arrangement, like so many artistic nosegays; a walk through the market halls of New Orleans at night is probably the most remarkable sight of culture-born beauty one can find in the United States. Now the French are the most tenacious of all races. This beautifying of American market places seems to prove that the French sense of quality, challenged by American quantity production, is more than ever determined to live.

Is it not wonderful that America should contain a great city of such innate culture? It will be purely American before long, though, of course, of a peculiarly Southern, even tropical, variety. But the French sense of quality will continue to act, not only as a leaven, but as the determinant formative influence. A time may come — and I do hope it will come — when New Orleans will wield more attractive power in the eyes of the Americans than New York. If this should ever be the case, they would prefer the former city in the same sense in which every cultured German thinks more of Munich — not to mention Vienna — than of Berlin.

VI

And now we are ready to face Chicago, that most uncanny city in the world. If ever there was a 'thing in itself,' Chicago is one. It is *not* American — it is just Chicago. But, on the other hand, if it goes on spreading as it has with as much intelligently directed energy, it may some day

swallow up the whole of the United States. The atmosphere of the city is not pleasing. What I wrote in 1912, under the impression of what I experienced during only two days spent in that city without talking to a single soul, is true — even more true to-day than it was then. And here the *genius loci* is unquestionably due to man, and not to the surroundings, which are as beautiful as they can possibly be. Lake Shore Drive could compete, for beauty, with the Chiaja of Naples.

As far as I can make out, the atmosphere of Chicago is chiefly made up of the following elements. First, the parasitic growth of a 'thing in itself' almost independent of all American tradition which does not belong to the sphere of technical expansion. This again is due — we have herewith come to the second element — to the crowding together of the population, alien in its majority; which is — thirdly — of German extraction in the case of all its most efficient members. This results in a curious convergence of Chicago with modern Berlin. The typical modern Berlinese are, as a matter of fact, more akin to German Americans than to the Germans of traditional culture.

There is in Chicago no trace of Anglo-Saxonism; in this respect there is no likeness whatsoever between this city and New York. The quality of efficiency is German in spirit; so is a certain impression of unreality that its results produce. It resembles a city of the year 3000 A.D. as anticipated by motion pictures made in Germany. Unreality of spirit is, as I have shown in *Europe*, one of the foremost characteristics of the German, while the exact opposite is true of the Anglo-Saxon. Here lies the *raison d'être* of that phantomlike quality one cannot help being conscious of in the atmosphere of Chicago; there is something phantomlike even in the mass slaughter of the stockyards. One feels that, if Hell does exist, such mechanized operating with the mystery of death would be an impossibility there and would surely be judged as an abomination. In accordance with this, there is something unreal about the Chicagoan type of man; he too would appear more natural in a motion picture than as a being of flesh and blood.

On the other hand, the phantasmagorical quality of Chicagoan crime agrees well with the general atmosphere of a film city. I remember a dinner party where a gentleman suddenly got up and asked to be excused for a few hours. We asked him what was the matter. He replied: 'A few days ago a gang of gunmen came at ten o'clock in the morning into my office in the city [he was a prominent banker] and took away all they could find. It was, of course, no use applying to the police. But to-day I got a message to the effect that if I would come to a certain spot this evening at ten o'clock we might come to a gentlemanly agreement.'

I think the criminal life of Chicago, which is more adventurous than anything one finds in books of adventure, is due much more to the general atmosphere of unreality than to the number of foreigners who live there. Surely in a way Chicago resembles pre-Mussolinian Naples and Palermo, but there are many Italians in other cities as well, yet in them the fact leads to nothing like what it does in Chicago.

If one wants at all to find general reasons, one should rather look for them in the fact that man, being alive after all, and a human being at that, — not an ant or a bee, — must have some safety valve when his life becomes mechanized beyond a certain limit; for this reason I expect rather

an increase than a decrease of crime in the United States as 'civilization' progresses.

The reading of detective stories may do as a safety valve in Germany. Here the tradition of an adventurous past acts rather as a substituted than as a real cause. There was little adventure in Chicago in the olden days, and, the overwhelming majority of its present inhabitants being of foreign origin, it has no adventure tradition whatever in its subconscious. But, however this may be, the apparent mixture of such incongruous elements as Berlin and Naples is well in accordance with the general atmosphere of unreality characteristic of Chicago. Whatever is downright real there is typically unpleasant. Personally, I had pleasant experiences only with those I got to know better, and I must admit that the Americans of other parts of the Union I met, who all seemed to dislike Chicago, are right as far as the general atmosphere goes. It is the one place in the United States where one is actually aware of the presence of ungenerosity, ill will, and malice.

All this is so. Yet Chicago is an amazing thing. And being Berlinese, which means that it is more thorough and more apt to become immeasurable without exploding in its enterprises than any other city, it has undoubtedly a very great future. I hope Chicago will not absorb the whole of America — a thing which is quite within the range of the possible; this would inevitably lead, centuries hence, to a revolution. But if it remains what it is, an immensely powerful thing in itself, which incidentally accomplishes a good deal of work of national importance, its contact with the rest of the Union as it grows will of necessity lead to fruitful tensions and polarizations. All the more so as Chicago happens to be — again a weird, unreal thing — the most important city and the industrial capital of, precisely, the Middle West.

VII

And now to New York! Every intelligent American will tell every intelligent European he meets that New York is not America. It is, indeed, no longer representative, as it undoubtedly was as long as technical development was the one thing the Americans thought of and before the real native, the hundred-per-center, had come to conscious life. Yet New York belongs to America, as a part of the planet, as necessarily as any other city. It is America's clearing house. Surely, it harbors more foreigners than natives. Surely, there is no unified atmosphere at all. Surely, life is feverish there; this typical quality of every business centre of the Wall Street type is enhanced by the truly horrible climate of New York. The climate is not in the least stimulating; it is just unsteady, oscillating between one extreme and the other; it is electric and damp, relaxing and bracing, at the same time.

I do not wonder that no woman's complexion stands this climate for any length of time; whoever sneers at the fact, shocking in itself, that individually pretty girls are in the habit of painting themselves as though they had centuries to conceal ought to remember, in the case of New York, that the climate provides an excuse for it, and that this city still sets the fashion for America.

But, whatever New York's drawbacks may be, it means to America exactly what St. Petersburg used to mean to Russia, and Vienna to the Near East: it is America's window opening on Europe. Here American and European influences meet. Here one of the great brains of mankind is

developing. And accordingly the best minds of America crowd together in New York and will continue to do so for a long time to come. The relationship of New York to America is very curious; it is not at all comparable to that of Paris to France. Nothing of national importance has happened there; New York rather stands for the continuance of that not-national American life all pure business men and all recent immigrants naturally like best. But just because the real America is narrowing down, and will inevitably do so to an ever-increasing degree, the existence of a powerful New York with its world-wide interests is even more of a necessity for America than any metropolis ever was for any other country. But for a powerful New York, George Babbitt and what he stands for might easily become predominant, which, considering the tremendous power America wields to-day, would be a disastrous thing.

VIII

To conclude the survey of America's manifoldness and diversity, let me add a few words about Washington. To my surprise, this city also struck me as unreal. I soon found out the reason: a political centre in an essentially unpolitical country must needs give an impression of unreality. Besides, it is to a very great extent peopled and, in any case socially, dominated by foreigners, the members of the diplomatic corps. This latter fact makes for an apparent survival of the colonial days, when great gentlemen continued the typical eighteenth-century life in a new world. If a man like Mr. Coolidge happens to reside at the White House, this only qualifies the general sense of the paradox incarnated in Thomas Jefferson. This man, who, as far as my knowledge goes, invented most of the aphorisms concerning equality, was personally an eighteenth-century *grand seigneur*, if there ever was one. He advocated, as a statesman, the equal rights of all. But this did not prevent him from building tunnels for the invisible passage of his slaves, a thing which would have delighted a Trimalchio or even a Nero.

Yes, Washington is also unreal in its way; it is a political centre in an essentially unpolitical country, and, at the same time, a colonial town in a land which is no longer a colony. To complete the picture, Washington is peopled to a considerable extent by retired well-to-do Americans. These belong to a quite different class from those men and women who retire to Los Angeles; they have an inner right to lead a life of leisure. But for that very reason they do not really belong to present-day America. If Washington were a powerful capital, which it is not, one might be induced to say that America lives under foreign rule. As things are, Washington means one more bright spot making for variety in the uniform picture of industrialized America. Washington likewise makes for salutary tension and polarization. But there can be less a question here of a rooted *genius loci* than in the case of Chicago. When I was driving through the lovely city at the time of the cherry blossoms I sometimes had to think of the hanging gardens of Queen Semiramis.

Yes, America is at bottom a new land of budding localisms, very much as Europe was at the end of the migration of the peoples. I could only give sketches of a very few of these localisms, but they will suffice, I think, to draw the attention of my readers to this very essential aspect of the American scene, which now each of them may follow up according to his own knowledge.

MAY WE KILL?

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

In many countries a new sort of championship of animals has come into evidence since the war. The most popular, one may say sacrosanct, of sports in England has been fox hunting. One of Gilbert's heroes in *Ruddigore*, doomed to commit a crime every day, was cheered to the echo when he reported to the jury of his ancestors that he had shot a fox. That was a crime indeed! It was not pity for the fox that created the crime, but a sense of shame that it should be killed in any other way than by the agency of a pack of hounds.

To-day in England there are landowners and poultry keepers who go so far as to boast of shooting foxes, with a view to their extermination. But more than this, popular newspapers as well as specialistic humanitarian societies of considerable wealth and wide support raise almost daily protests against all 'blood sports,' so called. There is evidence, in short, that in many, perhaps most, countries the community is preparing to retest accepted formulæ in regard to sport and the treatment of wild animals.

The Church has taken a hand. There still exists, though in less robustious form, that most curiously English of characters, the sporting parson, who was once capable of slipping a surplice over his hunting coat, that he might hurry from church to the covert-side. As he tends, softly and silently, to vanish away, greater dignitaries of the churches give to the world their later views on humanity to animals. When the Dean of St. Paul's, a most modern divine, wrote a prophecy of the coming extinction of blood sports, he was attacked with a shrapnel of pamphlets, not for his prophecy, but for his moderation. He had not condemned blood sports with sufficient heat and vigor to please the humanitarians. Though Saint Francis is as truly a type of the champion of the lower animals (so called) as Buddha, who shrank in horror from the death of a fly, historic Christianity, as expressed in the New as well as the Old Testament, has not very obviously or strongly concerned itself with kindness to animals. There exist, however, in oral tradition some moving anecdotes on the theme. When the Founder of Christianity passed a dead dog, which the passers-by stigmatized in various idioms as repulsive and loathsome, he stopped and, looking down at the poor beast, said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of its teeth.' There spoke real pity.

The theme is omitted in most Christian literature, and even to-day is not heard in a great many pulpits. Nevertheless the Church may soon be forced to answer the plain question: Does it sanction hunting and shooting? Parliaments may be asked a like question. Indeed, in Czechoslovakia a parliament has notably emphasized the movement by an absolute prohibition of the trap. It is illegal to set any traps for any animal, with the sole exception of the

muskrat, which was imported from America, and has proved so serious a public danger, especially to irrigation works, that permits are issued for using 'open traps,' and even official trappers are appointed. In Britain the toothed steel trap will probably soon be made illegal. Its use is to-day horribly abused, and the popular agitation against it grows steadily. At the same time a loud outcry against deer hunting, if not against fox hunting and shooting, has actually begun to reduce the area of the sport.

In the old days, humanitarian and sportsman were bitterly opposed, as bitterly almost as research students and antivivisectionists to-day. One effect of the new movement has, rather surprisingly, issued in an attempt to discover a common ground. One example is that in both Eastern Europe and Britain the endeavor to prohibit trapping has been led by the sportsmen themselves. In Britain one of the chief leaders is a Master of Foxhounds, and he finds himself on the same platform with professional humanitarians. It is of more than parochial interest to know that he is famous as a naturalist and protector of the rarer birds; for his case, with its utter scorn of abstract logic, is a test case.

Can the sportsman pretend to be also a humanitarian? May a man or woman or child kill, and call itself kind? Is the higher virtue the sole property of the extreme humanitarian? Does Buddha stand alone? Has Christianity a hole in its moral armor? Shall we one day follow the humane articles of Buddha's creed and confess, in the phrase of a confession made to Another in another reference: 'Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean'?

The question is crucial to the social life and morality of a large section of the community in every civilized or semi-civilized country of the West or the East.

It is well to look back a little way to get a line of advance. Scarcely more than a generation ago, bear and badger baiting and cockfighting were countenanced and even widely enjoyed. We see daily new examples of the law of accelerated progress. Shall we soon think of shooting and hunting what we now think of badger baiting, and regard the pink coats of huntsmen or the pelts of the trapper with the sort of feeling aroused by those gayly caparisoned matadors who take the eye in the Sadic spectacle of a Spanish bullfight?

II

In seeking a ground of prophecy and of propaganda, let us be honest. No one is logical. Perhaps the least logical of all is the professional humanitarian, unless he is also a vegetarian, in the narrowest sense of that much-misused word, and unless he refuses to eat the produce of the dairy and the poultry yard or to wear wool or leather. The most active of humanitarian pamphleteers — incidentally a good classical scholar — has confessed that the bull calf tramples the vegetarian's logic in the mud. The young bull must be killed. If we recognize killing even to this extent, we have abandoned the most straight and simple of principles, and are left to chop arguments about degree.

'Nature, red in tooth and claw,' kills to live and, for the most part, hurts with zest, even kills for the fun of the thing. Some animals, of course, are so feline that, obeying their natural instinct, they torture or at least kill so slowly that we in our sensitive fashion call the delay torture. We so feel for the victim that we instill it with our own feelings. It would be abominable for a man to torture on the excuse that the

cat tortures, or even to hunt because the lion hunts. Yet the sportsman when he hunts undoubtedly feels himself to be flowing with the stream of the difficult world in which he has his being. He is conscious of a certain sanction extracted from the scheme of things.

Wordsworth has given us a portrait of the Happy Warrior, the born soldier of whom it is yet true that his

> . . . . . master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

Similarly there exists beyond all question 'the happy sportsman,' such as Richard Jefferies once was, who more or less delights in fishing, shooting, and hunting, but whose nature is kindly, whose most penetrating pleasures come from the observation of wild animals and of the fields and woods in which they live. You may say of him with satisfactory satire what George Eliot said of the boy, Tom Tulliver, who was 'very fond of birds, that is of throwing stones at them.' The shaft penetrates; and yet — and yet this so-named happy sportsman in practice does more useful humanitarian service than any other member of society. He founds sanctuaries, he protects birds, he would abolish the steel trap, he is particular to kill humanely (if the two words may go together), he lets no creature 'linger in its agony,' does not shoot wildly, and is precise to observe not only the close season, — the *Wappenstillstand*, — but the date when animals begin to pair, whether it fits the almanac or no. 'The happy hunter' is an actual type. He exists and rejoices in what some will always regard as his hypocrisy, like the French philosopher who said of the British race, 'It is saved by its want of logic.'

The two American naturalists of whom Europe knows most were perhaps those two eminent friends, Roosevelt and Burroughs. It was a liberal education to watch small birds under the guidance of Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. A letter that the writer much cherishes begs him to come to Oyster Bay to see the red tanager.

Now Roosevelt's attack, in alliance with his friend, against the 'nature fakers,' the people who dared to say the thing that was not in the sphere of observation, was inspired by a feeling that was almost a religion. Yet this happy hunter was a shooter of great game, and traveled to remote places for no other reason than to see and to kill. He found with others that there are few sensations more thrilling on this crowded and conventional earth than to watch herds of the greater mammals in their native haunts, whether they be dangerous, as elephants and lions and grizzlies, or almost harmless, as giraffes and quaggas and black bears. Those who live where such animals flourish sometimes find it necessary to kill. A letter from India is before me describing a vigil up a tree at the foot of which lay a native's body mauled out of recognition. Presently the tiger returned to his kill, looked up at the tree as the man's rifle moved, and took the bullet over the eye. In an instant all was over. The man-eater who had terrorized a group of villages for three years was dead. Here was nature crudely red indeed. Against such an act as the shooting of this tiger no one will rebel. And whom did the harried natives call on to rid them of this threat? Their Saint George was of course a hunter, a man who had taken delight in the higher risks. He had been nearly killed himself by both bear and bison. Are we to condemn him for the long training in hunting, in jungle lore as well as in marksmanship, in firmness of nerve and in quickness of eye, that had fitted him for that particular act?

> What is it steels the sportsman's heart?
> It is his conscious pride of art.

But it is more. It is a deep, racial, inherited desire to hunt, or even to be hunted.

Whatever decision we come to in the sequel on the cardinal articles of the humanitarian's faith, we have to acknowledge that this instinct is as strong in man as in tiger. If we condemn it, we must do the thing that is especially forbidden in the etiquette, in the code, of the medical profession: the doctor must not destroy a native desire if it can be in any way preserved.

> Unless I take my part
> Of danger on the raging sea
> A devil rises in my heart,
> Far worse than any death to me.

So feels many a sportsman, and even when he is scarcely conscious of it this feeling is behind his mind and his actions.

III

It must be granted that this desire exists even in some of the most highly intellectual men. Personally, though I have met more able men, I have never met anyone who had a greater control of his own mental processes than Theodore Roosevelt; and in him this hunter's zest was ineradicable.

So far as we, with our limited imagination can see, the sport of hunting plays — for the moment — an almost necessary part in the world's economy. The most professional of killers is known technically on British sporting estates as a 'keeper.' It sounds a satiric title; but it remains that the sportsmen are everywhere the leaders of preservation. Those immense herds of wild animals that roam the greatest hunting ground in the world, — in Kenya, Tanganyika, and East Africa, — those animals of which among others Roosevelt took some toll, would have been clean wiped out but for sportsmen. They were the people who cared.

It is an obvious riposte that they cared because they wanted to kill, because they thought their cruel practices would be stopped for want of material. This motive doubtless was not altogether absent. Even so they may claim to have preserved whole herds in order to kill half a dozen animals. That the killing is not the chief pleasure we all know who have shot or had traffic with sportsmen; and it happens that within the last few years a number of the most famous, or notorious, big-game hunters have almost entirely surrendered the gun for the camera. When the millennium comes shall we all change our rifles into lenses as well as our spears and swords into pruning hooks?

Now, as a matter of pure history, what happens again and again with sportsmen who have taken delight in the chase is that as they grow older they grow more soft-hearted. One old sportsman used to say, 'I've grown so soft-hearted in my old age that I am ashamed of myself.' There is no doubt at all that extreme reluctance to slay is usually correlated with low or lowered vitality. The weak cannot even endure to put a suffering creature out of its pain; and no one could commend that physical reluctance to do a necessary act.

It is the commercial mind, not the sporting, that is reckless and capable of a policy of extermination. It may be a sign of weak nerve, not an advance of true civilization, that sentimentality increases, as when we allow hundreds of human beings to die from disease, and cry out in horror because chloroform is administered to a dog whose inspection may provide curative science with a pain-saving secret.

We must see things as they are, even when we nurse our dearest ideals. Therefore it is a fact germane to the present theme that the great preservers of wild animals are chiefly recruited from the ranks of sportsmen. It is a second essential fact, in another field of activity, that those who spend the most time and energy and thought in the endeavor to save mankind from pain, disease, and a short or ineffective life are often the most earnest believers in experiments on animals, experiments that have already immensely reduced the sum of pain in the world. In illustration of the first point, the red deer, the finest of the wild animals found in Britain, which is not rich in mammals, would have quite disappeared from the southern counties but for the stag-hounds. Extermination, if not the intention, would be the result of the humanitarian's, not the sportsman's, creed. I do not agree with sportsmen who use this argument as a direct defense of hunting. We could have compulsory preservation in reserves, of which Yellowstone Park is an ideal example. Nevertheless, all preservation also entails cold-blooded and deliberate killing. Let there be no question of that. Those who would avoid pain and death must vote bravely for extermination as an alternative. In the North Island of New Zealand, a law has been passed treating the red deer as vermin and allowing its destruction by any available means, even poison.

Life consists of alternatives; and it is at least arguable that the shooting down of animals by an official butcher has a worse subjective effect on the butcher than killing for sport on the sportsman, and at the same time inflicts as great a sum of pain.

The humanitarian and the sportsman both are, as I have said, necessarily illogical. They are involved in contradictory categories from which neither escapes. Man lives by plunder and destruction, as the lion lives. Doubtless this fact of existence may be a devil's quotation. The sportsman who kills may nevertheless be rightly proud of his work as a preserver; yet he commits something very like Plato's 'sin in the soul' when he argues, as some do, that he has a right to be cruel because nature is cruel. The argument would mean that men must never

> . . . . . rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things,

nor ever

> let the ape and tiger die.

There is a reasonable likelihood that a number of the existing sports will presently be brought to an end by public opinion and go the way of the badger baiting and cockfighting of the eighteenth century. I may cite one. Perhaps the most cosmopolitan spot in Europe and one of the loveliest is Monte Carlo. A picked crowd from all parts of the civilized world assemble there for their pleasure and no other reason. At the very centre is a semi-circular lawn devoted solely to the amusement of pigeon shooting. Day after day you cannot escape the sound of the guns being fired there, and must watch the trapped pigeons either falling on that *tapis vert* or circling round and from time to time dropping wounded, either among the fashionable crowd or out at sea or among the ragged urchins on the road below. Everything about the sport, so called, offends the senses. The sum of pain is greater than in most shooting, for the birds are mauled before being released from the traps. Their tail feathers are pulled out in order to make them rise more quickly and so increase the difficulty of the shooting. Those who support the sport — and they come from

both America and Europe — are perhaps chiefly concerned with the betting. It would be a libel on humanity to suggest that such a sport in such a scene will be allowed to continue into the golden age. We gather no sanction for such exhibitions of slaughter from the pounce of the hawk or the spring of the panther — 'They are beasts and we are men.'

IV

These contradictions and excuses, these controversies between humanitarian and sportsman, one as short of logic as the other, bring me to what I consider, not the conclusion of the whole matter, for we never reach that in humane affairs, but a working creed. Let it be presumed that we all want to advance beyond the brute in all the thoughts and actions of our life, according to the great Hegelian principle that in most conflicts one conception of good is fighting another conception of good, not good fighting evil. Let us recognize that the vivisectionist is a man of science who has the welfare of humanity at heart, that the sportsman who uses either the gun or the rifle may be an ardent naturalist and hater of cruelty, that the sentimentalist and humanitarian are not necessarily hypocrites because they eat meat and countenance the trapping of vermin or the extermination of a species. We can only advance to the end of a reduction of the sum of pain by general coöperation.

As things are at this moment in history, abuses horrible in the eyes of both sportsmen and humanitarians flourish in our midst in every country. On the lovely stretch of coast where France and Spain touch hands near Fontarabia, you may see any day in the breeding season gunmen slouching along the sands, firing promiscuously into flocks of dunlin, sea birds, and wading birds, and not so much as troubling to gather what birds they may kill or maim. The west side of Britain, where nature has conspired to heap up peaceful beauties, is made hideous over wide areas by the professional, commercially-minded rabbit trappers whose steel-toothed traps set in the open kill and maim not only the rabbits for which they are set, but dogs and cats and vermin and birds of all sorts. You find among the gorgeous mountains of North America evil traps holding the skeletons of the animals for which they were set. The trappers have neglected their own grim engines.

We may hope that the great sanctuaries and reserves, which provide almost all that a naturalist could desire, — the Yellowstone Park, Banff, the Government areas of East Africa, — will extend, and that on these wide native parks will be preserved beyond reasonable danger of total extermination the species of great animals who have roamed the wilds. Yet, even so, some animals must be excluded; and if they are to continue, the wild must be left untamed, the hunting ground be preserved. There is no reasonable prospect that sport will cease, that men will no longer shoot or catch fish with a fly. All that is likely to happen is an increase of regulation. Those holocausts of caribou which have defamed Newfoundland cease, and everywhere the hunter is being 'rationed.' He may kill so many and no more. Trappers will be licensed and will be forbidden to set traps that they cannot visit immediately. Probably the nature of the trap will be regulated and humane traps invented, as humane methods of slaughter for stock have been perfected.

We must kill. All that we can ever hope for is to make the act quick and as painless as may be. Since this is so, the

one fruitful method of advance is for humanitarians and sportsmen to coöperate to the end of destroying agreed abuses, such as the indiscriminate use of the steel-toothed trap, or the shooting and maiming of caged pigeons. As an example of the reverse policy, I would quote the duel between the doctors and the antivivisectionists. I should say that nothing in this department of human activity, in what is called by the silly and ugly word 'humanitarianism' — nothing has so certainly arrested progress as the lying outcry against men of science who have endeavored to reduce the sum of pain and loss in the world by experiments on anæsthetized animals. One reason for the unhappy conflict is that science deals with the actual truth and sentimentality often with imagined truth. Humanitarians too often alienate their deepest sympathizers by unwarranted, though kindly, emotions. They are truthful, but not true. For truthfulness is a correspondence between word and thought, while truth goes further. It is a double correspondence: between word and thought and thought and things.

V

To the facts about the humanitarian movements of our age must be added a note on the philosophy of pain. What is it, and who feels it? Mr. E. K. Robinson, who had some reputation as a naturalist in India, in America, and in Britain, wrote a long book to prove that nature was not 'red in tooth and claw' in the human sense of the words; that pain as we understand it did not exist among animals other than man. His argument proved too much. His philosophy was too good to be true. He underestimated the penalties of pain as most of us exaggerate them, but his actual illustrations were all extremely accurate, and he might have gone yet a step further. An acquaintance of mine, a sportsman and no doctor, was forced to amputate the leg of an East African native badly mauled by a wild beast. The operation was successfully performed and the life saved, largely because the victim evinced no symptoms of pain whatsoever.

Similarly, in a South African war a white surgeon was called upon to extract from a native a bullet that was deeply embedded and had just touched one lung. As he pulled the bullet out, the native with a broad grin held out his hand and said, 'Give it me, Doc.' It is a common experience of medical science that these men are by natural instinct of the old Stoic philosophy, now sublimated in one aspect by Christian Science, that physical pain is not a great evil.

If some men feel like this, it is as certain as an inference can be that the sense of pain is yet further reduced as we descend the animal scale. We make all sorts of queer distinctions. Few humanitarians shrink from killing fish, and the reason is that they know of them as cold-blooded animals. Now a cold-blooded animal does not mean that the animal has *sang-froid*, as the French metaphor suggests, or that it is less susceptible to feeling. It merely means that its temperature varies according to the temperature of the surrounding medium. We have no absolute proof that an insect or a fish does not feel as acutely as we do, but the circumstantial and anatomical evidence are perhaps proof enough. I have seen a rabbit with a broken leg continue to feed as if nothing adverse had happened.

The pain that the sportsman inflicts is thus less than we imagine it to be, for half pain is thought. This is undoubtedly true, but the higher animals at any rate are very sensitive in their

several fashions to pain *plus* fear. And fear overwhelms them when they can no longer have any free play for their native and natural powers. It is for this reason that the trap which holds and hurts, but does not kill, is an abomination, a blot on our human civilization.

The animal in a trap will scream aloud and exhibit pain such as you see no traces of when an animal, whether bird or beast, is shot in the wild. Even a hunted fox or deer never exhibits, at least in my experience, any of the distressing signs of pain and terror that mark the behavior of a trapped creature.

Again, in respect of birds, whose sensitiveness is high and whose brains are considerable, probably more pain is inflicted by the ejection of waste oil on the sea than by any form of sport. The oil clogs the wings, robs the bird of its proper mode of motion, and leaves it consciously liable to any attack by its enemies.

To prevent cruelties such as these that do no service to anyone, though they are world-wide, is a proper object of common endeavor between nations and continents. Again it is, I think, beyond doubt that in ill-regulated slaughterhouses animals have agonized premonitions of the fate in store. Humane slaughtering is a duty laid on all peoples.

Even among sportsmen are some who nurse a half-mystic feeling that animals which die in fear provide a poisonous food; and medical science has produced some evidence in support of the belief. They find alien poisons in the flesh; and research into this strange example of the effect of mind, especially of strong emotion, on the body is going forward. However this may be, and the evidence is too little for dogmatism, we are all mystics enough to shrink from inflicting this pain of terror on this animal or that, whether we kill it for sport, or food, or clothing, or self-preservation. We may all coöperate, if we will, — research student and antivivisectionist, sportsman and vegetarian, male man or effeminate woman, — even these opposites may coöperate in a common effort to put an end to the acknowledged cruelties. We may postpone, till the date when they are remedied, the wrangles, often unseemly and buttressed by false prejudices, that too often prevail between professional humanitarians and amateur sportsmen.

FOUR LITTLE BUCKEYES[1]

Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

I

My stepfather took a notion to keep a tavern (said Grandmother Brown). There was an old-fashioned hotel in town called the Brice House, and at three different times he rented it. Back and forth between the Brice House and our old home we moved. Once we went to Somerset, once to Logan, to keep hotel.

After periods at the Brice House or in Logan or Somerset, we were always glad to get back to our own father's dear old home. Nowhere else did we have the same conveniences. We did most of our work there in the summer kitchen. That was where we had the big brick oven. We used to fire it twice a week and do a sight o' baking all at once. We'd make a hot fire in the oven, and then, when the bricks were thoroughly heated, we'd scrape out all the coals with a big iron scraper, dump the coals into the fireplace, and shove in the roasts and fowls, the pies and bread. At other times we'd use the open fireplace. It was n't nearly so difficult to work by as people think. When we went to keeping house in 1845, Dan'l and I, he bought me a little iron stove, a new thing in those days. It was no good — would only bake things on one side. I soon went back to cooking at an open fireplace.

You know the look of andirons, crane, spit, reflectors. Our heavy iron vessels were swung from chains. When we wanted to lift the iron lids off, we'd have to reach in with a hook and swing them off. They had a flange around the edge. Many of our dishes were baked in Dutch ovens on the hearth. We used to bake Indian pone — that is, bread made of rye and corn meal — that way. We would set it off in a corner of the hearth covered with coals and ashes, and there it would bake slowly all night long. In the morning the crust would be thick but soft — oh, *so* good!

For roasting meat we had reflectors. Some joints we roasted in our big iron kettles with a bit of water. And others we put on three-legged gridirons which could be turned. These had a little fluted place for the gravy to run down. Chickens we would split down the back and lay on the gridiron with a plate and flatirons on top to hold them down. Oh, how different is everything now, encumbered with conveniences!

The difference between those who were naturally clean and orderly and those who were not was perhaps more marked in those days than it is now. It was so easy, for instance, since we had no screens, to let the flies spoil everything. My mother just would n't have it so. We were n't allowed to bring apples into the house in summer, because apples attract flies. If any of us dropped a speck of butter or cream

[1] An earlier chapter of these reminiscences was published in August. — Editor

on the floor, she had to run at once for a cloth to wipe it up. Our kitchen floor was of ash, and Ma was very proud of keeping it white. In the summer kitchen the floor was of brick, and it was expected to be spotless also. At mealtime someone stood and fanned to keep the flies away while the others ate. When Sister Libbie went to housekeeping, she had little round-topped screens for every dish on her table. That was considered quite stylish. Ma used to set some tall thing in the centre of her table, spread a cloth over it, and slip food under until we were ready to sit down. As soon as the meal was finished, all curtains had to be pulled down and the flies driven from the darkened room.

Our dishes for common use were white with blue edges. The finer ones were a figured blue. I remember, also, a large blue soup tureen with a cover and a blue, long-handled ladle, all very handsome.

Our forks were two-tined. They were n't much good for holding some things. But if we used our knives for conveying food to our mouths it had to be done with the back of the knife towards the face. We had no napkins; we used our handkerchiefs. Tablecloths were made of cotton diaper especially woven for the purpose. The first white bedspread I ever had was made of two widths of that same cotton whitened on the grass.

In warm weather we washed outdoors under the quince bushes. We used our well water. It was so soft, it was perfect.

We'd draw a barrel of water, put one shovel of ashes into it, and it would just suds up like soft water, so white and clean. We used soft soap, of course. Our starch was of two kinds, either made from a dough of flour worked round and round until it was smooth and fine, or made from grated potato cooked to the right consistency.

If one wants light now, all one has to do is pull a string or push a button. Then, we had to pick up a coal with tongs, hold it against a candle, and blow. And one had to make the candles perhaps.

I remember the first matches that I ever saw. Someone handed me a little bunch of them, fastened together at the bottom in a solid block of wood about a half inch square. 'Lucifer matches' they called them. I tore one off and set the whole thing afire.

Some people had tinder boxes. Some kept a kind of punk which would give off a spark when struck with steel or knife. Generally speaking, people kept the fire on their hearthstones going year in and year out.

We did not make our candles at home, but got them usually from Uncle Dean, who made candles for the town. Occasionally we had some sperm candles made of fine whale tallow. Besides candles, people sometimes burned sperm or whale oil in little lamps that looked like square-topped candlesticks. In the square top was a place for a bowl that would hold perhaps a half pint of oil.

My mother used to spin. She made beautiful fine thread. She taught Sister Libbie how to spin, but decided, before my turn came, that spinning was doomed to become a lost art, and that I might be better employed in some other way. I used to love to watch her at the spinning wheel. She had two wheels, lovely big ones. She used a wheel boy to turn her wheel. I can just close my eyes and see Ma standing over there spinning a thread as far as from here to the bed — say, twelve feet long.

My mother and her sister had some beautiful woolen cloth of their own spinning and weaving. Part of the

thread was made with the open, part with the crossed, band. They colored it with butternut bark, but the two kinds would never color alike, so that part of it was a light and part a dark brown. They wove it into a plaid and had it pressed, and then they made fine dresses out of it to wear to church. I remember too that my mother raised flax, spun it into linen, wove it into cloth, — colored blue in the yarn, — and made it up into a dress for me which she embroidered in white above the hem. I wish I had kept that dress to show my children the beautiful work of their grandmother.

Ma used to use Aunt Betsy's loom sometimes. When I was eight years old she wove me a plaid dress of which I was very proud. I remember the pattern: eight threads of brown, then one of red, one of blue, one of red, then brown again, in both the warp and the woof. It made the prettiest flannel, and that dress lasted me for years.

Women made their own designs for cloth as well as for dresses in those days. If a woman had taste, she had a chance to show it in her weaving. But, oh, it was hard work! You never saw warping bars, did you? Clumsy things, long as a bed. On them work was prepared for the loom. You had to draw each thread through a reed. I used to love to watch my mother weaving, her shuttle holding the spool with yarn shooting through the warp, then back the other way. When she had woven as far as she could reach, she would bend below the loom and wind the woven cloth into a roll beneath. Blankets made at home used to last a long, long time. Homespun things were good.

We had all the things that were really necessary for our comfort in those days and we had quite as much leisure as people have now. Always, too, we had time to attend church and Sunday School. . . .

II

You see I had rather a severe course in Domestic Science, but the rest of my education did n't amount to much. I must have been about ten years old when I quit going to Grandma Foster's school. Well, my education was about completed. I've had to get along without anything more than the fundamentals.

It was always uncertain, even in our schooldays, whether we could be spared from work. Some days we could go to school, some days not.

I used to be able to knit and read at the same time. Not so fast, of course, as knitting with my eyes on the work. But once my mother spoke sharply to me when I was knitting with my eyes on a newspaper. She spoke twice, and I could hardly bring myself to hear her. At the third call, Mr. Hatch, my stepfather, snatched the paper from my lap and threw it into the fire. No wonder I never learned anything!

When we lived at Logan, I went for a while to Mr. Parsons's school. I was thirteen years old then. I used to like the spelling matches we had there. I remember getting a ticket for perfect spelling. But I also remember having there the most unhappy experience of my school life.

Nowadays, when children show a talent for anything good, it is cultivated. I always liked to draw. One day I drew a cow upon my slate. Mr. Hatch — who, with all his faults, was generally kind enough to me — said: 'Now make a picture of *our* cow.' I did. 'Let me show it to your mother!' he said. 'Why, it's *our* cow!' she exclaimed, and they were much surprised that I could make a picture of our particular bossy. Once, in later years on the farm, I amused myself one rainy Sunday drawing pictures of Andy Brown and James Mitchell as they

sat talking together. 'Why, Mother, you're an artist!' Dan'l said, when I showed him what I had done.

I think I could have made pictures. I was always wanting to try. I could draw animals and I wanted to make landscapes, too. I remember once, when walking in the country with my mother, the scenery was so beautiful that I just longed to make a picture of what I saw. I wanted to sit and look and look. I sat so long upon a fence looking at the scene that Ma came running back to find me and chided me for lingering. In recent years, at a meeting of my D. A. R. chapter, I won the prize for drawing from memory the best picture of George Washington. I was the oldest woman present, too.

Well, one day at Mr. Parsons's school I drew on my slate a picture of a lace veil. I drew the string that went around the bonnet and showed the veil all puckered around the face with a heavy border at the bottom. I made it *so* pretty! But Mr. Parsons came up behind me and saw what I was doing. He took my slate, showed my picture to the school, and scolded me for wasting time on things like that. I never did again. I just wept. I thought I had committed a terrible sin. Mr. Parsons was a slender, tall man, but I can't remember how he looked. I had a dread of him. He cured me of trying to make pictures. Well, no matter! I've got along this far without drawing pictures; I guess I can make it the rest of the way.

But, though I was not encouraged to be an artist, I've always tried to make anything I had to make as beautiful as I could make it. My pats of butter I made in pretty shapes. I've always liked to sew and embroider. I've made some pretty things, if I do say it as should n't. I learned once to make wax flowers and enjoyed doing that. I made them well, too. I know that once when Dr. Rix and his wife were calling on us here in Fort Madison he suddenly noticed a bunch of flowers that I had made and put into a basket, and he called to his wife to come and see. 'Why, I thought they were real!' he said. But wax flowers are perishable, and I'd rather do embroidery. That lasts longer.

What did I have to read when I was a girl? Well, I remember *Pilgrim's Progress*. And there was *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. I always enjoyed poetry. I liked to read Cowper's poems. He was so fond of his mother.

Every week we had Sunday School books to read. They always had Christian teaching woven around the story of some boy or girl. I remember the first time I read the story of the Crucifixion. I read it through my tears. It was dreadful to my young mind. It is yet. In the first place, God created the first man out of the dust of the earth. The first one He created without any earthly parent. Then He created one out of the Virgin Mary. How terrible for her to see her son crucified!

A story I read as a child that interested me was a tale called *Prairie Flower*. It was the story of a pretty young girl who was stolen by the Indians. There was going to be an eclipse of the sun, a fact she knew. She told them that if they did so and so the sun would be darkened. Sure enough it was. From that time on, they feared her and did as she directed.

Yes, we had newspapers. The first one I remember was one called the *Western Spectator*, printed by a Mr. Maxon. Then came the *Hocking Valley Gazette*, which Nelson Van Vorhes, who married Sister Libbie, later made into the *Athens Messenger*.

Two books were presented to me when I was fourteen and sixteen years old that I set great store by. Nelson

Van Vorhes, when he was courting Libbie, gave me twelve copies of *Godey's Lady's Book* bound into one volume. When I was about sixteen, a Mr. Cook, who boarded with us, gave me a bound book of the *Family Magazine*. A careless person at the farm left those books out in the rain in later years and they were ruined. No money could have repaid me for them.

III

We had a good deal of attention, Libbie and I. When I married, at age eighteen, I accepted the third offer. We girls had plenty of opportunity to have a gay time with young men, because at that time Mr. Hatch was running the Brice House again, and many of the young men studying at the college boarded with us. Some of them were from the South, sons of rich planters, fine dressers and free with their money. But, although we waited on them at table, we never spoke to them.

In the dining room was a great coffee urn kept hot by a heated iron rod that ran down the middle. We used to draw the coffee from this urn and pass it to the boarders. Among them was a young man called 'Cap' Reed. 'Why don't you take those Foster girls out somewhere?' he was asked one time. 'I'd just as soon think of asking Queen Victoria for her company,' he answered.

Later, he married my lovely cousin, Lucinda Dean. But his remark showed how we held ourselves aloof. I remember that years afterwards, when my mother visited me on the farm, she said: 'Maria, you never gave me an anxious moment in my life and I never put you to a task that was n't well done.' Well, I am glad I never hurt her. She had hurt enough. . . .

Of course we went around with the Athens boys. We went to picnics and dances, to singing school and campaign rallies.

I remember going with other young people to see torchlight processions at times of political excitement. We were in the Logan campaign of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.' Our Republican young men called themselves 'The Log-Cabin Boys' and they sang: —

'Oh, Van (meaning President Van Buren), don't
you know that you're a used-up man?
For the Log-Cabin Boys go for Harry of the
West,
And you'll soon see that you can't shine.'

They had a float with a live tame bear on it, also a log cabin in which was a cider barrel. This float moved slowly through the streets with young men marching before and after it, carrying lanterns and torchlights, and singing their log-cabin songs. 'We'll beat little Van' was the constant refrain. President Van Buren was very unpopular in that part of the country. It was the time of 'shinplasters' and financial distress of the sharpest kind.

In Athens our set would go out hunting wild flowers. There are so many pretty hills around there, and in the spring they were covered with dogwood blossoms and other lovely flowers. The grass was so soft and deep you'd think you were walking on top of a feather bed. We'd take along things to eat, things like pickled string beans and pickled peaches — the clings were our choice. After you'd eat one of those, my, but you could sing!

Our favorite amusement, I think, was singing. Everybody went to singing school in those days and learned to sing with the help of a tuning fork. I don't like to hear accompaniments. Better the voice alone. Dan'l's cousin, Perley Ward, had a song bird in her throat — I never heard such a voice.

I've no doubt it was equal to Jenny Lind's. Dan'l himself taught singing school, and up to the last I loved to hear him throw out his chest in church and let out the Doxology. That was something worth hearing.

This was one of our favorites: —

The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills
With the blushes adorning the meadows and fields,
While the merry, merry horn calls 'Come, come away!
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day!
The stag roams before us, away seems to fly
While he pants to the chorus of the hounds in full cry.'

I don't like the sentiment of that very much. It sounds cruel, but that is what we used to sing.

Then follow, follow music and the chase,
While pleasure and vigor and health we'll embrace.

Here's a sad one — though the tune is nice — about a dying girl saying as she draws near her home: —

'Are we almost there?
Are we almost there?' she'd ask.
'Are these our poplar trees
That rear their forms so high
Against heaven's blue dome?'

Then comes something I don't remember. Afterwards, —

Her quick pulse ceased —
She was almost there.

That was something to hold us down a little, so we should n't get too gay.

We liked dancing, too. But most of my dancing was done at dancing school. When we lived in Logan, Mr. Saunders came from Lancaster once a week to teach us. In Athens I had lessons two terms from Mr. Crippen. The dancing school always met in the afternoon, girls and boys practising separately at first. When both had learned the steps, then we came together. We danced to the music of fiddles and they called off: 'First lady forward! Seven hands round!' There were no round dances. Our teachers taught us to take little steps, to move forward and back genteelly. With some pride and dignity! Why, I could do it now, if I were on my feet — one, two, three, four, five, then back again; six, seven, eight, nine, ten. That was the way to do it — so rhythmically and beautifully. Now they grab each other and go seesawing around. The contra-dances took in the whole room. It was lovely to see them do it, the girls so pretty and modest, in those days, their dresses ankle-length. When they honored the partner, they did n't just squat that square way, but they must lean to one side gracefully.

When we were living on the farm I taught my children to dance. Afterward, when Lizzie first came to Fort Madison, she was complimented on her dancing. 'My mother taught me,' she said. A shout went up. They thought her a wicked mother, I suppose, who would teach her child to dance. But, if it were wicked to dance, it would say so in the Bible. If it had said, 'Thou shalt not dance,' I would not have done it, for I have kept all the Thou Shalt Nots. But it does say that when the Prodigal Son came home and fell on his father's neck and kissed him the father put a ring on his finger and ordered music and dancing.

IV

Perhaps I should n't have married quite so soon if my father had lived. But since I could n't go to school any more, and living at home meant for Libbie and me simply working for a lazy stepfather whom we loved none too well, it was only natural that marriage should tempt me when nice young men proposed it. As I said before, I had three offers by the time I was

eighteen. One of them was from a young man who was studying for the ministry. The second proposal came from one who had considerable money. He was a Catholic, but he wrote my mother that he'd become a Protestant if I'd have him. My mother and brother rather encouraged him, but I had no love for him. He liked to never give it up. He wrote to my brother and he asked a friend to intercede for him. How foolish! But then, that's the way men do when they set about wanting a girl.

And the third suitor was Grandfather Brown. 'Dan Brown' nearly everybody else called him. But I always called him 'Mister Brown' until we were married, and then I called him 'Dan'l.'

How long had I known him? Ever since I was born, in a way. You see, his sister Maria was my Uncle Hull's second wife. When I was a new baby she came, bringing that little boy to see me. He was five years old. She used to tell me that she said to him, 'Now this might be your wife some day!' How true it's come about!

I remember some years later watching that boy with the palm-leaf hat that had a narrow green ribbon round it. I never forgot that little white hat — it looked so clean and bright.

His folks lived in the country, a mile from the town of Albany. They had come there from Amesville a couple of years before Dan'l was born. Dan'l's father, William Brown, was the second son of Captain Benjamin Brown, an officer of the Revolution, whose people had been prominent for several generations in Worcester County, Massachusetts, not very far from where my father's grandparents had lived.

The farm at Albany was small and four sons rather overmanned it, I suppose; so when Dan'l was about thirteen he was apprenticed to Ezra Stewart and came to live in Athens. Dan'l was the youngest of eight. Let's see: the others were Maria, Emma, Benjamin, Betsy, Lydia Ann, Austin, and Leonard.

Dan'l's mother was a Brown, too, daughter of Esquire Samuel Brown, a nephew of Captain Benjamin's Her name was Polly.

I could never get acquainted with Dan'l's mother. There was a chilly atmosphere about her I could not penetrate. It seems to me that I never saw her smile. Her sister, Aunt Betsy Dickey, was just the opposite, always smiling. She was lovely. And I loved Dan'l's sister, Lydy Ann, too. But, though Dan'l's mother seemed cold to me, I realize that she was a very smart, capable woman. She taught Dan'l to spin when he was a little boy. He had to do his stint each day. She made the linen diaper called bird's-eye, and made very beautiful linen sheets for the beds. She was a woman of strongly marked character. Her face showed that. She had what you might call advanced ideas and she was a great reader. Every afternoon she'd take her paper and lie down on the bed to read. She knew more about politics than any woman I ever met. She was an abolitionist in politics and a Universalist in religion. Not exactly popular causes. She rather courted argument on those subjects, and they used to say that she was hard to beat in discussion, for she read so much that she always had an answer that was pat. She was above the average woman all round.

From the time he was apprenticed at thirteen until he was twenty-one, Dan'l lived in Athens. Ezra Stewart had a general store and also conducted an extensive cattle business. He supplied the community with every kind of merchandise it needed. Codfish and molasses, iron and nails, pins and

ploughs. He took his payment often in cattle and horses, hogs and sheep, selling them to the Eastern and Southern markets. At first Dan'l was just a long-legged little boy helping around the store and going back and forth to the homes of his sisters, Maria and Emma. When he grew older he used to go East with the men driving herds of cattle across the Alleghenies all the way, sometimes to Philadelphia. They always used to have one horse and two or three men going along with a drove of cattle, because often one of the steers would take a start in the wrong direction and it would be necessary then for the rider of the horse to head it off and get it going in the right direction. When Dan'l was twenty-one he went into business for himself at Amesville with Austin Dickey, whose mother, Aunt Betsy Dickey, was Dan'l's mother's sister. Dan'l had saved five hundred dollars in his seven years' apprenticeship and 'Aut' Dickey's father, a well-to-do farmer, gave him a like sum. They set up a general store and merchandising business under the firm name of Brown and Dickey.

After Dan'l began to pay attention to me I would never go to Stewart's store, for fear folks would say I was going in there to hang over the counter with Dan Brown. But about that time he came to the Brice House to board. The first time I remember his ever noticing me was one day when everybody else was at dinner and I sat in the front room by the window. He came by and stopped to speak to me. We looked at each other. That was nothing, but I remember it. And I remember also getting a real love letter from him once when he had gone East with a drove of cattle for Stewart — a love letter with a leaf of wintergreen in it.

One night some of us were invited to a party at Uncle General's. Uncle Dean drove us there — his girls and Libbie and me — in his fine carriage. He told us, as he set us down, that he'd come for us at a certain time and not to keep him waiting. At the party we got to playing 'Pon Honor. You know what that is? You make a pile of hands, then pull them out according to number and the one that's left has to answer all questions asked him, truthfully, upon his honor. We all put our ring hands on the pile. There was no ring on my hand. Dan'l said, 'I'll lend you mine.' Afterward, when Dan'l had gone into the hall, Uncle Dean came for us, hurrying us along in his quick way. 'Oh, Mr. Brown, here's your ring!' I called. 'Give it to me some other time,' he answered. I did n't want to keep it, and when I got home I woke Ma up to tell her I had Dan'l Brown's ring. 'Child, go to bed and don't worry about it,' she said. A few nights after that I went to singing school. Dan'l was there and I offered him his ring. 'Just keep it awhile,' he said, backing off when I held it out. 'I'll tell you: when you get tired of me, just hand me the ring!'

I never gave it back. Behold the result! Here I sit with one of his boys taking care of me — some eighty years after.

He asked my mother's permission to marry me right before my face. She came in to where we were sitting and he suddenly said, 'Mrs. Hatch, I have a boon to ask of you.' 'What's that?' 'I want you to give me your daughter.' I did n't know he was going to say it then.

V

Libbie and I were married on the same day — the twenty-third day of October, 1845, at eleven o'clock in the morning in the best room of our old house, by the Reverend S. M. Aston, who was a friend. There were no

bridesmaids, no presents. Those things had not come in fashion then. We did n't set out to have a big wedding, but when we had assembled all the Fosters and the Van Vorheses and the Browns it made a big company. I know it took two turkeys for the wedding dinner.

What else was on the menu? Pound cake at that time took the lead. We had fruit and pickles, mince pie — a good fat dinner.

What did the brides wear? Oh, our dresses were alike, of course. Except in the sleeves. Libbie's sleeves were short, mine were long. I never liked to show my arms. Why not? Oh, I just did n't. There's nothing wrong with them, either. Once a woman who worked for me, seeing my sleeves rolled up as I worked, said if she had arms like mine she'd never wear sleeves at all! Well, the dresses were white. They were made with tucks and lace. That fine, soft, switchy stuff. I forget what they called it. Oh yes — India mull! The skirts were plenty full. Girls look so much better with their skirts full enough across the back so that they don't draw. Persons should make their clothes according to their figures. At least, that's my taste! We wore white kid shoes and we had orange blossoms in our hair. At the time we were married, it was the fashion to part the hair on each side, pulling it straight back in the middle and gathering it behind each ear into a bunch of curls, which we held in place with side combs.

After the ceremony we young people had a round of parties. First we drove out to the country to Grandpa Brown's. There were fourteen carriages of us. Much joking and laughter, of course. Some of it at the expense of Dan'l and me! The slope in front of our house was awfully steep and the buggy stood on a side hill. I got in first. Then Dan'l went around on the other side to get in. When he put his foot on the step, the buggy tipped over with him. In a minute we should both have been in the dust, had I not sprung out and back to the step. I was pretty fleet of foot always.

Finally we were off, Libbie and Nelson at the head of the procession. But after a while there was a halt and a cry down the line. 'The bride's lost her slipper!' Swinging her foot over the side of the light buggy, Libbie had swung off her slipper.

We had laid off our white wedding gowns and put on dresses of balzarine, an open-meshed, figured cotton goods with a pattern of fern leaves on a blue ground. Very pretty. Our dresses were made with pointed waists and full skirts. We wore bonnets of fine white braid lined with pink sarcenet. Our stockings were white, our slippers black. We looked very nice. When we passed the college, driving out to Albany, all the students came out and gave us three rousing cheers. Just to think! I am the only one now living of all that company.

The next day we drove back to Athens and had a party at Van Vorheses', and the next day to Amesville, where Dan'l and I were to live. There was a party for us at the Ferris House, where Dan'l had been boarding — a big dance. There had been no dancing at our wedding. It seems to me out of place to have dancing at a wedding, but, when with Romans, do as Romans do. Dan'l was always so proud of my dancing. He did n't dance, but he had his partner, Aut Dickey, lead off with me in the contradance. They asked what music I'd like best and I chose 'Money Musk.'

Afterward Mr. Ferris's little daughter came and leaned against my knee and whispered, 'You were the prettiest dancer of all!' The next day we drove to Uncle Dickey's and had

another party. That ended it. Our married life began. My happy childhood was over.

VI

(Amesville, or 'Stringtown,' as it was sometimes derisively called in honor of its one street, was a straggling village on the banks of Federal Creek when Daniel Truesdell Brown brought home his bride, Maria Foster, in the fall of 1845. When it rained hard, that one street was a sea of mire. 'I remember parties at the little hotel in rainy weather,' says Grandmother Brown, 'when the girls had to be put on a horse and taken across the muddy street that way.'

But, rude as was the landscape, the Township of Ames was one of the most progressive of the early Ohio settlements. Nearly a half century had now elapsed since the first white settlers had cut their way thither from the banks of the Muskingum through twenty miles of virgin forest. Three hardy men they were who had thus adventured. One of them was Daniel's grandsire, Captain Benjamin Brown of Massachusetts, an officer of the Revolution who had been attracted by the Ohio Company's advertisements of lands for old soldiers. Coming to Waterford in the spring of 1797, he had made there the acquaintance of Ephraim Cutler of Connecticut — eldest son of our old friend, Dr. Manasseh Cutler — and of Lieutenant George Ewing of New Jersey, who, like himself, was an impecunious officer of the Revolution. Together these three fared into the wilderness. All were men of sterling quality.)

Yes, there were always refined and enterprising people in and around Ames (said Grandmother Brown), among Dan'l's kin and in other families.

I liked his cousins, the Glaziers. And there were the Boyles and the Walkers, the Rices, the Ameses, the Wyatts, and so on. I suppose that even in the earliest days they got together for good times. I've often heard about the logrollings, house raisings, corn huskings, and quilting bees that they used to have. By the time Dan'l and I came to live there nearly a half century had passed since Dan'l's grandfather had chopped his way through the wilderness. The land had been cleared by that time. Farms had been developed, a village established. It was a prosperous countryside, but Dan'l and I were both so busy those years that we stuck pretty close to home and did n't do much visiting, except for occasional drives over to Athens.

I was held down by my housework and babies, and Dan'l had a full life in the store, with exciting trips South to New Orleans to sell produce and East to Philadelphia to buy goods. Dan'l always liked to keep a store. Many of the young men of that day were interested in hunting and fishing. He never was. He used to say that men who toted a gun never amounted to much. I think that one reason he liked being a merchant was because, in those days, the village store was a meeting place for everybody who came to town. People talked things over there. And Dan'l was always interested in politics. He liked to argue about public questions. He was like his mother in that respect — always reading the papers. He never took any part in public life, never held an office, but he followed the activities of government with interest and knew what was going on. His mother died about three years after we were married, so I did n't have much chance to hear her arguing with Dan'l.

Our home in Ames was n't much to brag of. We began with two rooms and a porch in a house which stood a little distance up the hill from the store.

Across the run, or creek, which we had to cross to reach the store lay an old gunwale of poplar. It had been intended for the side of a flat boat and had floated down there in some spring freshet. When the spring rains were heavy, the water rose almost to the gunwale.

Though I had n't much house, I had heavy housework from the first. Aut Dickey and two men who worked with him and Dan'l in the store boarded with us. Four hearty men to cook and wash for is all the work one young girl needs to keep her occupied. But I was ambitious to help get ahead in the world. And I was conscientious and used to working hard. So I put my shoulder to the wheel without complaint.

After a while we built a house near the store. But, oh dear, oh dear, it was n't at all what I wanted, nor what it might so easily have been. There was no upstairs, and no way of getting up into the attic space. Six rooms we had, and seven outside doors. And not a bedroom in it that could be swept properly. It was n't the plan I wanted. In time Dan'l came to advise people to have me draw their plans. I made over Sister Anne's house once so as to accommodate two families. Yes, at the end Dan'l got so he thought I knew it all. He told Lizzie once that her mother was about the best manager he ever saw. But it took a long time for him to realize it, and there was n't much to manage by the time he was convinced. That first house was one of his mistakes.

And now about the coming of my family. Well, my dear, I was always one to take things hard. Life has always meant so much to me. So you would n't expect me to have an important thing like a baby without some fuss. The pangs of childbirth! I once knew a woman who said it cost her no pain to have a child, but that was not my experience. In the Bible, whenever there is need to illustrate the utmost agony, comparison is made to the 'woman in travail.'

We were married in October and the next October Willie was here. I had grown up among babies and cared for them when only a child myself, and yet I was hardly prepared for the ordeal that awaited me. Even my baby clothes did n't seem to be quite right. Ma laughed when I showed them to her. 'Why, my dear, did you measure the cat?' she exclaimed. 'They are so tiny.'

And Willie was a big bouncing boy who nearly killed me as he tore his way into life. Ma was not with me then — only an aunt of Dan'l's and his cousin's wife. The doctor who attended me was a bad man, and drunken. First, he bled me — think of it! Then, after he had taken a pint of my blood, he gave me a cup of ergot to hasten labor. I was young and strong and he was anxious to be off. When my agony could go no further, I lost consciousness. All I remember is seeing my hands drawing up in front of my eyes. 'Oh, if they'll just drop me down, down into that black hole! Oh, if they only will,' I agonized, 'it will be all right.' When I came to, I heard a baby cry. 'Your beautiful baby!' they told me.

Twenty months later Charlie came. He was a nice-looking baby, too. My mother was there that time. When he was born, I said, 'Is that all?' 'My dear child, I should think that was enough,' Ma said. It was really a very happy day. Amesville was having a temperance rally and Charlie was born in the midst of the picnic, you might say. 'So I've been a Prohibitionist ever since,' he always says when reminded of the incidents connected with his birth, and it's true that he has

never tasted strong drink or tobacco. You see, it was this way: Tables for the picnic were set in the old orchard next to our place. My mother and the girl we had to help had baked things for the picnic. The Amesville people had prepared a fine dinner, and Libbie's husband, Nelson Van Vorhes, was to be the speaker. Ma had been teasing me right along, saying, 'I guess you're waiting for the rally day, Maria. Then you *will* rally, sure enough!' Well, I was sitting by the window looking out on the picnic grounds when I saw the big band wagon from Athens come driving over the bridge. It was a fine large red wagon, and the band boys wore red jackets and white pants with red strips down their legs. Brother John was leader of the band. I wanted to see him and visit with him that day, but instead I called, 'Ma, you'll have to fix my bed.' All through my labor I could hear the music, and I think it helped to dull my pains. Well, my boy Charlie's been wonderful fond of music ever since; he could always sing — could imitate a horn, too, so that you would n't know the difference. When the news of his arrival was taken to John he said to the members of the band, 'At noon we'll go serenade my sister and her new baby.' They played all my favorite tunes, Brother John knowing my choice.

When Charlie was four years old Lizzie was born. She was a big strong baby with lots of hair.

Two years later came Gus. He was so good-natured and smiling, the loveliest baby! He's a good boy yet. None of my babies was hard to get along with except Lizzie. She wanted me to hold her in my arms all the time. Gus was so fat that when I tied a ribbon around his wrist you could n't see anything but the bow. I had to be so careful of him to keep him from being chafed or chapped all the time. Such creases in his legs! Such dimples in his back! We had no talcum powder in those days. My mother used to scorch flour, holding it on a shovel over the fire, and rub it on the babies, and I would tear old handkerchiefs into strips and lay them in the creases of Gussie's fat little body. We had no safety pins! It was necessary to be *so* careful in the dressing of little children.

These were my four little Buckeyes, all born in Ohio before I was twenty-eight. Later, in Iowa, I had four little Hawkeyes. The last one, your Herbert, was born two months before my forty-third birthday.

(*Grandmother Brown's next chapter will be 'Growing Up with Iowa'*)

THE WAY TO NEXT WEDNESDAY

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

THE mules stopped before a long white-washed log house, and the constable's four children jumped down from the jolt wagon. We lifted Sisyphus out, and the children proudly pushed the cart up the clean-swept path through the blossoming larkspur and zinnia.

A wiry red-haired woman in a starched blue calico dress advanced to meet us.

'Howdy,' she said quietly. 'Pappy 'lowed as how you-all'd kim erlong frum meetin'. I did n't go. I'm a Apostolic.'

The constable's wife wore that curious air of serenity which surrounds all Holy Rollers as an almost palpable aura; and her words carried good news. For never had we found an Apostolic in the mountains whose house was not scrupulously clean, or whose table was not bountifully and neatly set. Tidiness and cleanliness are articles of their faith, though they pride themselves on having neither creed nor church organization.

On the long sunny gallery where the trumpet vine clambered and the honeysuckle bloomed there was set 'the visitin' stand table,' with its bucket of 'drinkin' water,' a gourd hanging above the gleaming tin washbasin, and a white towel on its nail. This usually meant that the girl of the house expected a beau. Peter utterly disapproved of this custom; for the fact that a 'visitin' stand table' was not on the gallery would proclaim to a Sabbath world that a girl was not popular. But I explained to him that a girl in such a case would hang out the snowiest towel and the shiniest basin. I know *I* should.

On a cushioned bench in the shadiest spot sat an old man evidently just descended from a frieze of the Biblical prophets. This was Grandpap, the constable's father. Like his son, Joe Ross, he was unusually tall, but built more on lines of grace, and his long white hands did not appear toil-worn. He unfolded himself and stood before me, his childlike blue eyes gazing straight into mine. 'Howdy,' he said, and his eyes roved over Sisyphus. I thought I caught a gleam of amusement — a rare sight. For while a mountain man appreciates his own brand of wit, and may guffaw at a practical joke, the stony melancholy of his face is seldom brightened by a smile.

John immediately recognized Grandpap as belonging to his own world. Some have called our dog an impudent pup, because of his debonair manner and his airs and graces ill befitting, perhaps, his sex or his species. He is an untrained hunter, for we limited his education that he might not prove too attractive to Alabama negroes. But because of his alert air mountain men often tried to trade a good 'houn' dawg' for him. Now he pushed Grandpap gently with his paw, and asked him politely to move over. It was months since John had seen a cushion! Grandpap knew dogs. He moved over, but

did not offer to pat a strange dog. Instead, he said in a tone not too humbly ingratiating, 'Wal, I hyars ye air a murch-traveled purp. Whut ye good fur? Kin ye hunt?'

He spoke quietly, as to an equal, and John answered with a wide, appreciative smile.

I went into 'the room' and put my wilted hat on the towering snowy bed. The table was set in the cool 'dogtrot,' and, though there were no screens, there was not a single Apostolic fly!

'Grandpap!' called Mrs. Ross from the open door across the dogtrot. The old man left the gallery and joined her.

'Why n't ye putt on yer good clo'es fur the baptizin', Grandpap? Hit ain't too late yit. Now ye git behint ther baidstid an' putt 'em on,' she added coaxingly.

'I did n't reckon, Arreny, as a baptizin' called fur a man's best. I 'low ther deesciples wore whut they happened ter hev on. I'm plumb clean — yis'dy wuz Sat'dy. Cou'se, mebby not as clean as a Apostolic man; but purty clean fur a Prisbyterian. An' I shore aimed ter keep thim clo'es fur a dawg fight, er ter be laid erway in, an' make ye perroud o' me oncet, Arreny.'

'Grandpap! Hit air plumb weeked ter timpt ther Lord 'ith idle words. Now, jist ter pleasure me, ye git behint ther baidstid an' putt 'em on.'

'All right, all right, Arreny. Though hit goes agin' my conscience ter pomper yer pride lak thet. An' ye a-aimin' at the Second Blessin'. It's pow'ful hot ter crouch behint a baidstid jist at dinner time. But I'll do hit!'

Presently Grandpap joined me on the gallery, looking a trifle uncomfortable but every inch the prophet, with a twinkle lurking in the awful innocence of his eyes.

We dined sumptuously in the dogtrot, and conversed in a most unmountainlike manner. Eating in the mountains is no occasion for levity, and often we have smiled inwardly when our hostess's voice has dropped to lower G and asked solemnly, 'Will you-all keer fur some o' thim pickeled beets?'

'This air a gret day fur ther county,' said the constable. 'Some o' the Harts an' some o' the Cowdens baptized right tergither. Ther same river a-bearin' ther sins erway. An' thim ornery boys frum Wildcat thet allers fit us — a-turnin' frum thar evil ways right hyar at Chicken Bristle. We're shore clearin' ther county o' liquor an' sin.'

'I 'lows, Joe,' said Grandpap gently, 'thet effen ye got iny holt over Brother Martin ye best hev him putt thim Harts an' Cowdens under ther water fust thing, an' not wait. I hyar thet sinners in yo'-all's church hain't shed o' ther sins twell they kims up outern the water. I dunno myself. But I'm thinkin' whilst they is still in the bonds o' sin an' ineequity they might take a crack at one another. My pappy war jist a lad whin thim Harts an' Cowdens fust broke out on one another over by Laurel-hell Holler. I 'low Wanderin' River hit'll be plumb choked up 'ith ther sins. Iverbody knowed hit war Steve Hart thet crippled Jack Cowden, an' hit war Jack as shot Sam Hart.'

'Grandpap,' said the constable apologetically, ''lows er man's sins kin be jist sprinkled erway. Mebby hisn could. He air lived a pow'ful lengthy good life.'

II

After dinner we set out at once through the 'dead'nin' lot' the short way to the baptizing. Above a furious little waterfall slept a blue transparent pool reflecting the willows and washing the white stones in its cool depths. Though we were cleanin' up the county I was not prepared to see the entire

county gathered here for purification. Such a throng! Mothers in Israel with glistening white sunbonnets, solemn men in workday clothes, youths in Sunday finery, girls and children in pink and gold and lavender like summer flowers on the river's bank, and babies in arms or asleep on the grass in the shade.

The preacher from Springdale stood, an impressive figure, at the head of a long line of candidates for baptism. We were cleanin' up the county in the only way — saving ourselves one at a time.

Suddenly we began to sing, softly and reverently, 'Just As I Am.' And the song, stealing on the silence of the summer air, was such a natural thing! The sound seemed to ooze from the landscape. As if the drooping willows, the placid water, the brooding hills, chanted their age-long song of peace and resignation. And we, the heavy-laden, fever-burnt with sense of sin, striving desperately for the spirit of the quiet hills — the peace that passeth understanding.

A gaunt man, with a white, set face, walked down into the pool. The preacher lifted high a sovereign hand. So still it was that we could hear the chuckling of the little waterfall below, and the swish of the reeds by the river. As the man came out of the water and climbed the green bank, I caught a look of rapture on his rugged face. It fell upon his stony countenance like a sudden sun in winter woods.

'Bud Hart,' whispered Grandpap. 'An' this'n a-comin' now air Charlie Cowden.'

'Though this pore body lies a-moulderin' in ther tomb,
An' soft winds gintly murmurs o'er hits quiet home,
An' strange sweet flowers in beauty thar will bloom,
Yit — I'll rest in Heaven.'

One after another. Grim-faced men bitten by a late remorse for wild deeds of lawlessness and revenge; adolescents, weighted with youth's sudden, piteous, intolerable sense of sin; weary, toil-worn women anticipating Heaven as rest from incessant labor.

'Thar is rest fur ther weary. Thar is rest fur ther weary.
Thar is rest fur ther weary. Thar is rest fur you!'

Always at the lifting of the steady commanding hand we fell silent; and the willows whispered and the little waterfall laughed. And the river, in the old, old rite of initiation and purification, stole away with its burden of regret, remorse, and despair. To these simple people an unquestioned command, blindly obeyed. But, I thought, beside this simple and beautiful ceremony, how clumsy and inadequate our confessions, complexes, and transferences to rid the soul of fear and of a sense of sin, when two thousand years ago a spiritual genius went straight to the heart of truth as a homing bird.

John, who had watched all this with interest as a curious game, had been standing quietly by my side. But when, at last, a little girl went under the water, he jerked his chain from my hand and dashed to the rescue. For John was raised on Mobile Bay and knows how far a youngster should go. Grandpap jumped for the chain, missed it, and gallantly put one foot in the water. But I clutched him firmly, and Peter plunged to an unexpected baptism and dragged John to shore.

'I don't 'low as I blame John murch,' said Grandpap. 'Hit air a big price ter pay fur her leetle sins — a-mixin' 'em all up 'ith thim Hart an' Cowden sins! Hit war more'n her sins kim ter.'

Peter flapped past in his wet clothes as Grandpap and I climbed the path through the dead'nin'. 'I hope,' said

Peter, 'that John and I did not queer the show. It was impressive — that baptizing. I wonder how much of it was vanity — inflated ego?'

'Why, Peter!' I cried. 'Of course vanity, egoism, hunger, sex, and human nature remained. But how good to think that fear, regret, remorse, and despair all drifted away on Wanderin' River to a sea of forgetfulness!'

'I 'lows thim things ye mintion, Peter,' said Grandpap slowly, 'is swep' erway in whut Arreny 'lows is ther Second Blessin'. Iver' Apostolic hes got hit, er aims ter git hit. I reckon it's a low-down streak in my natur', but I'm hopin' Arreny won't git hit twell I'm dwellin' in my heavenly home. Whin human natur's all washed erway, hit'd kinder seem lak a drink o' warm branch water in August. Kim over thisaway an' see 'em feed ther houn's.'

Lee, the eldest child, a boy of twelve, had hurried home to feed the hounds their evening 'dawg cawn braid.' Oblivious of our approach, he was endeavoring to control the hungry hounds and threatening them in extremely unapostolic language. The constable and his wife arrived from the baptizing, and the boy's mother said sadly, 'Hit air hard ter raise up our chillun amongst the ongodly as goes ter ther school.' The constable cried, 'Ye heish usin' language, Lee, er I'll whoop hit outen yer! Hyar, Tod! I ben offered more'n seventy-five dollars fur thishyar houn'. Th'ow me a chunk o' cawn braid fur him, Lee. Arreny makes the best dawg cawn braid in ther county!'

'Yeah,' said Grandpap. 'Iver' man in ther county says ther same 'bout his womern, I 'low. We got ter hearten the womern up, er they'd slay iver' houn' in ther kintry.'

I murmured polite admiration for Tod, but my words were as hollow as Tod's voice. Of course one must love all dogs, as one must love all men. But hounds are hard to love — lop-eared somnambulists, awakening only to the sound of a horn into maniacal, pursuing demons of chase. But Peter atoned for my hypocrisy with unfeigned admiration for Tod.

III

After supper we all gathered on the gallery in the moonlight, the air heavy with the scent of 'mawk orange' and honeysuckle. Katydids shrilled, and a whippoorwill, seeking his supper in the air, called plaintively, each unfinished cadence ending on the seventh, until I wished that he would shout just one exultant, satisfying tonic over some especially satisfying morsel. The children flitted about on the grass catching fireflies and imprisoning them in bottles. At last the constable called softly, 'Come on in, chillun. Turn thim lightnin' bugs loose, now, an' come in ter baidtime prayer.'

We knelt in the moonlight, our faces in the split-bottom chairs, and the constable abandoned his velvet voice for the long-drawn whine on the fifth of his scale — the tone reserved for addressing the Deity in the mountains. But it was a good prayer, tried and true. We had heard it that morning at church. After an appropriate introduction, the constable continued with a series of 'eenables.' 'Eenable us to *so* live.' At the third 'eenable' there came the blare of a hunting horn down by the river. The hounds came tumbling around the house, and some of the more venturesome leaped on the constable's kneeling figure, frantic for the chase. But the constable continued earnest in prayer. With each 'eenable' he would reach back a long leg and kick a hound off the gallery, punctuating his slow sentences — a light kick for a comma, a mighty kick for a period. Lee, kneeling beside me, I could see was uneasy.

And when a fortuitous kick was followed by a piercing yelp he turned and cried reproachfully, 'Pappy! Ye damned nigh kilt *Tod!*'

The constable closed hastily on an 'eenable' and rose from his knees in exasperation. 'Dad bum thim boys across ther river! Ther hain't nothin' ter hunt now! I've a good mint ter go over 'n' arrest 'em. I 'lows they's drinkin'.'

'I reckon, Joe,' said Grandpap gently, 'ye hain't cleaned up yit, *en*tire.'

The constable changed the subject. 'Now you-all jist wait twell arter dinner ter-morrer, an' I'll take ye ter Springdale so's ye need n't git inter harness 'ith the leetle wagon.' We knew the futility of trying to make a mountaineer understand that we loved our double harness, and the unfrequented ways, and so agreed to wait.

'Goin' in fur thet horrer ye sint fur in the mail-order Wush Book, Joe? Don't forgit my terbaccer.'

'Yeah, I aims ter stay the night 'ith Arreny's brother thar. He's got er garage, an' he'll show you-all the new co't house an' ther fire deepartmint.'

After breakfast Peter went with the constable to see his Holsteins; but I grudged an hour away from Grandpap, and followed him to the back yard to admire the new washing machine he had presented to Arreny for a 'Chrismus gif'.'

'Though aimin' fur the best, I air sometime wushful I'd a got Arreny somep'n else. I allers hes ter grind hit,' he said.

The back yard was clean and grassy, and shaded by gnarled apple trees which appeared to have been pruned with an axe.

'What a pity to mutilate those good old trees like that!' I cried.

'Whut's the matter 'ith 'em?' asked Grandpap. 'I mutulated thim myself. But effen ye knows a better way, arter I quit grindin' I'll git ther hatchet an' mutulate lak ye say.'

Arreny built a fire under a great iron kettle, and filled the machine with the best linen. 'What a good housekeeper your daughter is!' I said to Grandpap.

'Yeah, Arreny's a good womern — a leetle more savin' 'n I'm ust ter. Now Arreny jist won't putt enough soap in ther machine ter wash clo'es quick. Whin her back's turned I allers slips in er piece I carries in my pocket, en she niver knows hit.' He produced half a bar of yellow soap, but at that moment Arreny looked into the machine. To cover his embarrassment Grandpap bit a chew from his plug of tobacco and slipped it with the soap into his pocket. 'I niver did think ter see the day I'd chaw store terbaccer, but,' he sighed, 'they don't raise hit no more hyarabouts.'

Arreny replenished the fire under the kettle, and Grandpap hurriedly slipped something from his pocket into the machine, and cranked rapidly. I sat on a bench and listened to the murmur of the bees in the 'yarb gyarden,' and watched the vanishing mists above the encircling hills. Arreny came and looked into the machine. 'Kingdom come! Whativer's the matter 'ith thim clo'es! They is as yaller as pumpkins! They is plumb ruint!'

Grandpap peered in anxiously. 'I 'low,' he said, 'thar must a ben some chemikile in thet store soap ye use, Arreny. I reckon hit spiled 'ith ther heat.'

'Wal, I kain't bile 'em lak thet. I 'low I'll hev ter tote 'em ter the river an' wash 'em. Ther well air most give out.' And Arreny sighed wearily.

'Let Grandpap and me take them to the river,' I said. 'I've seen foreign women wash in the river. It seemed great fun.'

Grandpap and I carried the heavy

basket of wet linen — a stick through the handle — to Wanderin' River; and Grandpap shook his head sadly. 'I'm gittin' ole an' childish. I hain't ter be trusted no more a-tall. I reckon I th'owed in ther wrong piece. Now I hain't got no terbaccer, an' my Sunday shirt's as yaller as gold! I ort ter not putt hit on yis'dy!'

We sat happily on the grassy bank and let the busy little waterfall wash the linen on the clean stones.

'Fish?' said Grandpap, in reply to a question of mine. 'No'm, whin we wants fish ter eat we seines 'em. Oh, ye wants ter ketch 'em! Wal, ye git Joe ter drap you-all out whar the road goes up ter Nixt Widnesday's. Hit air jist three whoops an' a holler round ther mounting. Hit'll not misputt Nixt Widnesday to hev you-all stop by an' fish in thet-thar lake in Wanderin' River whar he don't 'low nobody ter seine.'

'Next Wednesday! Is that his name?'

'No'm, his name is rightly Robert Cole, but iverbody calls him Nixt Widnesday. Ye see, he air a friendly man, but he air plumb set agin' tradin' an' business. But he raises mighty fine stock, an' whin inybody kims ter buy a cow-brute offen him he allers says, "Kim over nixt Widnesday. I kain't be pestered 'ith no-'count things ter-day." An' hit air ther truth thet he won't pay nobody fur nothin' only on a Widnesday. He 'lows he kain't spar' the time frum fishin' 'n' readin', an' hev his time broke inter thataway. He a widder man, an' his onliest chile's a gal.

'Nixt ter Dottie Crawford, Burnis wuz ther purtiest gal in ther sittlemint, an' er long ways the peartest. She teached Chicken Bristle one term. One day Link Martin he wint over 'n' tole Nixt Widnesday he war goin' ter marry Burnis. Hit lak ter kilt Nixt Widnesday. Ye see, he'd rared up Burnis kinder lak a boy an' made kinder a friend outen her. He jist booted Link outen the house. Some claims he pursooed him 'ith a shotgun. But thet, I 'low, is er lie. He air a plumb peaceable man. But I hed hit frum Link's own mouth thet arter he booted him outen ther house he set out arter him an' ketches him at ther ford. Link claims he war a-cryin', an' he says: "Link, I hain't no manner o' right ter stand in Burnis's way. An' effen she's choosed sich a damned, dumb hillbilly as you, she got a right ter her choosin'. But I don't aim ter set round waitin' an' grievin', countin' the days twell she gone. Ye kin hev her effen ye'll take her by nixt Widnesday." Shore 'nuff, they wuz married at Springdale nixt Widnesday. I wusht I could read lak Nixt Widnesday. Though I don't wush ter be witched by readin' lak him.'

'It might be a pastime for you, Grandpap.'

Grandpap, in that intent way of the very old, fixed his eyes on a green frog proudly swelling on the bank. 'No'm, I don't 'low as I needs er pastime. Ye see, whin ye is ole lak me, iver' leetle thing is cur'ous-lak. The fust long shadder o' the mounting on the grass in ther evenin' is wuth watchin' now, an' er frog er a hop-toad is a cur'ous animile lak me — hyar ter-day, an' gone lak me ter-morrer. No'm, I wants ter be enabled ter read ter 'spute 'ith Arreny. She reads ther Bible ter me a heap, an' dawggone effen I don't b'lieve she makes up some o' hit ter prove her Apostolic p'ints! . . . Dinged effen I don' b'lieve thet shirt's comin' clean!'

IV

We set out at once after dinner for the new 'horrer,' all three of us sitting in the wide spring seat of the jolt

wagon, Sisyphus in the back, weighted with jars of honey and muscadine jelly for ourselves and for Next Wednesday. John, frantic with delight to be on the road again, chased elusive rabbits through the bordering cotton fields.

'Cotton,' said Peter, 'seems to be the only crop which really interests you farmers here.'

'Yeah, I do 'low thet cotton hes kinder witched iverbody.'

'No wonder!' I cried. 'From its first pale, lovely blossom, through its squaring, down to its snowy, venerable head, it is fascinating!'

The constable leaned down and spat over the wheel with the wind.

'I hain't aimin' ter 'spute whut yer say, ma'm, but I 'lows thet cotton hain't no fascinatering plant ter me. Whut 'ith the army worm, an' the boll weevil, an' ther low price o' cotton, an' no way o' storin' hit, an' hevin' ter sell it right off ter pay fertilizer bills, not ter mintion doctor bills, a man don't scurcely git back his seed. An' hit works a turble weight on a rinter. Ye see, a rinter hes got ter putt in cotton er he kain't git no place. No'm, I'm 'bout turned agin' cotton. I'm a-turnin' ter Bermudy grass an' cow-brutes.'

The constable slumped down in the seat, slackened the lines up the long steep hill, and shifted his quid of tobacco to his off cheek. Peter felt for a cigarette, and I settled the camp pillow at my back.

'Hit war a creepin' cold day last fall, an' I war a-ridin' right erlong hyar. I rickolec' hit wuz jist afore I kim ter Chicken Bristle schoolhouse. I'se a-settin' in this hyar wagon, 'ith the lines atween my knees, joggin' erlong tryin' ter play er tune on a French harp I'd bought fur Lee frum sellin' my cotton fur 'bout half whut it orter a brung. The mules shied, an' thar war Hinry Embry standin' in ther road. He's a rinter frum over on Push Mounting. Hit war chillin' cold, an' his ole coat war tore an' flappin' in ther wind, an' Hinry air a widder man, an' he looked pow'ful puny. I stopped the mules, an' Hinry got in. He 'lowed he'd walked in ter Springdale 'cause one o' his mules war crippled. He hed ter git medicine fur his leetlest boy. Hinry claimed Jimmy war pow'ful sick, an' he 'lowed he wuz n't goin' ter live. He said he war n't sleepin' none hisself, an' the neighbors wuz plumb wore out 'ith settin' up. I tole him hit would n't misputt me none ter ride on home 'ith him an' set up. We'd stop by an' tell Arreny. Thin, lak a dad-bummed fool, ter kinder git his mind offen hit, I says:—

'"You take the lines, Hinry, an' I'll make a stob at thet tune I hyard on the phoneygraph at Nash's drug store ter-day. I'm takin' the French harp ter Lee. He's ben wantin' one so bad he kin taste hit! Nash 'lowed a feller named Susie made the tune up. Quare name. Hit's titled 'King Cotton,' an' hit goes somep'n lak this." An' I says cheerful-lak, "Hurrah fur King Cotton!" an' I lets out a blow. Hinry he th'owed down the lines, an' stud up in ther wagon, an' shuck his fist at ther sky, an' he snarls lak a trapped varmint: "Ye-e-ah! Blow yer damn ole harp fur King Cotton! See thet ole tore-down schoolhouse by ther crick! Three months school, an' our chillun a-growin' up ignerant hillbillies lak us afore 'em! Ye knows hit's so! They'll allers be too pore an' too ignerant to be nothin' else. They's a-hoein' an' a-choppin' an' a-pickin' fur King Cotton! Hurrah fur King Cotton! Hurrah fur King Cotton!"

'He kep' a-yellin' hit lak a screech owl twell ther mules tried ter run. And he wint on a-standin' up an' wavin' his arms, an' pintin' at ther

cotton fiel's: "Nary man kin rint er acre o' land lessen he promises ter putt in cotton. Cotton! A-plantin' no cawn, no grain fur ter feed his stock ner his fambly — not even time fur a gyarden. Hurrah fur King Cotton! My womern!" he screeched. "Dead 'ith her babe! Drug thim heavy sacks in pickin' season twell her time — fur King Cotton! An' now Jimmy, peartest of 'em all — jist six — his mammy aimed ter make a preacher outen him — a-pickin' cotton 'ith his sore leetle fingers twell he whimper in his sleep lak a dreamin' houn'! Dyin' now. Hurrah fur King Cotton!" An' he sets down suddent an' starts ter cry. Thar 'peared ter be nothin' I could rightly say, so I says hit.

'Arreny she pack up some vittles an' some healin' yarbs, an' we gits ter Hinry's by chore time. But, shucks! Ther minute I seen Jimmy I knowed thar wuz n't nothin' ter do but wait fur ther Angel o' Death. He wuz plumb burnt up 'ith the fever, an' he did n't know nobody, an' his leetle hands wuz pickin' cover a'ready. We et a snack, an' the neighbor womern wint home an' tuck the other chillun. Hinry wuz plumb wore out, an' wint ter sleep in ther room on a pallet. Hit war creepin' cold, an' ther wind riz, an' hit blowed th'ough ther cracks an' called as mou'nful as hants down ther chimbly. I wint out an' found some logs an' piled 'em in ther fireplace, an' sittled down ter read some in Hinry's Bible on ther stand table. I knowed thar war no use o' pesterin' Jimmy 'ith medicine. He could n't swaller no more.

''Bout midnight, all o' a suddent Jimmy sets up an' calls loud: "Pappy! Pappy! I picked forty pounds terday!" An' he died 'ith ther perroudist smile on his face I iver seen on ther face o' ther dead.

'Hinry he wakes up, an' he grabbed me an' shuck me lak a rat! He yelled: "Jimmy wanted *me!* I heerd him! He called fur me! An' I war n't thar! An' he's gone foriver! Dern ye! Why n't ye wake me!" Thin all of a suddent he says, pow'ful pitiful: "Whut'd he say, Joe? Whut'd Jimmy say ter me?"

'I choked up, but I tells him: "Hinry, ye heerd him. He says, 'Pappy! Pappy! I hyar ther angels a-callin' me!'"

'Yeas, sir, I lied jist lak thet! 'Ith my hand on Hinry's Bible, an' right in ther room 'ith ther dead! But I 'low as I done hit fur Hinry — er fur thet-air King Cotton — niver could deetermine rightly whicht. But I niver tole Arreny! Hit'd most kill Arreny ter know I lied in thim sarcumstances. No'm, I 'low I'm plumb th'ough 'ith cotton, lessen somethin' changes.

'Hyar's you-all's road up ter Nixt Widnesday's. You shore you-all don't wanter go on ter Springdale? To my mind he air got ther lonesomest place in ther mountings, an' it 'pears lak jist three whoops an' er holler up thar, but you-all'll scurcely make hit by sundown. All right, thin. I reckon we-all won't meet no more in this worl'. Far' ye well, an' the Lord's blessin' on ye both!'

We gave one last shuddering look at the green fields of cotton, and pushed Sisyphus along the white sand between thickets of laurel, under the arching trees.

But after a while the feel of the good earth under our feet, the whisper of the leaves above us, the laughter of the little stream where John lapped gratefully, all stole upon us again. The old merciless, generous, capricious, changeless mother of us all knows best how to lull her own children to forgetfulness. And we pushed on, comforted, up the steep way to Next Wednesday.

JUDAS IN PURGATORY

I

LUCIFER, O Lucifer,
Come again to Heaven.
Your sin has been surpassed,
The lowest and the last,
The greatest sin has passed
To crown the awful Seven.

Lucifer, O Lucifer,
Sad rebel fixed in flame,
Iscariot has torn
The Christ heart on a thorn,
Has edged the sword in scorn
And dipped the knife in shame.

Lucifer, O Lucifer,
Our tears have turned to stars,
Our sorrow fell in snow
On Eden long ago,
While Adam in his woe
Yet beat against the bars.

II

Iscariot, Iscariot,
The Harlots go to rest,
The Secret Sinners creep
To fold with snowy sheep,
Yet Sin lies in your breast.

Iscariot, Iscariot,
The purging will be long.
The stars will shrivel thin,
And still the world's last sin
Will hold you sick and strong.

Iscariot, Iscariot,
Red pain and fire have passed.
God wipes away the stars,
God breaks your ancient bars,
God calls you Twelfth and last.

EILEEN SHANAHAN

CONVERSATION ON AN ISLAND

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

'This is a happy surprise! When did you come?'

'Two hours ago.'

'And you've been waiting all this time? I'm sorry. You should let me know when to expect you.'

'It does n't matter. I've had a pleasant afternoon on your verandah, reading, listening to the mynah birds, and watching the light change color on the lagoon. The mynahs interest me. It is easy to imagine that they are actually conversing, exchanging ideas; and they seem to have as many moods as there are hours in the day, with a call to suit each one.'

'They are too quarrelsome, I think, for such a peaceful little island as Tahiti. Anyone would know that they had been imported. . . . What have you been reading?'

'Robert Frost's poems. This small volume seemed to bow itself into my hand from the shelf, as though it expected to be taken down. I noticed that your Carl Sandburg is held firmly in place by spider webs.'

'That was a gift volume — none of my own choosing. You may have it if you like.

'My sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be;
She loves the bare, the withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

'Did you read that? And "Going for Water," and "House Fear"? It seems extraordinary to me that twentieth-century America could have produced Robert Frost — or, rather, have failed to crush the poetry out of him.'

'I like his sonnet called "Mowing" better than those you have named.'

'Read it aloud, will you?'

'There was never a sound beside the wood but one.
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound —
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.'

'"And scared a bright green snake" — I wish that might have been altered.'

'What! Do you object to the little green serpent streaking away through the grass? It belongs there; it's precisely right.'

'Yes, I see that now; it does belong. I suppose it was "scared" that grated on me, but I don't see what other word he could have used.'

'The line that follows is the one I hoped you would notice. "The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows" — that is what all scythes whisper to

the ground, and all men to themselves, both in thought and in action, as long as they have breath in their bodies. What a world of difference between Frost's way of saying this and Longfellow's "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose"!'

'You believe it, then?'

'Don't you?'

'The mere perfect saying of it in this case seems to make it valid; but in my opinion the facts that labor knows are not the only ones, nor do they necessarily give rise to the sweetest dreams.'

'Now what do you mean by that?'

'Precisely what the words import. But men will never see alike in this matter — and fortunately so, for us idle ones. Let those who must, mow, and take pleasure at evening in the fact of their labor and its accomplishment. Let those who will — only a handful of the sons of earth — sit idly by, watching their own fields of uncut grass ruffled to a deeper, richer green by the summer breeze, and dappled by the shadows of clouds. They will have pleasure and profit — as great in degree, perhaps, as that of the mowers — in the indisputable fact of their idleness.'

'This kind of nonsense is what comes of rambling in the hills so often. I suppose that is what you've been doing all day?'

'Yes. I went far up the Haapape plateau to that highest point you can just make out from the road. It's the most beautiful spot on Tahiti, and save for myself and a few natives who pass that way to gather mountain plantains no one goes there from year's end to year's end. And the same is true of all the hills, plateaus, upland valleys, and mountains of the island, as you would discover if you were not so lazy. Once the narrow fringe of coastal land is left behind, you have more than one hundred square miles for a pleasure garden, and no one ever to disturb you in it.'

'The sea is a pleasure garden large enough for me, and a thousand times more varied in its interest than your mountains. How wide a view do you have from that highest point?'

'Don't expect me to tell you. You must visit the place for yourself, sometime. Now and then I can make out your little boat, and although you are miles offshore you seem to be creeping just outside the barrier reef. From my eyrie I can see the rotundity of the world, and in imagination I visit thousands of islands scattered over the downward slopes of the Pacific. I have come back to-day feeling so spiritually refreshed that it seems to me now that nothing could ever disturb, or depress, or sadden me again. These baths of solitude bring me a profound peace of mind and heart.'

'Perhaps I had better go? I might say or do something to mar your sense of peace.'

'It is less easily marred than you may think. Please stay! Let's have another of our desultory conversations. It is n't often that we see each other.'

II

'How do you occupy your time on these all-day excursions? What do you think about? What, for example, were you thinking to-day?'

'For a part of the time, of nothing at all. I have acquired the habit of reverie; but often it is something deeper than reverie. I sit for half an hour at a time, even longer, lost in what I can only describe as a dreamless dream, if that means anything to you — a waking trance that seems as deep as the sky itself on a cloudless day. At other times I am aware of my identity, but what passes over the surface of consciousness

disturbs it no more than cloud reflections stir the depths of these lagoons. I see the beauty of the shadows in ravines and hollows among the mountains, and I feel rather than hear the fern rustling in the wind, as though silence itself were making the sound as it flows seaward from the hills. Sometimes the call of a wood pigeon comes to me from an immeasurable distance; but that is as far as sensibility goes. I often think of it as sensibility lying somewhere between that of animals and that of vegetables.'

'Has it ever occurred to you that the habit of reverie might be a dangerous one to cultivate? Even in the South Seas you must keep some contact with a workaday world. You have your living to earn, and the worst possible preparation for that, it seems to me, is to sit on a plateau dreaming dreamless dreams.'

'Most of the good things of life have their dangerous elements, as someone has remarked before now. Common sense sometimes hints that my solitary rambles are a waste of time, or worse, but uncommon sense assures me of the contrary. I am convinced that much of the world's unhappiness is caused by the fact that men have lost the faculty of being idle. Think of the friends and acquaintances we have in common at home: how many of them are even moderately content, to say nothing of being happy, in their beautifully appointed treadmills? How many of them love the modern gods of Business, Efficiency, Speed, Creature Comfort, Luxury? They are typical of hundreds of thousands who have slaved the better part of their lives away to secure such blessings as these gods can offer, and they are beginning to recognize them for what they are. I believe that a change is coming soon — that it must come. Men will turn back to a simpler, ampler, more wholesome way of living, and once they do they will wonder that they were ever so foolish as to have been led astray from it. They will seek wisdom from Henry Thoreau rather than from Henry Ford, and refuse to be cheated longer by either business, social, or even family obligations of leisure, the most precious of all gifts.'

'This brings the discussion round to the old question: leisure for what? Only a small number of men really want leisure. There are untold thousands who would not know what to do with it if they had it; thousands more, who might have it, refuse to accept it at any price. They travel frantically from one place to another, from one country to another, from one distraction to another, in order to escape this boon. It strikes me that most of those who seek it find and enjoy it even in these days, and whatever their circumstances may be. Some have more than is good for them, and so they cultivate the habit of reverie.'

'I am not alone in thinking it a habit worth cultivating. Let me read you a passage from a very interesting article I found in a recent number of the *New Republic*. It is called "The Case for Religion," and was written by a hard-headed professor of economics. What is a man to do to save his soul in these troubled times? How is he to bring order and peace into his own life, however chaotic the spiritual and social conditions around him may be? This is one of the suggestions, and as it is the concluding one it was evidently considered of importance: "And one thing more let him learn: learn to be still — to sit or walk alone, say, an occasional half hour, not thinking, not reading, with mind and body as quiet as he can make them. Let him practise that stillness, persevering (for this is difficult) night and morning, until he have its secret. And all for the sake of adventure, to see what would come of

it, with no guarantee that anything would come except boredom."'

'And boredom is all that would come of it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.'

'My opinion of the average man is higher than yours. I believe that he has unguessed faculties for discovering himself; all that he lacks is the knowledge of how to get at them. Nothing could be better, as a preparation for his work of exploration, than to learn to sit quietly, his mind fallow, and his habitual nervous tension relaxed. Having acquired this faculty, he would never, willingly, lose it. Every man has it who knows anything at all of the art of living. It seems to me a great pity that there are no secular establishments where the distracted and harassed average man might go into retreat, as the Catholics do. If I had a fortune that I wished to use wisely, I would found such houses, and they should be free to those who knew how, or could learn how, to use them. They would be situated, some of them, in cities, but high-walled and secret from the outside world. Others would be in the loneliest possible places — in the deserts, in the mountains, at vantage points where wide views of the landscape might be had. The food would be simple and wholesome; all the appointments would be in keeping with the spirit of such an enterprise, and beyond the immediate vicinity of the houses wild nature would be in no way interfered with. Here men could throw off all care, and study to know themselves. They could be as solitary as they chose; their privacy would be scrupulously respected, but for those who wished it, and who, perhaps, lacked it in their ordinary lives, there would be evenings of stimulating conversation.'

'And who would do the stimulating?'

'Themselves. Men who seem dull and commonplace are often so only because of the soul-killing conditions under which they must live. Give them room to expand, to breathe freely and naturally, and they throw off lethargy as though it were an old coat.'

III

'And these houses for spiritual refreshment would be for the average man, you say — the man one sees at ball games and lodge meetings, in hotel lobbies and suburban trains. Well, it is fortunate that you lack the means to build your retreats, for the average man could be neither persuaded nor bribed to visit one of them. But, to come back to Tahiti and ourselves, I have often wondered why you stay on here, year after year. Is it because you love solitude so much?'

'Partly that, although one does n't, of course, have to come so far to find it. But the remoteness of this tiny island appeals to me in a particular way. Isolation is made tangible by thousands of miles of unfrequented sea stretching away on every side; you know that it can't be easily violated. Then, too, I love a circumscribed world, one small enough to be comprehended at a glance, so to speak, and yet large enough to offer a certain amount of variety in the way of landscape. In such a world you can keep your thoughts at home, occupied with affairs that really concern you; neither your time nor your energy is dissipated in thinking of extraneous matters. And for a lover of uninterrupted reading, what could be more delightful than a crumb of land in the middle of the Pacific? I am never for a moment lonely here, and almost never bored. By means of books and quiet meditation I have become more and more aware of the reality of the "uncovenanted society of spirits" Mr. Santayana speaks of in

one of his *Soliloquies in England*. Wait — let me find the passage.'

'I was glancing through your bookshelves this afternoon. How many volumes have you here?'

'Seven hundred odd.'

'Have you read them all?'

'Most of them two or three times. Nearly all of them at least once. A dozen or more gift novels I have not examined, and probably never shall; and no one, I imagine, ever reads a volume of "Complete Poems" from cover to cover.'

'What a striking picture of yourself these bookshelves offer! A stranger, examining these volumes, would be able to conjure you up — "the portrait of a man deduced from his library."'

'It would not be a good likeness. Many of the books I love most have been lost or left behind as I have wandered from place to place.'

'Supposing that you had to choose ten books to suffice you for the rest of your life: what ones would you select? I mean from those now on your shelves.'

'Could you make an offhand choice in such a matter? I should need many days for the decision.'

'Well, put it this way: if you had to make such a choice to-night, what ten would you most regret leaving behind?'

'We'll talk of that another time. This is the passage from Santayana; it concludes an essay called "Cross-Lights": "There is an uncovenanted society of spirits, like that of the morning stars singing together, or of all the larks at once in the sky; it is a happy accident of freedom and a conspiracy of solitudes. When people talk together, they are at once entangled in a mesh of instrumentalities, irrelevance, misunderstanding, vanity, and propaganda; and all to no purpose, for why should creatures become alike who are different? But when minds, being naturally akin and each alone in its own heaven, soliloquize in harmony, saying compatible things only because their hearts are similar, then society is friendship in the spirit; and the unison of many thoughts twinkles happily in the night across the void of separation."'

'He puts the case eloquently, but that sort of companionship is too ethereal for my taste. I prefer actual companionship, the presence in the flesh of other men whom I can see and hear and touch with my physical senses, men who emit their forces of attraction and repulsion as I do mine. The communion of spirit with spirit across a void of separation — no, no! Give me two or three good companions sitting cheek by jowl around a table, with several bottles of excellent wine before them. What if we do become somewhat entangled in a mesh of vanity and propaganda? That is because we are human. Conversation will only sparkle and crackle the more. Don't you agree?'

'Such conversations are delightful, but they are on an altogether different plane, it seems to me, from those Mr. Santayana has in mind. And even in this case I have heard you yourself say that you like your friends better at a distance, and that you enjoy their companionship more when you don't see them. Have your actual friends ever brought you the pure joy that you sometimes find through books? I doubt it; they disappoint you, and you them. That is why friendship in the spirit is usually to be preferred to such friendship in the flesh as chance may put in one's way in the course of a lifetime. Chance distributes its favors with such an appalling lack of forethought and discrimination, and, in the matter of friendships, more than likely the ones you receive are not at

all the ones you should have had, or would have chosen for yourself. Therefore one falls back gladly, of necessity, upon this uncovenanted society of spirits, one of the oldest and most valuable societies in the world. Books are not wholly necessary to its existence, but they furnish an excellent means whereby messages may be transmitted from one member to another. Here one finds the friendship most worth having, and humble men need not feel abashed in the presence of their betters. This is society in the highest sense, the true world democracy, and the only one there will ever be.'

IV

'But you need n't have come all the way to the South Seas to enjoy these privileges. You might have done that as well — even better — in New York City, or London, or Paris.'

'Perhaps. . . . But why do you live at Tahiti rather than at home, in the United States?'

'Because I like a tropical climate, fishing in tropical waters, and going to seed slowly and pleasantly.'

'You think one does go to seed here?'

'I know it. Consider our own cases as examples: we are neither of us anything like so alert, mentally, as we were only three years ago. We used to have delightful conversations — do you remember? We discussed everything under the sun, and agreed upon nothing. Now, when we have a difference of opinion it is usually only a momentary one. We dislike the mental effort necessary to sustain a disagreement; so one or the other of us is sure to nod his head drowsily and say, "Perhaps. . . . Yes, I suppose you are right," and that ends the matter. More often than not we gossip like a couple of old native women, rather than talk. We discuss island personalities and the small change of island happenings. Our visits to one another's houses and to those of our friends are becoming more infrequent every year. I sit on my verandah at Taonoa and you on yours at Arué, both of us in a pleasant stupor streaked through with sluggish musings. Days pass, each one like the day preceding. We are under the agreeable illusion that time is standing still for us, but if you pause to reflect you will realize that the illusion is the result of the monotony of our existence. Where there is no great variety of happenings from one month to the next, a year slips by before you are aware that it has fairly begun. You flatter yourself that you have acquired, through effort, the habit of reverie. No effort was needed. You are merely going through the same process of mental disintegration experienced by all white men after they have lived a certain number of years in such a tropical backwater as this. It is an inevitable process; it can be hastened, but not retarded. The island has put its stamp upon both of us. I am surprised that you have n't the wit to see it.'

'Why don't you fly, then, if you feel that? Why don't you try to save yourself before the disintegrating process has been carried too far?'

'I have just said that I enjoy going to seed. I am clear-sighted enough to realize what is taking place within me, but I don't care — I don't in the least object. I am now in my fortieth year. Thus far I have had as varied an experience of life as any man could wish, and more varied than I might reasonably have expected. I have followed various occupations among various races in various countries. I have known all kinds and conditions of people. Up to my thirtieth year my life was full of action, color, picturesque

incident. I have learned many things and unlearned many. During those thirty years, by hard thinking, I arrived at various conclusions with respect to the meaning of life and man's place in the universe — more particularly, my own place. By hard thinking I have discarded, in turn, these conclusions, each of which once seemed so plausible. I shall form no new ones. I no longer care whether there is meaning in life or not, or whether or not I am entitled to a place in the cosmical scheme. I have now had the place for a considerable number of years, and in the presence of that fact I can afford to be complaisant, if not impertinent, in my attitude toward the unseen powers, if there are any such. Fly from Tahiti? For what reason? And whither should I fly? To the United States? What chance should I have to go to seed there? I should not be permitted to. I should be coaxed, or bribed, or forced out of my quite natural desire to go downhill. I should be driven uphill to the very end, and so cheated out of my birthright to an agreeable old age. And think of the freedom of a special kind one has here: freedom from the influence of the mass mind, with its intolerance, its disregard for minority rights and opinions, its profound belief in material progress and in the idea that science will ultimately solve all the riddles of the universe. It is impossible for the individual living within the scope of this mighty influence not to be somewhat affected by it. This is one advantage in living here sufficiently important to offset a great many of the disadvantages.'

'But have you no desire ever to live at home again?'

'Why do you say "at home"? Don't you feel that Tahiti is home to you after all these years?'

'No; and that, I think, is one of the chief disadvantages in living here. All of my roots are still in America, in the upland prairie country of the Middle West. I now realize that it is futile trying to grub them up and transplant them on this little island. I shall have to do without ground-root nourishment for the rest of my life, but I have put forth innumerable aerial roots that thrive well enough in this environment.'

'I am surprised to hear you say that. It is not the case with me. I came to Tahiti taproots and all, and they are now comfortably embedded in the rich volcanic soil. Nevertheless, I know that I am an exotic northern plant and must suffer the consequences of so drastic a change of habitat. But although my growth here has been sickly, my decay will, I believe, be luxuriant and slow.'

'You talk as though you were already on the threshold of old age.'

'And so I am. I mean to depart from the foolish practice of most men of my years. They cling to the fiction that they are vigorous youngsters until, at the age of forty-five or thereabouts, the fact that they have long been middle-aged is forced upon them. They then persist in being middle-aged until they are almost ready to topple into their graves, crowding their old age into a scant year or two. I have known for several years that I am middle-aged. I now mean to skip the rest of that period and to enter upon my old age at once. Think of it! I have before me perhaps thirty or forty years to spend in this enchanting garden of eld. I shall have ample time to enjoy to the full an old man's pleasures. I shall read old books, sort over old memories, think of old friends, indulge myself in the gentle, half-melancholy reflections privileged to elderly men. My fishing will keep me healthy in body, and the humdrum existence we live on this beautiful island will keep

me tranquil in mind. . . . But it is already quite dark, and I have three miles to walk. I never go to bed later than nine-thirty. What a glorious night! Look at those coconut palms against the sky with the faint starlight glinting along the fronds. What could be more beautiful!'

'Wait a moment till I light the lamp. I will show you down to the road. . . . Mind the second step! There's a board loose there.'

'Oh, the decay, the decay, in houses and men, in this humid climate! Will you never remember to replace that rotten board? Well, good night, my son.'

'Good night. Sleep well, father.'

HEREDITY

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

'So and no otherwise hillmen desire their hills,' and sometimes I have almost believed that this call of the hill country echoes not merely over distant land and sea but from generation to generation. My two children were born and spent their first years in the level coastal plain of South Carolina, near its edge, where sea winds wander inland cooling the hot villages and, because they whisper through the tops of the long-leaf pines, are known as 'pineland breezes.' This vast region is so flat that the tides back the waters of the level rivers for many miles, and far from sight and sound of the sea there throbs between the overgrown banks of abandoned rice fields the rhythm of fresh-water tides.

But in summer we journey to the Land of the Sky, where the azure walls of the Blue Ridge look out across the Piedmont of the Carolinas, and the children's rapture in the high places, in the cool spicy breath of shady glens where swift streams flash under overhanging masses of mountain laurel and rhododendron, scattering fleets of pink and white in the running water, is that of children returning home. And I remember that their mother was born and spent the impressionable years of girlhood in a near-by Piedmont city that looks up at these very mountains. One day this summer, in the heart of these hills, I realized that even in our unanchored American existence there are backgrounds from which come many things undreamed of in our modern philosophy that maybe shape our restless lives.

Whether it be in low country or here amid the hills, the unending quest of the children is for Indian relics; arrowheads, spear tips fashioned from many-colored flint, red shard in many and curious patterns, form their swelling collection. As with so many other avocations and activities of life, the chief allurement seems to lie in the pursuit; they will spend hours on some hot hillside that has yielded up 'signs' in finding two or three perfect arrowheads, but, once possessed, the shaped flints repose by hundreds in old cigar boxes, hoarded away, forgotten, and

never again seeing the light of day. The ultima Thule of this constant search is stone axes, tomahawks — the very name has a weird, blood-curdling connotation that undoubtedly gives added charm.

On a day in early September we chanced to be following the sinuous white highway that climbs the folds of the mountains above Greenville. As the road began to mount in long graceful spirals and the human tumult of the settled country was replaced with the hush of towering walls of green and purple that shut us in, we were all suddenly seized with a primitive longing for adventure, a desire to forsake the beaten path for the unknown, and so, when an alluring byroad beckoned us to cross a tumbling brook on a pre-automobile wooden bridge, we decided to risk the weight of our little car on its uncertain support. Once across the bridge, an abrupt turn around a sharp corner of projecting rock, and the broad highway with its hurrying caravans of cars vanished as into another world, and our world was an oasis of forgotten yesterdays, a quiet valley where a quiet stream meandered through level cornfields, a happy valley enclosed on every side by steep wooded hills.

As the Mediterranean excels all other waters in its glory of blue, catching the hues of heaven in its waves, so in this Land of the Sky the blueness of the sky drifts to earth, transfiguring familiar things with an azure halo. Mountains but twenty or thirty miles away, which in other ranges stand out distinct with harsh color and contour of rocks, here melt into the ethereal blue, blending with drifting mists into the sky. The near-by wooded mountain sides, even the farther edge of a cornfield through which one is passing, are mysteriously changed by an invisible haze, while toward evening the mountains, near and far, draw about themselves slumber robes of purple. Now, even though the little cove was flooded by a noon sun, the blue crept close about us like the ghost of shadows. In the silence of these remote upland pastures one finds an earth caught dreaming with a look of heaven.

II

The way we followed was merely an ancient mountain road of red clay, narrow, but just 'Fordable.' Frequent tiny rills from springs high up the mountain sides splashed sparkling protest at our passage. It was near one of these small streams that I noticed a well-worn footpath that led from the road up through an almost perpendicular corn patch; and far up, at the edge of the forest of chestnut, oak, and white pine, stood a sturdy log cabin, its squat chimney of chinked field stone filling nearly one entire end. Feeling sure that here we should find a proper abode of those shy, contemporary ancestors who inhabit the hidden coves, I parked the car beside the road, and in single file we mounted the pathway.

As we neared the cabin I saw that its location, like that of a watchtower over a mountain pass, commanded a view of the narrow cove and of the road in both directions. Just around the next bend from our car I noticed another parked car, with a khaki-clad driver apparently waiting for someone. Our ascent had been observed from the cabin, and when we emerged on to the small shelf of earth that formed the yard we were met by a group consisting of a tall mountaineer, his six children, ranging from a stunted boy of about ten to the baby in arms, and his wife, still just a girl, bright-eyed, and pretty had it not been for her teeth, stained by snuff dipping, a habit almost universal among

the highland sisterhood. Just outside the door a 'spout spring' discharged a stream of icy water into its moss-encrusted tub. It came down from a natural spring up in the woods, whence it was conducted through hollowed logs. Coon, possum, and skunk skins nailed against the outside of the cabin walls gave a touch of the days of Daniel Boone.

'Come in, strangers, an' set a spell,' was the welcome from the head of the family. The striking feature of the cluttered interior was the generous stone fireplace in which great logs smouldered; skillets and spiders bubbled and sent forth savory hints of the midday meal, while hunks of jerked meat hung like a fringe in the dust and smoke. Over our heads strings of peppers swung between the black joists like red spider webs. The greater portion of the cabin seemed a confused medley of quilt-covered spool beds on and about which squirmed children and lank hound dogs. The three hickory chairs, their cowhide bottoms worn bald of hair through long use, were given to the guests as seats of honor, while those of the family who could n't obtain front seats on the beds simply squatted on their heels before the fire.

By giving some current events of the outside world in primer form and explaining that we were simply 'summer folks' out to see the country, I disarmed the unspoken suspicions of my host and he in turn gave me his own and his family history. His tale covered much ground, but lacked incident. His great-grandfather had followed the mountains down from Pennsylvania 'long ago' and had built the present cabin of chestnut logs and stone. Soon after settling he had labored on an old stone bridge which was built by Irishmen sent up for the work from Charleston. My host's tone indicated some fabled race of genii. However, the names of near-by peaks he pointed out from the open door, such as Callahan Mountain, indicated that the sons of Erin not only toiled but lingered in this region.

We were soon interrupted by my children, who managed to shift the conversation from history to arrowheads and tomahawks. As a rule the subject requires explanation, even illustration, but in this instance the man seemed to have been more observing and knew exactly what we wanted. From an assortment of old pressed-glass dishes, china hens on china nests, and half-empty medicine bottles that cluttered the chimney shelf, he fished out a small box which was filled with discarded odds and ends. After much poking about he drew forth a small object of carved soapstone, the rude semblance of a human figure, which he declared was an Indian doll, ploughed up the previous summer in his corn patch. He gave it to the delighted children.

'Now up yander road a piece, tother side of the old stone bridge, where my brother lives, he used to have a sight of them stone hatchets that the Injins used to fight with.'

'Oh, do you suppose there are still any there?'

'Like as not, if he ain't throwed 'em away. Who knows? Why don't you'ns go on up to his house an' see?'

While we were talking, a mountain boy of about twelve years of age had suddenly appeared out of space and stood leaning against the door jamb, silent but keenly attentive. 'There air, right thar now in the loft,' he broke in eagerly, 'an' we'ns can go thar with you'ns an' get 'em.'

'Is that fellow gone yet?' in a quick aside from the man.

'No,' from the boy in the same tone. 'He's yet a-settin' right thar.'

The family all followed us to the end of the shelf, where, to their delight, we took their picture with the cabin as a background. The quiet little woman murmured a request that all the brood be included and mustered courage to speak before strange men-folks. 'We'ns would be right proud to have one o' them thar pictures when you take 'em outen the little box.'

III

When we reached our car the other car had come back and was parked just in front of ours, blocking the narrow way. At that moment half a dozen men, all in khaki trousers, leggins, and tan shirts, came up the road and hailed the driver. The party were all well armed.

Very politely they passed the time of day with me, but looked rather quizzically at the two mountain lads who had now joined us. In the delightful manner of the South we soon fell into general conversation. In a few minutes, with hearty 'So-longs,' the men piled into their car and vanished around the next bend.

'They air a-huntin' right peart, but they ain't a-goin' to find nothin',' the youngest boy confided. I made no comment and he at once changed the subject.

Soon we came in sight of the old stone bridge. It was a solid wall of perfectly fitted granite blocks flung across a deep ravine, with an arched tunnel through which the stream murmured with hollow echo. Just above the opening was a block with the date, 1820. Along the top ran the narrow road, protected on either side by battlements of masonry. Such a bridge as one meets in Ireland or Wales over some wild torrent, but an exotic touch in the heart of the North Carolina mountains. I learned later that this half-abandoned road was once the great thoroughfare from the Carolinas into the West beyond the blue wall, and that at the opening of the last century Irish labor had been sent in wagons from the coast to build this bridge.

A little way beyond the bridge the road gave up a losing fight against neglect and on an exposed shelf of rock ceased to be a road. To the left was a small open level space with a gushing spring in the centre, and here I left the car, proceeding along a footpath that followed the upper windings of the stream. The natives use these trails when on foot or on mule back as secret short cuts between their settlements.

Darting off to a thick patch of hemlocks, the eldest boy rejoined us astride a lumbering white ox, a white sack of corn meal for a saddle. 'Our ma's dead an' our pa's a-hidin' out from them revenoos. We boys brung our meal to get some women-folks to cook, but they all 'lowed they ain't had time to-day.'

But the sun was too bright and the air too keen for the prospect of a dinnerless day long to dampen the spirit of youth, and besides, each boy carried in his pocket a twist of dark tobacco whence he derived the solace of a 'chaw.' One of the boys had a curious whistle, three shrill notes repeated in quick succession, which he gave as we neared each cabin. Chancing once to look back, I observed that the door and windows had mysteriously closed as we passed, so that to the next comer the home would appear deserted. The four children were by this time fast friends and took turns riding the patient, lumbering beast. Though Edward declined the offered 'chaw' of tobacco, apple trees and berry patches supplied nourishment that all could enjoy, while frequent springs under the

rocks along the stream offered cool drink.

At length the narrow pass opened out into a small hollow in which nestled another log cabin framed by a weeping willow and some tall junipers. This was home, and the boys led the way first to a peanut patch and, pulling up a bush here and there, began to munch the moist nuts.

'You'ns put them shells in your pockets,' they warned us. 'Pa'll lick hell outen we'ns if he cotches us a-eatin' of his pinders.'

Then the key was extracted from beneath a flat stone by the spring, where earthen jars of milk stood up to their waists in the cold water, protected only by thoughts of Pa and his rifle somewhere up among the rocks. Up in the dim loft, amid broken spinning wheels and empty demijohns and bottles, two of the long-sought stone axes were found. The reserve of the hills had long since vanished, and we five were as fellow members of some highland clan.

'We boys helps Pa haul whiskey down from Old Glassy Mountain every week,' the young mountaineers boasted with pride. 'Them revenoos is a-layin' fur Pa right now, but they ain't a-goin' to find him. They be huntin' for his still on the wrong fork of the creek.'

IV

When we reached our car again the party in khaki were resting on the grass beside the spring, and incidentally around our car. The situation was becoming a trifle thick. While a meeting with revenue officers in these mountains was not an unusual incident, here I was, unknown, with my two children found in company with the son and nephew of the sought moonshiner. We joined the party on the grass and I exhibited the two tomahawks as evidence of our business in the hills. The mountain boys, up to this time as keen-witted as little foxes, grew suddenly stupid, idiotic. They appeared unable to answer the simplest questions as to who occupied near-by cabins or as to the names of the mountains or creeks. The brood of the moonshiner learn the rules of the life game early here in the 'Dark Corner' of Carolina.

'Have you ever visited Greenville, sir?' asked one of the officers, turning to me.

'Yes,' I replied. 'Some years ago I was there quite frequently; I married a Greenville girl.'

'What was her name?' And there crept into the voice a note that indicated I was now on the stand of an impromptu court.

'Her name was McCann.'

'Which one of the McCann girls did you marry?'

'Virginia.'

'I don't remember any one of those girls being named Virginia, do you, Ben?' observed one of the men, addressing the leader.

'No,' in a positive manner, 'I sure don't.'

'Well, my wife moved away quite a number of years ago — in fact she has spent very little time in Greenville since she was a girl.'

Nothing more was said directly to me, but the long pauses in the conversation indicated that I had failed to make the grade. Then through the still air came three gunshots in quick succession, far away, echoing down the pass where we had so recently been. 'We might as well turn back, fellows,' said one of the men. 'The word has been spread now by someone.'

The portly man with iron-gray hair, who seemed rather a country banker or merchant than my movie ideal of a leader of a band of mountain 'revenues,' sprang to his feet without a word

and cut a twig from a hazel bush beside the spring. Trimming it with meticulous care, he fashioned a small section into a letter 'Y' and began to walk slowly across the clearing holding one prong in each hand. When he reached a certain spot above the spring, in a line projected from its outlet, the twig twisted over suddenly, and he paused with a look of keen satisfaction.

'Well, I'll be durned!' exclaimed one of his men. 'I have often heard tell of water finders, but I've never seen it tried before.'

'Try it yourself,' was the reply, and the leader handed him the twig. There was general interest now and all the party tried in turn, but none could achieve the magic result. My own effort was a failure.

'Here, you try, daughter,' said the water finder, handing the twig to Jane. Thrilled with importance, the child walked carefully along, and when the mysterious spot was reached the twig seemed to be almost pulled from her hand. My boy was equally successful. Neither of the mountain boys could be induced to try, possibly suspecting witchcraft in the unusual proceeding.

'Well, that certainly is funny,' someone observed. 'Why the dickens will it only work for you and these two children?'

'That's easy to explain. Water divining always runs in families. All we Thompsons could do it. It goes back to my great-great-grandfather who came over from England, and maybe it goes farther back than that. And these children have sure got McCann blood. Their great-grandfather, old man George McCann, used to locate wells all over Pendleton District before ever he moved to Greenville. They are McCanns, all right.'

The clouds had lifted and the social atmosphere was again clear.

'Now, sir,' to me, 'if you will stop by Uncle John Guess's place, just over the North Carolina line, you will find a regular mine of Indian things in his creek bottom. And next time you bring your children to Greenville look me up and I will give them a whole soapstone pot that a fellow found in an Indian grave in Pickens County and gave to me when I was on a raid up that way.'

And with mutual expressions of goodfellowship we parted, and I headed my car over the old stone bridge back into the twentieth century.

AND SO THE KEEL WAS POURED

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

In the boat shop at the frozen river edge the important business of the day was getting under way, a huge casting pot the centre of operations. Supported on a four-foot wooden trestle, it seemed to be meditating on its sins — it was a huge black pot, capable of the blackest sins. It was nearly three feet in inside diameter, and, its height being equal, the top of it was a good seven feet above the floor. To look into its potentially awful depths I climbed upon the trestle. So far it was cool and quiet. I could lean over the iron-encased fire brick which surrounded it and with impunity lay a hand on the seams which the boiler maker had electrically welded the day before.

He, a mild little Scotchman who in ordinary life might have passed for a mouse, had on this occasion exhibited the most extraordinary talents. First, he had crowded himself into a space only half big enough for a full-sized man and not more than two-thirds roomy enough for himself. Some part of him had had to protrude from the top of the pot, and as he needed his feet to stand on, his hands to work with, and his head to direct his hands, it naturally followed that his pointed buttocks had to loom up above the rim. Jackknifed in there, he would have been in a perilous position had he desired to do no more than sweep dust from the bottom of the pot.

But in his hands the boiler maker carried an implement possessing full powers to deliver death by electrocution — an electric welding rod whose most casual touch to metal produced incandescent heat. Did I say that the little Scotchman was a man of extraordinary ability? He was even more than that — for, like a salamander, he breathed fire and came forth unscathed. As he worked, melting and welding the seams of the pot with his white-hot rod, the most villainous green fumes played around him, causing less gifted men to cough and gag at a distance of ten feet from his inferno. At long intervals he exhibited his human origin and emerged for air. But to his observers this diversion was even more bloodcurdling than his appointed work. For, with the current still lurking in his welding rod, he handled it with utmost indifference, contemptuous of the death that waited to leap forth and consume him. The boiler maker's smile on finally announcing that the pot would leak no more was not reflected in the faces of the onlookers until with one last careless gesture he had set the rod down and switched off the current.

Perhaps the casting pot was now thinking of the indignities that had been inflicted on its 'innards.' At any rate it gloomed darkly, and around the aperture at its base into which the blowtorch would soon be inserted there lurked an ominous scowl. We visitors in the shop, whose immediate business it was to watch the pouring of the keel for my boat, stepped warily about the pot and accorded it the respect which it demanded.

Now Pinaud, the short, capable foreman, came and propped up the blowtorch alongside the monster. A perforated iron cylinder more than a foot long by five inches in diameter, with a nozzle in the middle and a valve at the rear and a rubber hose leading away from the valve, the torch suggested the thwarted truculence of a muzzled viper. Was the pot dour and forbidding? Its mortal enemy, the blowtorch, would soon exhale pitiless blasts of roaring flame. Muzzle or no muzzle, it would bite into the vitals of that pot and turn them red and then white, and cause them to writhe with anguish.

But would the pot resist its torture without retaliation? The unknown answer to this portentous question quivered in the air of the shop and invested with solemnity each significant act of preparation. Pent-up forces were inseparable from the evil genius of the pot. Here was a solid block of lead, four hundred pounds in weight, the miscreant issue of the pot when it had developed a leak in its first test. Hastily the molten lead had been poured off into the handiest receptacle. Then it was hot and fluid — now cold and ponderous. Shear poles had to be erected to hoist it with tackle and lower it to the bottom of the pot — and had the poles slipped or the tackle broken, the possibilities of damage would have been almost limitless. And here, being trundled up by a workman, was the kerosene pressure tank which would presently eject inflammable vapor through the jet of the blowtorch. Innocuous in appearance, it also had its evil potentialities. If, under forty pounds of air pressure, it developed only the slightest leak and squirted raw kerosene toward the blowtorch, who could run fast enough for a fire extinguisher?

And then, carefully placed and leveled up before the pot, was the low wooden mould into which the molten keel would soon be poured. Reasonable care in the construction of the mould guaranteed its harmlessness. The wood was bone-dry and therefore proof against a devastating explosion upon the admission of the boiling lead. But such explosions have occurred with the casting of molten metal, and men walk the earth with sightless eyes because of them. Wherefore Pinaud was not the only one in the shop who looked into the mould for assurance that no snow from the blizzard raging outside had lodged there. No, the mould was safe enough; but it was staggering to look upon its long, meticulously fashioned hollowness and reflect that two men had worked six days to make it perfect and that an improper temperature of the lead or any interruption to the pour would dissipate their labor.

Finally, there was the valve at the nozzle of the casting pipe. There was no kinetic energy there to wreak destruction if misdirected, but the pipe was an appendage of the malign pot, and it lay within the power of the valve to frustrate the pour by refusing to function. Hence it was Pinaud's last act, before setting fire to the oil-soaked waste in the blowtorch, to dismember the pouring valve, oil it well, and make sure that its moving part would smoothly turn.

II

And now the foreman strikes a match and the waste flares up in lazy flame, slowly irritating the muzzled viper. Sid, slim and active, connects the hose to the pressure tank and tentatively cracks the fuel valve. The viper hisses, and suffocating smoke writhes upward from the jet. But the jet is not hot enough to ignite the gas. Sid closes the valve and waits. The flame of the burning waste dies down. Again the

valve is cracked. Again the smoke pours forth and billows to the ceiling. The eye, following it, sees a certain thing, and the mind idly wonders, and presently dismisses the speculation. The automatic sprinkler system extends an arm of iron pipe and protects the ceiling at this point. But the outlet of the sprinkler is not directly over the pot, and the shop is very cold.

With a muffled pop the vapor catches fire and the viper begins to hiss — not venomously at first, but warningly. But then the last of the burning waste consumes itself; and the torch, unperturbed by counterdrafts, gets down to work. The hiss becomes a roar. As the fuel valve is turned still more, the raging flames leap along the perforated cylinder through the aperture in the fire brick and lick the bottom of the pot. Within the cylinder they are lovely, delicate things, misty vapor modulating into blue tongues, backward curling, then by a sudden jump through the spectrum mingling with orange-red streamers which rush precipitately forth. At the back of the torch there is scarce warmth enough to tingle a face thrust inquiringly close. At the other end there are a thousand degrees of shriveling heat.

On the trestle men lift up and lower into the pot pigs of lead, each weighing sixty pounds. When the pot has gulped in a ton of the base metal, the supply on the floor is but a third reduced. Yet this will be enough for the present. If (though it seems unlikely after the expert services of the welder) the pot should leak, it is well not to have it overloaded. The torch roars on, and now through the opening in the fire brick directly opposite it I gain a curious effect. Looking in, my face is not three feet from its annihilating fire, which already turns to a dull red the nuts on the bottom of the pot. But so deflected by the curvature of the fire brick is the flame that all its heat remains inside and none leaps out to punish the curious.

III

Lead is not melted in a minute even by the concentrated fury of a gigantic blowtorch, and Pinaud and his men devote the next palpitating hour to other tasks. A baffle plate must be contrived so that not all of the flowing lead will impinge upon one point in the wooden mould. A trough, downward slanting, must direct the fluid from the nozzle to the baffle plate. These accessories must be securely wired, for melted lead is not only hot, but heavy.

With the redoubtable Casey I go now to the office to pour other liquids, for our throats are parched with expectancy, and I learn that the casting pot is the very pride of Casey's heart. It was he who found it and he who bought it at a bargain. When it leaked at the first trial his heart was wrung. But now that the goggled Scotchman has performed his rites, Casey's confidence is high. 'The pot will hold,' says he. 'Your keel will be poured to-day.'

Sid comes running, feet clumping, doors slamming behind him.

'She leaks!'

Casey rises slowly, a monument of confidence. 'Not badly, I think.' Perhaps he says more, but Sid has reversed himself in mid-air, and I am hot after him, back to the shop and its perfidious pot.

We climb the staging and look in. Breath-taking heat ascends inside the casing, and we see that the pigs are melting, spasmodically but noiselessly subsiding into the silvery brew. Even the four-hundred-pound chunk is canted over as the heat dissolves its lower part. But we do not look here

for leaks. Pinaud has extinguished the torch and thrust through the aperture under the pot an electric light. Around the six nuts in the base we see seepages of liquid lead. To my uninitiated eyes they look very serious indeed. But not to Casey's. He arrives casually, and as I move aside he glances in.

'Not at all bad,' says he. 'As all the lead melts and its weight is uniformly distributed in the pot the pressure will close up the leaks. Start the torch again.'

Pinaud holds a match at arm's length (somehow the match seems incongruous in this abode of mighty forces), turns the valve, and the fire leaps forth. Now as we look under the pot we can see the drips even more distinctly than by electric light, contrasted whitely against the red glare. By turns we watch them anxiously. They diminish. Our spirits rise. Casey was right. With each instant the weight is being more evenly distributed.

'Put in more,' says Casey, and a red-faced giant climbs the trestle. He peers into the pot, blinking his eyes. A lesser workman hands up a pig and the giant balances it on the rim of the pot. But doubt assails him. What will happen if he drops it in? Does boiling lead splash like boiling water? Sid, reading his mind, rushes and brings back tongs. The giant lowers the pig to the staging and clasps it viciously with the tongs. The points dig in, and he exerts his strength — up and over. Gloves shield his hands as he lowers the pig to the bottom of the pot. The method is successful, and he reaches for more lead. The pot absorbs another ton.

But now we look beneath it again. The drips have stopped, but in their place we see a veritable spray of incandescent metal. The leak is ten times worse. Out it comes in a gleaming trickle, sliding under the blowtorch, dripping to the wooden floor, forming stalactites. These are icicles that it will be well not to touch. The hot lead overruns the cold, and sloughs it off.

Pinaud is the man of this exciting hour. While we wonder, he goes and returns with a plate of sheet iron, which he props up at the brink of the lead fall. He inclines it at an angle and places another plate beneath it on the floor. Now the lead runs in sudden rivulets down the iron — cools — hesitates — overcomes friction, and slides inert to the horizontal surface. Gloved hands can pick it up in fantastic shapes and toss it back into the pot. So doing, we can keep ahead of the leak — if it grows no worse.

IV

Another crisis dwarfs this imminent contingency. The fire brick below the blowtorch has turned a glowing, breathing red. Across it — if one has an eye for contrasts — darts the molten lead, like quicksilver. But beneath the fire brick the wood of the trestle has burst into flame. Water cannot be used to quench it — not with that liquid lead about. Neither will tetrachloride do. Pinaud lugs a bag of sand and with ready knife rips it open. 'Throw that on,' says he, and answers a call from the other side of the pot.

'It's leaking even worse out here.'

More sheet iron to direct the lead. And then Pinaud decides. 'We'll never keep up with it. Get buckets, tins, coal scuttles—anything,' says he. 'We can't pour the keel.'

The words have a mournful ring. Casey sighs. 'My poor pot! And it was such a bargain at twenty-five dollars.'

Sid runs out into the snow to the general store. In an incredibly short time he returns with half a dozen scuttles, the labels on them. During

his absence Pinaud has done the work of two men, directed that of two others. Blocks have been placed in the keel mould to make a sure platform for the succession of receptacles. The blow-torch has been lifted aside and its flame directed against the spout. Lead, melting in the pot, has flowed through the casting pipe and solidified at the valve.

Now Pinaud opens the valve and thrusts a brass rod inside. His ungloved hand reaches to the very maw of the dragon. When he withdraws the rod he measures it on the outside of the spout. 'Heat it there,' he orders, indicating where the lead has cooled inside. The workman with the torch moves it quickly and the flame describes an orange arc. Again Pinaud thrusts in the rod, and with fearful expectancy we watch him, hoping the lead will not gush forth. He appreciates the danger and procures a longer rod. Now as he prods the slowly melting plug he stands at a safer distance. Chance protects him still further, and he is elsewhere, overseeing something else, when the plug lets go and the lead spurts out, across the spot where he had been standing.

He rushes to the valve and, with a brass pipe to increase the leverage of the handle, shuts it off. Then he opens it experimentally. The lead cools on the iron trough and fills it up. But it keeps overrunning, and streams down into the first of the scuttles on the mould. All that work, — hours of preparation, hours of melting, — and now the whole thing to do over again because the pot leaks so badly. And the terrific job of displacing a half-filled scuttle of molten lead and setting an empty one under the inclined trough. Even Pinaud's ingenuity flags at this obstacle.

Abruptly he reverses himself. 'We'll pour after all!' he cries. 'Upset the scuttle. Put the torch under the pot. Throw in more lead. Pick up the scrap from the floor.' Half a dozen of us jump to obey these commands.

Catching the scuttle in the bight of a rope, two of us tip it over. The lead, partly cooled, flows sullenly along the bottom of the mould. The scuttle is gingerly pried out, lest it become caught and form an unwanted part of the keel. Out comes one of the blocks. In pours the lead, flowing over the other. Pinaud, at the outlet valve, is momentarily diverted. Lead is slopping over the trough to the floor and splashing on his legs. He needs an iron plate to prop against his knees and shield him. I cry, 'How about the other block?'

He jokes, thinking that the block will float. 'We'll leave it there and save lead.' In deadly earnest, I tear about the shop looking for a crowbar. There is none. But now Pinaud sees that the block has stuck to the mould, and he fetches tools, one after the other, while the lead pours smoothly in. Brass rods bend. So do iron pipes. Hooks open out. Pinaud and one other puddle in the half-filled mould, striving to extricate the block. To them boiling lead is no more awesome than melted butter. As they poke and jab, it splashes against their clothes. I shudder at thought of what will happen if one of these intrepid souls, facing the other, succeeds in prying up the block. Still the mould fills up. It covers the block, slowly cools around it. The expected catastrophe is averted. But the block remains there, to be chiseled out later.

Now, as the mould chars, the shop fills up with acrid smoke. Someone opens the doors and the blizzard rushes in. Again I think of the antipathy of molten lead to moisture. But as the last pig is dropped into the pot by the red-faced giant and the level in the mould rises to the brim my fears abate.

Long before this the leak in the bottom of the pot has ceased — stopped not by more pressure, but by less. Ten minutes more, and the excitement will be over.

And then a ferocious hiss fills the shop. I jump away from the mould, imagining that a hidden well of sap has discovered itself in the grain of the wood. But the hiss is not there. The man at the blowtorch suspects the pressure tank, and quickly shuts the valve. The torch goes out, but still the hiss continues. Fearsomely I look at the pot, big, angry, trembling in the heat waves arising from it. What new fiendishness does it contemplate? Is it preparing to blow up with very rage?

Pinaud shouts, and we scatter like chaff as we comprehend his words: 'Automatic sprinkler!'

As a precaution against freezing, there is only air in the pipes, but soon water will follow the air, sprinkling into the boiling pot, covering the molten keel. We scatter still wider, we who do not know the ways of the shop, and anxiously watch the sprinkler valve. The ceiling above it darkens in the blast of the escaping air. At any instant now water will shower down and the lead will geyser up to meet it.

But Sid comes, panting. At the first hiss he was off, unnoticed, the devil behind him. 'It's all right,' he gasps. 'I've shut off the water.'

So the keel came into being. Cool, firm, dependable, it has been bolted to the bottom of my boat. When the wind presses against my sails, its tremendous weight will keep me from capsizing. Honorable offspring of a malignant mother, born in emotion, wild confusion, and wintry tempest, it is proof against the extravagant ravings of a summer squall.

THE VOYAGE OF THE LUKA TO PALMYRA ISLAND

BY JOSEPH F. ROCK

I

Just north of the equator, about one thousand miles southeast of Hawaii, lies a mysterious uninhabited group of islets known as Palmyra. The exact location is north latitude 5° 49′ 04″ and west longitude 162° 11′ 29″.

I frankly asked the Honorable Judge C—— of Honolulu what made him buy these islands long before he had ever seen them. He answered that he had always wanted to possess a yacht and a place to go. The yacht proved to be the twenty-seven-year-old schooner *Luka*. The *Luka*, a seventy-ton and seventy-foot boat, with lines which did not give away her age, had nevertheless seen hard service and ill treatment. She was bought by the honorable judge just as she lay against the wharf, with her seams filled with cement and her larder full of provisions of dubious age, as we were soon to learn to our sorrow. The crew was certainly cosmopolitan. The captain, a German sea hawk, made it plain to me that there was not the slightest distinction between him and

the captain of the *Mauretania*, for a captain was a captain no matter what type of boat he commanded. Three Hawaiian sailor boys, two Tahitians, — one a mate, the other a cook, — and an Englishman who had charge of an obstreperous gasoline engine, which had hastily been installed to help us through the doldrums, completed the roster.

Amid cheers and the snapping of cameras in the hands of newspaper reporters and the detonations of the mufflerless gasoline engine of our boat, we slowly moved out of the harbor. A fresh breeze caught and filled the sails, and on we sped on our venture. Time lay limitless ahead of us like the great expanse of waters, as none could tell when we were to sight the shores of Palmyra Island.

On the hatch of the *Luka* there was fastened a large square iron tank, containing precious drinking water, but, like everything else on board the boat, the tank had claim to age. The second day out of Honolulu we found to our consternation that the tank was empty. The island of Palmyra was without fresh water, as the highest point from which to view the sunset was five feet above sea level — hence no wells and no fresh-water ponds. To proceed without fresh water was next to foolhardy, for all we had on board was two demijohns of distilled water for ourselves, the crew living on the milky drippings of the ice, of which we had two thousand pounds. This, however, lasted only until we reached the island. But we heard a voice saying, 'O ye of little faith,' and sped on to our waterless destination. I lived on oranges, which Dr. C——, the conchologist of the party, kindly had provided. They were meat and drink to me, since I had no desire to partake of the cook's abominable concoctions. In his favor it may be said that he had little to cook with, and such as was at his disposal hailed from long-bygone days. The rice was pink from mildew, and the flour a lively mass of squirming maggots.

The sixth day out we reached the doldrums, dreaded by all sailing vessels, for it is here that one can lie becalmed for weeks and even months. The English engineer — who up to now had spent his time repairing the old engine, which gave off vile odors, permeating our only cabin where we slept and ate our meals — was able, after much cranking, to get the engine going. The exhaust was without a muffler, and conversation was out of the question. With looks and gestures we made ourselves understood, like mutes of a deaf-and-dumb asylum. To judge from its noise, our engine might have been driving us at a speed of fifty miles an hour, but the log hung straight into the sea and our ship moved inchwise over the expanse of waters.

The question now arose in which direction Palmyra lay, for according to one map we should have been there; according to another we should have passed it, and according to a third we were still miles off. Both the captain and the judge were busy with the sextant, taking the sun, but each managed to calculate a different latitude and longitude. I suggested that we watch the sea birds and follow their direction, for certainly if anyone could find Palmyra it was the boobies (*Sula piscator*) who lived in large colonies on the islets. Huge flocks of birds, when evening came, flew in one direction, and the *Luka*, taking their hint, followed. Kioki, our Tahitian mate, who had sat for hours upon the mast, yelled down at 4 P.M. one day that there was land ahead. It recalled the discoveries of Columbus. We thanked the birds for our delivery. We lay to all night, as it was too late to make the island that evening.

II

Palmyra or Samarang Island was discovered by Captain Sawle of the American vessel *Palmyra* on November 7, 1802, and named by him after his vessel. The island group, which is in reality a coral atoll, consists of fifty-two islets, surrounding, in the shape of a horseshoe, three large lagoons of considerable depth. The largest islet contains forty-six acres, while the smallest is a mere dot of forty-seven hundredths of an acre. The atoll has a varied history, and, although an insignificant spot, three nations have planted their flags upon it. Palmyra was first attached by the United States on October 19, 1859, and later by the Hawaiian Government for King Kamehameha IV, and his successors to the throne, on April 15, 1862, and again later by Commander Nichols of H. B. M. S. *Cormorant* in the year 1889, for the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and so forth. The island became United States territory once more when the Hawaiian Islands were annexed, and Palmyra was especially mentioned in the President's message to Congress, December 16, 1898, transmitting the report of the Hawaiian Commission, in which the names of all the islands, including Palmyra, were given.

The island, or islet, has been owned by various persons, but as it is not of commercial importance it was left to nature and a few bird poachers who paid occasional visits to its shores. Such was the condition of the atoll when Judge C—— acquired it from a lady in Australia, who had inherited it from her husband, a former resident of Hawaii.

III

Early in the morning, looking for an anchorage, we cruised about in the pellucid water, which permitted us to see too plainly the many dangers which threatened our old schooner, and incidentally ourselves. Blocks of coral, multicolored and variously shaped, came dangerously close to the surface of the ocean, encircling the palm-fringed shore like a garland wreath. Never shall I forget that glorious morning, as we passed one of the islets, a wall of solid green down to the water's edge, a mass of trees — nearly eighty feet in height — festooned with a curtain of white morning-glories. We dropped anchor not too soon in eight fathoms of water some two miles offshore.

Our clumsy sailors launched the skiff, and off we rowed toward the mysterious islets. No landscape gardener could have possibly arranged their verdure more skillfully; like huge bouquets they lay before us, floating on an ocean of the purest blue. I gave a sigh of relief when I left the *Luka*, with its growling captain, and a sense of freedom filled my soul as we approached the mysterious shore.

Peacefully our skiff glided over the tranquil waters, revealing life of undreamed shapes and gaudy brilliance. Varicolored fishlike tropical butterflies flitted in and out between columns of coral which reached the surface of the waters and bade us halt. We stepped out of the skiff on to veritable tables of coral, covered with just an inch of water. These tables, rising from the ocean floor, seemed a hundred feet or more beneath the skiff, and they formed a forest of gigantic mushrooms on whose heads we walked to shore, nearly a mile distant, stepping over yawning chasms whose shades of blue ranged from the lightest azure to deep ultramarine. A strip of pure white sand, over which the gentle waves rolled black and red holothurians or sea cucumbers, lay between the ocean and dense forests.

The islet on whose fringe we stood we gave the name of 'Home Islet,' for it served as such during our stay of sixteen days. We looked about first for a possible place to pitch a tent, and found a narrow cove facing the reef-bound shore, over which roared the foaming, thundering ocean surf, like a wild monster jealously disputing the little space the islands had conquered from the great expanse of waters. We were greeted by large white birds called boobies, which nested in the Tournefortias, giant heliotropes with fragrant white flowers and silky silvery leaves, bathing their branches in the balmy crystal sea. The boobies never stirred, but curiously surveyed the new intruders. Unmoved, they sat like birds of clay or decoys, for at least their generation knew not that 'only man is vile.' Beyond the Tournefortias rose huge trees of softest wood, with roots that stretched in most fantastic forms, like squirming dragons, over a soilless ground, composed of sand mixed with guano and loose coral clinkers. The underbrush consisted of pure stands of bird's-nest ferns (*Asplenium nidus*), so dense that progress was only possible by throwing one's self backward into the dense mass of spore-covered foliage, which reached over one's head. Jumping spiders inhabited this jungle. They spun no web, but pounced upon their prey of tiny moths. Since the width of the islet was only a few hundred yards, one soon emerged, covered from head to foot with the brown spores of the ferns, on the other shore, which faced large lagoons and sand spits.

The most interesting inhabitant of these sombre forests was a bird the size of a small pigeon, but more slender, its plumage of the purest white, its bill and eyes of deepest black. It always flies in pairs, and hence has acquired the name of love bird (*Gygis alba*). It builds no nest, but lays its eggs upon naked branches often smaller than the eggs themselves. These balanced eggs were numerous throughout the forest. Occasionally we found them hatched, and no more pathetic scene can be imagined than a tiny naked bird upon a naked branch. It would squat motionless and sad, taking a first lesson in personal demonstration of the theory of gravitation. The parents flew occasionally about one's head to distract attention from the curiously balanced young. One day I wanted to photograph a peculiar tree trunk, but had to give it up, as the bird who had her young upon the tree objected. It was impossible to drive her from the lens with sticks and coral clinkers, and no manner of shouting and waving made her leave the space between the lens and the tree trunk.

IV

Never shall I forget our first walk along the beach and across the narrow channel which separated our islet from the next. It was fairly hot, so close to the equator, and, not expecting to meet with strangers, we donned Adam's costume and sallied forth. Our only covering was an umbrella, to protect us from the birds, which fairly obscured the sky. Conversation was next to impossible, as they kept up a pandemonium. They flirted all around us, so close to our eyes that we became alarmed; arming ourselves with large branches, we tried in vain to drive them off. Night came on quickly, and with it a silvery moon and cool balmy air. Glorious peace settled over our paradise, and we wondered why man strove to amass wealth and power and elected to inhabit cells and dungeons, within gloomy houses. Here was freedom, health-giving air, simple food furnished by the sea and by the palms. Money was a matter of utter uselessness, and

millions of dollars were so many coral clinkers on that unspoiled land.

We retired to our tent, congratulating ourselves that nothing would disturb our slumber, as there were no mosquitoes, ants, or flies; but we had reckoned without the hermit crabs. About midnight I was awakened by something cold and heavy against my cheek — vampires, I thought, still dreaming. By that time my companion had also stirred and found that we were being investigated by a multitude of crabs which lived in discarded sea shells the size of a man's fist. They were all over our blankets, and filled the tent. We started to evict them, but found to our consternation an unlimited supply of crabs and not an inch of ground visible outside the tent. It was as if the islet were composed of a moving, heaving mass of crabs. To assure a peaceful rest, we resorted to barricading our tent with sheets of corrugated iron we had brought with us as roofing for a house. We surrounded the tent with this iron sheeting, burying part of it in the coral clinkers to prevent the crabs from crawling underneath. We then once more retired. The ingenious crabs adopted tactics such as soldiers do in climbing over a wall, and many of them piled up against the corrugated iron. Thus they kept up a constant attack against our tent, and, although they did not gain entrance, they managed to keep us awake, as they fell with their heavy shells from corrugations which they had laboriously reached.

Morning found our tent surrounded by a wall of crabs. We collected them in gunny bags and dumped them into the sea six fathoms deep outside the reef. But their many relatives were as numerous as the clinkers on the ground. We found them eating everything. They climbed the shrubs and trees and ate the flowers, as well as birds' eggs, bit the lids of our discarded tins, and enjoyed many new flavors such as onions and potato peelings. They even ate each other. Three or four would pull a victim from his shell and devour him in short order. We feared for our chickens — at least the honorable judge did, as he had intended leaving them behind to multiply, but not with thousands or millions of crabs about, hungry and with no particular predilection as to menus.

On investigating our scant provisions, we found that the crabs had discovered them, and on the ground among the coral clinkers, where we had placed a bag of rice and chicken feed, the crabs had torn the gunny bags to pieces and multitudes of them reveled in the grain.

Naturally we were much concerned regarding drinking water, as none was to be found on all the islets. On Home Islet we discovered a fallen-down old shanty, and in it, as well as outside, stood a row of Oriental jars, three to four feet high and full of water. The water was not potable; it was foul and slimy. The bottoms of the jars were covered thickly with dead lizards. We strained the slimy liquid and boiled it, and what we thus obtained was used for cooking. Fortunately it began to rain the second night and continued to do so nearly every night of our stay. We used the corrugated iron and a few cleaned jars to catch the precious rain water, of which we were sore in need, both for our stay and for our voyage home.

V

On the larger islets we found pure stands of coconut palms so dense that those on the outermost fringe were forced to lie flat on the sand and rear their fronded heads above the water near the very waves. The nuts lay four feet deep and had germinated,

growing in all directions. Here we met our first coconut crabs, huge monsters known to scientists as *Birgus latro* or robber crabs. It is said of them that they climb the coconut palms and fetch the nuts for food. We never observed such gymnastic feats, but there was no necessity of doing any climbing, as the coconuts lay many deep upon the ground. Their nests consisted, usually, of coconut fibre which they had torn laboriously, fibre by fibre, from the husks. Some of their nests looked as if huge mattresses had been emptied, or resembled an upholstery establishment. They were most easily killed, as they moved slowly backward on approach. A gentle tap upon the head, and they became extinct. Their claws, of which one was always of huge size, helped to vary our menus, which otherwise consisted daily of fish chowder. The meat was sweet, rich, and had a nutty flavor, for the crabs live exclusively on coconuts when not on each other.

For sixteen days we lived a regular Robinson Crusoe existence, and daily we had new experiences. We found, for instance, that we could walk from one islet to the other, the islets being separated by narrow channels only waist deep. To make quicker progress we walked in the shallow water surrounding the islets on the lagoon side. Our splashing steps were taken for the movements of small fish by numerous small sharks which lived in the lagoons. They made straight for us, and one had to be well provided with strong boots, for the sharks would otherwise nibble at one's toes. We often waited for them until they were within reach, and then stepped upon their heads, or, yelling at them, would make them turn and flee. Once nine sharks, each about four feet long, attacked us, and, finding ourselves outnumbered, we made haste to reach the land. We armed ourselves with the midribs of coconut leaves and, hitting the water right and left as we walked along, kept them at a distance. The sport of fishing in Palmyra was no fun at all, for one could leave five minutes before breakfast and catch the particular fish one had selected from a multitude which always cruised about between the islets in the clear channels and have it fried for breakfast. Mullets were so thick in the tepid, shallow bays and moved so sluggishly between one's feet that all one had to do was to cover them with the scoop net, pick them up, and put them in a bag. With a large throw net one could have caught thousands in no time.

While I explored the island, the honorable judge built himself a house near our erstwhile camp. The house, consisting of one room, was a great improvement on our tent, especially so as it was crab-proof and stood on high legs; and to allow for ventilation in this hot region a foot-wide space was left between the roof and walls. The creatures inhabiting Palmyra were certainly most fearless, and therefore curious and of an investigating turn of mind. Hardly had we moved in and occupied the house when the birds did likewise. Finding no obstruction beneath the roof, they flocked in in multitudes and made themselves at home. Some flew back and forth across the room, in and out, discovering thereby a new diversion and a new sport on dull Palmyra. Naturally, as the birds were not the size of colibris, but as large as ducks and geese, it was no sport for us, and made us speedily employ the mosquito net to screen the house.

I used to walk about the islet, visiting the boobies and their young, who nested in the trees and bushes overhanging the lagoons. To test their vanity I tickled one, whereupon it gulped and gulped and quickly presented me with five ill-smelling, undigested flying fish,

after which I decided never to tickle them again. It evidently took me for the Palmyra tax collector, or frigate bird. These birds of prey would sit all day upon the coconut palms, but when evening drew nigh they became alert and watched the male boobies flocking home with fish for wife and young; then they would pounce upon the unsuspecting boobies in the air, chastising them with their mighty wings until the poor boobies gave up the fish, which the frigate birds, swooping down, speedily caught in mid-air.

Before leaving Honolulu the honorable judge was commissioned deputy sheriff and empowered to post a proclamation on the island — for whom, it was difficult for me to see. This proclamation, printed in plain judicial English, was nailed to the trunks of coconut palms and ended: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.' By whom, after the judge had left Palmyra, was also difficult for me to see, unless the birds and crabs were deputied to prosecute invaders as they did us in the beginning.

VI

Thus we passed our time, fishing, catching crabs, collecting corals, plants, insects. Upon the sand spits or coral-clinker flats of some of the islets we found the sooty tern (*Sterna fuliginosa*) in thousands. Each laid one egg in a depression in the sand. These pitted flats were covered by millions of eggs, and one was forced to walk on them, as there was barely any space between. When one walked through a colony, it was interesting to observe the behavior of the terns. They naturally rose and flew about one's head, but when one stood still the birds quickly settled, even those at one's very feet. They would run around to find their eggs, all of which looked perfectly alike, and yet each tern would find her own — at least, so it would seem by the fuss they made.

We loaded the old *Luka* to capacity with coconuts of the largest size, barrels of salted mullets, and one live robber crab which the crew adopted as a mascot and made climb the ship's mast. Alas, it had to die ere we reached Hawaii, for the Territorial immigration law tabooed crabs of that particular description.

What finally happened to Palmyra I have not learned. As far as I know, the crabs and birds are still the sole masters of the island. But once it nearly became the property of a group of Chicago ladies, man-haters, who wanted to retire to this lonely spot in the mid-Pacific; but, had they ever ventured there, I would vouch that they would have turned woman-haters in the end.

INCIDENT

A CRUMB of crystal left its ancient ledge
And fell. The sun that stood at Ajalon
Had burned it amber clear; old frosts of dawn
Had shaped its beauty, angle and chiseled edge.

Falling, it stirred the sea and all the stars.
A long tide washing Egypt was aware;
Unspoken islands knew, and the cold air
Between the worlds; and Mercury knew, and Mars.

Through widening courts of space the rumor passed
Year after year, echoes of echoes thinned
To less than sound, until Orion heard;
And when the pebble was dust of time, at last,
And scattered long ago down an old wind,
The outposts of the Pleiades had word.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

OFF CLIVE STREET

BY MAJOR A. W. SMITH

I

If you take a taxi from Chowringhee, Calcutta, to Clive Street, where all the banks are, and then turn down toward Lyons Range, you will come to our office. To look at it you would not believe that we are people of consequence in the Indian business world. The building is old and rather insignificant, but our credit does not, fortunately, depend on the look of our head office. Somehow no one seems to remember that the building needs a coat of paint until the hot weather is well under way, and then one might just as well wait six months until the rains are over before doing anything to it. Certainly one would not suspect that the building houses a great corporation with a capital of some crores of rupees paying a steady dividend of 30 per cent annually. Business in India does not worry about squalid surroundings. Indeed, the offices of one of the richest men in Calcutta do not boast more than one chair (for visitors), and there is not a table or typewriter in the place. The clerks sit around on cushions writing in the Marwari account books at little desks scarcely more than six inches high. The ink is in the form of a block, which has to be wetted and rubbed on a stone before it can be used. Of course, old Shriram is frankly conservative; but that makes no difference to his credit.

The door of our office is wide and low. There is a big porch over the sidewalk, supported on pillars. On the sidewalk a sweet seller has a tray of rather greasy sweets on which the flies gather if he forgets to work his fan for a moment. His memory is not very good, and the flies are generally allowed to rest in peace. There is also frequently a locksmith at work, sitting on his heels in the shadow of the building before the little box which not only forms his workbench, but also carries his stock in trade and his tools. Locks seem to go wrong more frequently in India than elsewhere, and the cry of the locksmith, '*Chub-bee*,' is one of the commonest in the streets.

The hallway is dark and gives a false impression of coolness. Just inside the door there is a long bench, and on it lounge the *durwan-log*, the hall porters attached to the office. They are all dressed in the kind of uniform we give them. It is a long white coat and turban with a white dhoty, the ordinary Hindu lower garment, worn petticoat-like and caught up between the legs. Over the right shoulder they wear a scarlet cloth band with a brass badge three inches long attached to it and engraved with the firm's name. The durwans are among the most important people in the organization of an Indian business office.

In our office we employ about a hundred and fifty clerks and about forty durwans. Many of us have tried to reduce the number, but, as with many things of the kind in India, without success. There has always

been that number and you may never now have less. The *izzat*, the honor, of the Company is at stake. When you are told this you get the impression that were you to reduce the strength by one — bang! would go your credit. The banks would regard it as the first step toward putting up the shutters.

The duties of the durwans are many. Primarily, of course, they are the doorkeepers, as their name would imply. They are also messengers. They take money to and from the banks and collect accounts with perfect trustworthiness. They meet you on your train or steamer and see you off, booking your luggage for you when you go. They are on duty in the office all night to answer the telephone and to take in cables, which in India arrive irrespective of the time of day.

At their head is a resplendent being, the jemadar. He does not dress as they do, but is clad in blue and gold. All our durwans are high-caste Hindus from Rajputana. The jemadar is a man of very considerable consequence. He allows himself a dignified portliness and a beard which he wears long, parted in the middle and brushed up fiercely toward his ears. At night he ties it up in a bag to preserve its shape. It is black and likely to remain so, for it would be unseemly to admit that old age has terrors for such as he.

It is a splendid sight to see our jemadar taking the air of an evening. He does not go very far or very fast, but his progress is stately and magnificent. In full regimentals he stalks down the street, possibly to chat with his equals in other offices. At a discreet distance march two junior durwans, one carrying an umbrella in case it should rain, or, if the evening is fine, just in case it should be wanted. The other carries a brass box for betel leaves.

No one has ever seen the jemadar lose his dignity. Even when he is caught not fully dressed, asleep on a cot in the office at night, with his beard tied safely in its bag, he is still the jemadar.

Meeting the manager every morning is a nice exhibition of ceremonial. In the hallway of the office, at about the time the manager may be expected, the jemadar takes up his post with those of his staff not otherwise employed at the moment. They are lined up and inspected to see that each individual is properly dressed. When the manager's car draws up at the porch there are two men in readiness, one to hold an umbrella over the august head if it is raining, the other to carry in dispatch case and raincoat. As the manager enters the hall the jemadar leads his men in a *burra salaam*, a grand salutation. If you have seen the Grenadier Guards on parade or the Imperial Guard turn out to royalty at Potsdam you may think you know something of movements of precision. But you don't; not until you have seen our jemadar putting his men through the burra salaam for the manager in the morning. There is nothing servile in the jemadar's salaam. It is the acknowledgment of a power that is only greater than his own. It is the act of one superman who can acknowledge another.

As the jemadar is responsible for his men, for whose good behavior he has had to give a bond, he also has to recruit them. They all come from the same village and are more or less closely related to the jemadar. Having recruited them, one suspects that he does not allow all the money that the durwans are down to draw on the pay sheet to get intact into their hands. That is the way of India. The jemadar is well-to-do, and it may be fairly assumed that he runs a private money-lending business. Most of the clerks

owe money to him and he is always ready to accommodate them with more. No security is required. Indeed, at the rate of interest it would be an insult to ask for it. One anna per rupee per month is the cheapest rate of interest charged, not only by the jemadar, but in the bazaar as well. As there are sixteen annas in the rupee and interest has to be paid monthly, the rate works out at nearly 100 per cent per annum. Needless to say, he prefers not to be paid back the principal.

II

About twenty years ago the *doyen* of the jemadars in Calcutta was Buda Singh, the jemadar in our office. Even more magnificent, even more awe-inspiring than anyone else in that magnificent and awe-inspiring position, was Buda Singh. He had been jemadar for about twenty-five years and a durwan for ten or fifteen before that. In his youth he had been a regular *nowsherwan*, or 'nine-tiger man.' *Nowsherwan* is the equivalent of seven-at-a-blow in English fairy stories and denotes something quite out of the way in physique and courage.

A simple calculation will show that he was getting to be an old man, although, judging from office photographs of the time, he did not show any sign of his age. His beard was just as bushy as it had been and just as black, although what artifices he employed to keep it so no one knew. The time was coming, however, when he would have to show his age. His beard, if one looked closely, was going gray at the roots and his shoulders were beginning to be bowed. He never gave way to the weakness in public, but it was said that he had had to take to a pair of spectacles for reading.

The day came when he told the manager he had decided to retire. He probably explained the position at great length, that he was an old and poor man, that the Company was his father and his mother, that he had given up his life to its service when a man of his calibre might have been very much more profitably employed elsewhere, that living in Calcutta was very expensive, and what did they propose to do about it anyway?

The manager, whoever he was then, probably put his tongue in his cheek, professed to agree with all that had been said, and promised to think the matter over. He was doubtless quite glad in his heart, for Buda Singh at sixty, if he was like others of his kind, was becoming rather a crotchety nuisance. The upshot of it all was that Buda Singh was allowed to retire and, as far as can be discovered at this stage, he was given a cash present of a hundred and fifty rupees and a pension for life of fifteen rupees a month. This all happened, mind you, before the war, when fifteen rupees was worth fifteen rupees. The Company was considered to have acted generously by all except Buda Singh, who made a somewhat half-hearted attempt to get more.

Another jemadar was appointed, and Buda Singh prepared to leave for his country. He gave strict instructions to his successor as to how he was to do his job and equally strict instructions to the managers as to how they were to treat the new jemadar. In fact, having done all he could to see that the firm would be able to carry on business after his departure, he left for his village somewhere in the wilds of Rajputana, twelve hundred miles away.

For years nothing was heard of Buda Singh. Monthly his pension was remitted by money order to an obscure post office of which no one had ever heard, and monthly the receipt came

back signed with Buda Singh's name. Monthly the cashier made out a pay slip which went up to the accountant for initialing and then to the manager for signature. No one thought of questioning the correctness of the payment, or if one did send to the cashier and ask the why and the wherefore, the authority would be produced, and no more was thought about the matter.

Then last year Jones came to us as accountant. Possibly he was more versed in the wickedness of the world than most of us, but as soon as he came he started to ask questions. Jones was a man of somewhat uncertain temper, and the clerks on the accounts side soon began to wear very harried expressions. Not that there was anything wrong, but the Bengali babu does not answer questions very readily if he feels that he is being harried. At the end of the month the pay slip for Buda Singh's pension came in for Jones's initial, and Jones was on to it like a knife. He sent for the cashier.

The cashier was a man called Chunder Sen, who had been with us for thirty years or so. He was an old and trusted servant of the firm, and he knew the books inside out. He had never learned to speak very good English, but it would have made him feel very much hurt indeed if he had known how his jewels of speech were preserved in the office. Sen had one or two very annoying habits. He was quite unable to explain the simplest thing, and as soon as he tried he began to get nervous. As soon as he got an attack of nerves he would smile in an arch and rather fatuous manner that most of us understood was due to his embarrassment. Jones, however, found it particularly infuriating, which undoubtedly it was; but it only made matters worse to get annoyed. Sen's great points were his accuracy and his extreme trustworthiness. When we first introduced calculating machines Sen showed his true qualities. The machines had been in use for a month before it was discovered that Sen was staying in the office until ten o'clock each night checking every figure that had been produced on the machines. As he explained, he never put his name to any figures that he had not checked himself.

III

So Chunder Sen was sent for to explain the mystery of Buda Singh. He came into the room and, putting his spectacles on the end of his nose, awaited the storm with an air of respectful attention.

'Look here, Sen,' said Jones, 'I have told you before that things are not to be sent in to me for my initial until there is some explanation of what it is all about. Who is this Buda Singh, anyway, who gets a pension every month?'

'Buda Singh,' said Sen, settling his spectacles firmly on his nose again, 'was old jemadar here formerly. He retired and there was order to pay pension to same monthly. We have continued to send I think maybe thirty years now.'

'Good heavens, man, thirty years! But how do you know that he is still alive?'

'We get money-order receipt, sir, monthly, and I think he still alive.'

'But surely you must have some other proof that he is alive beyond a receipt on a money order!'

'But, sir,' said Sen, 'money-order receipt good enough proof of his life.'

'That is all bunk,' said Jones.

'Bunk, sir? What is bunk?' asked Sen, always eager to learn and to increase his stock of English idiom.

'Bunk is bunk,' Jones replied, rather stumped for a definition.

'Oh, I see, sir. Bunk is chitchat for tommyrot, slack English way of saying nonsense, it is not?'

'Yes, yes, but what about this man Buda Singh?' said Jones rather impatiently.

'I think maybe he must be alive.'

'Maybe! There can be no maybe about it in a matter like this. We have got to find out for certain whether he is alive or not.'

'I think then, sir, we maybe can write to Buda Singh and tell him firm not sending pension until he send proof of he being still in this life. Maybe he can get certificate from District Magistrate. If he is deceased he can't get.'

'Yes, I suppose that will have to do. Send him a letter on those lines and see what happens.'

Having given these instructions, Jones promptly forgot all about the matter. The work of the office went on without interruption for three weeks or so. No one thought of Buda Singh, except possibly Chunder Sen, who never forgot anything, and he saw no reason to remind anyone of him.

Then one morning when Jones was, as usual, chasing obscure figures in the ledgers with Chunder Sen at his elbow, the door of his room was thrown open and in walked Buda Singh — at least, Jones did not know then that it was Buda Singh. He was followed by the jemadar carrying an umbrella — and the jemadar never carries anything for anybody — and two durwans, one of whom bore a bundle wrapped in checked cloth and the other a betel box and an aluminium tiffin carrier, which is like a three-storied dinner pail. No self-respecting Indian ever travels without all of these things.

Jones looked up aghast at the old man, whose beard, now allowed to be white, was parted in the middle and swept up to his ears in fierce curves. His step was firm and his eye still commanded. There was still the comfortable portliness of twenty-five years ago.

'This is Buda Singh, your honor,' said the jemadar.

'Buda Singh Bahadurji,' said each of the two durwans.

'Huzoor,' said the old man, 'I am that Buda Singh who was jemadar.'

'Buda Singh?' said Jones. 'Sen, who on earth is Buda Singh?'

'Please, sir, they say this is Buda Singh. Maybe you remember sending letter telling him to inform if he is still alive. Formerly he is jemadar and maybe he has come personally to advise same, is n't it?'

'Well, is it Buda Singh?' asked Jones.

'Maybe,' said Sen. 'If it is not, he is a very similar man,' he added complacently, and turned back to the column of figures he was adding.

'But you must know,' said Jones.

'Maybe it is he,' Sen replied, unwilling to commit himself. 'He is a little old, is n't it?' And he went on adding.

Jones sighed, for he supposed that he would have to allow that Buda Singh still lived and that the wickedness of the world was as yet unexposed. He was wondering what to say next when the old man broke in on the silence.

'Huzoor, for thirty years I have drawn the Company's pension of fifteen rupees a month. This was all right until the war, when everything became most expensive. And now, sir, fifteen rupees is no longer what it was. I hear that the present jemadar, a mere boy, is drawing more pay than I, Buda Singh, ever got as jemadar. He is the son of my father's wife's nephew. In my village my *izzat* is gone. They look at me and say, "Does not your father's wife's nephew's son get ten rupees a month more than you ever got? *Hut!* Budaji, he is greater than

you. The Company does not pay for nothing." And, sahib,' the old voice quavered, 'I am old and poor and my *izzat* is gone. The Company is my father and mother. Don't you think you could ask the Burra Manager Sahib that the pension of Buda Singh, Jemadar, be increased?'

'No,' said Jones shortly. 'Now that I know that you are alive, it is all that I want. You may go.'

'All right, sahib, all right,' said the old man, unabashed, and the procession filed out. First, Buda Singh, erect as ever, with fiercely curled beard, then the jemadar with the umbrella, and, after him, the two durwans with their burdens.

IV

An hour later Jones was disturbed by Buda Singh again.

'Huzoor,' said the old man, 'my bill,' and presented him with a long account.

'What's this?' said Jones.

'Sir,' said Buda Singh with dignity, 'your lordship called me to show that I am alive. I have come at your honor's bidding. This is my bill.'

It was a long account. It started with an item for three days' camel hire at one rupee per day, then the hire of a ferryboat and a bullock cart to bring him to a station on the Ajmer line. Then rail fare to Calcutta and eight days' subsistence at one rupee, four annas per day. There were other items, a lot of them, but these were the main ones. This brought the old man to Calcutta. A claim for four days' subsistence in Calcutta followed — at two rupees a day, for Calcutta is expensive. Then railway fare from Calcutta to the station on the Ajmer line.

The bill finished as it had started, with items for one day's bullock-cart hire, a ferryboat, and three days' camel hire at one rupee per day. The whole, meticulously totaled, came to one hundred and twenty-three rupees, seven annas, and five pies.

Jones signed the bill without a word and handed it back.

'I thank your lordship,' said Buda Singh, and turned to go. Halfway to the door he turned back with a hopeful look on his face.

'And would your lordship wish that I should return in a year to show again that I still live?'

'No,' said Jones in a small voice, 'I think not.'

WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS WIFE

BY ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS

I

WILLIAM JAMES and his wife have been a part of my life ever since my husband — we were then engaged — was a Harvard student in 1879. Mr. James was at that time an instructor in physiology, and well do I remember my husband's talk of his extraordinary personality, of the discursive quality of his mind, and more especially how it would dart off from the subject matter of his lectures and discuss for the full hour some philosophical question far afield. Instructor and pupil met outside the classroom and laid the basis of a friendship which grew with the years.

My husband's mind, like that of William James, had a 'What are you?' quality toward each fact which it encountered, and likewise was quick to note what was happening far and wide. In his college days he had talked to me about the formation in England of a Psychical Society for the study of ghosts, crystal reading, trances, and other phenomena, eternally believed in by simple souls, and eternally damned as bosh by scientists and average sensible persons; and I remember his playful comments upon truth seekers who knew there was nothing to be investigated in these so little understood phenomena in this so little understood world.

Thus it was on the cards that when we were married and my husband was beginning to practise law in Boston he should get in touch with Mr. James and together they should interview Mrs. Piper, whose psychical powers to this day are still explored. It was my husband's part to observe and keep the record while James spoke or wrote to the medium. And when, presently, a branch of the English Psychical Society was to be established in Boston, my husband agreed readily to act as its secretary. His activities were cut short by his death. But Mr. James never relinquished his studies of this elusive subject.

While I was knowing of Mr James only as an intriguing personality, one day a woman of most unusual appearance came to call at my mother's house in Marlborough Street. She was neatly dressed in grey; in figure she was short and thickset. She had great dark luminous eyes, an abundance of soft brown hair, and a girlish wild-rose complexion, which together gave extraordinary beauty to somewhat heavy features. She spoke in a resonant organlike voice, which made the most ordinary words sound significant. And she had a smile which lit up her face, and seemed to light up the world. I, who was always short of small talk, had no notion of what to say, and my mother and sister for the most part sat silent. But my husband, who was always a host in himself, was fortunately present, and he saved the occasion from awkwardness. Our visitor was Mrs. William James.

It was years later that Mrs. James told me how she had happened to make this call. She said that her husband

had spoken one evening of a student he had been seeing at his rooms. 'Such a brilliant fellow,' he said, 'and with a rarely cultivated mind. He told me that he was engaged to be married to a Boston girl, and he showed me her picture'; and then he added, 'Oh, Alice, I hope we may see something of these young people.'

After Mrs. James's first visit to me, I used from time to time to seek her out in Cambridge, where I would find her perhaps with a little one in her arms, or an older child clinging to her skirts, and I used to unburden the problems which at that time seemed to me to be unanswerable. And she would answer out of her own experience, speaking in her sonorous voice, which seemed to carry a message from Heaven.

And to this day do I remember, when my husband died after his brief, brief years, how Alice James came and sat beside me, and said, 'Oh, what can we know? But what can we not know? I think of my little Hermann [her third boy, who died when he was eighteen months old, and in her thought lived with her always among her other children] — where is he now? He does not tell me. But as well might I have asked him, before he was born, what his life in this world would be. How could he have conceived of sight and hearing and of moving about freely in this wonderful world? Had I tried to tell him, he would have shrunk back in terror and begged to stay safely in his mother's womb.'

Fourteen years later she wrote: —

> No one who knew your husband could forget him. Often and often I think of him when I see you, and of how he must rejoice in your full and generous life. You see, dear Bessie, I believe [in], I almost feel immortality, or peradventure something infinitely better; but life and immortality are surely calling to us all — and more than ever I want to listen.

It is very strange that I have no recollection when I first saw William James. My first remembrance of him is when he came to our house in Otis Place about five weeks before my husband died, and he came then as one well acquainted. He had with him his eldest son, Harry, then a boy of perhaps eight years old. He did not sit down, but he spoke for a few minutes to my husband of the psychical work which the two of them had in hand; and no one of us guessed that the indisposition from which my husband was then suffering was so soon to have a fatal climax.

When my husband died on March 28, 1886, the very first letter I received was from William James: —

> I can hardly express the sorrow I feel at your husband's being thus cut off almost before he had begun to show what was in him. . . . The whole thing is one of those incomprehensible, seemingly wasteful acts of Providence, which, without seeing, we can only hope may some day be proved to spring from a rational ground. I shall remember him as one of the most manly high-spirited men I have ever known. . . . Somewhere in the universe that gallant spirit remains and now is.

A few weeks later he wrote: —

> There is no *full* consolation. Evil is evil and pain is pain, and it is our part to bear them valiantly; I think the only thing we can do is to believe that the Good power of the world does not appoint them of its own free will, but works under some dark and inscrutable limitations, and that we by our patience and good will can somehow strengthen his hands.

In these two letters one gets a glimpse into the philosophy which strengthened and deepened in Mr. James as his thought matured. Radical Empiricism, he came to call it. He argued that our world in its fundamental make-up

is something unfinished, is problematic in its outcome, and is eternally at war with itself.

'God himself,' he says, 'may draw vital strength and increase from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is gained for the Universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight. . . .'

And equally at war was William James with the absolute view of the world which was eloquently expounded by his friend and colleague, Josiah Royce, whose parlor lectures in Boston and elsewhere secured him a following among those with the leisure to attend such gatherings.

I myself in those early days became an ardent follower of Royce, whose philosophy I took as an intellectual statement of truths which Emerson uttered as 'affirmations of the soul.' And nothing is more characteristic of William James than the eight-page letter which he wrote to little me, all in his own beautiful handwriting, as easily read as if it were print, in answer to my perhaps flippant claim that he was caricaturing Royce.

He writes, playfully at first: —

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Dec. 11, 1906

DEAR BESSIE,

I shall continue to love every word *you* say, however wicked — thus should pragmatists and absolutists take each other!

Your wickedest word is to accuse me of caricaturing the absolute. As pragmatism is little more than an attempt to think clearly, that charge would kill me dead, if true, so, in spite of you, I *must* reply to it on paper.

Vaguely, everyone is both monist and pragmatist. One lives in the detail of one's experiences; and one supplements those in sight by a *more*, which most of us imagine consolingly.

'T is when you try to be not vague but definite about the more that the trouble arises. You can take it as quantitative addition, indefinite in amount, and merely prolonging the finite, or you can take it as totalizing and surrounding the finite, altering the form of experience therefore (or rather presenting it in another form than that in which we get it): Eternal or absolute form.

If you take it as *prolongation*, your consolations are probable at best, and your world a meliorism. If you take it as totalizing, your consolations are certain or necessary and your world a dogmatic optimism. (It flows from the very form of totality that it should lack nothing, for it does n't refer beyond itself. You surely don't mean *this* when you accuse me of caricaturing!) *As realized* '*eternally*,' then, everything is good. Evil is seen along with what overrules it, monistically.

Is it a caricature to say that we ourselves are advised to seek peace by ascending as far as possible to the eternal point of view? What can such peace come from in that case but from the abstract reflexion that *in* the whole every part is needed and symphonic? No perception of the particular atonements is needed for this, by us; the Absolute Experient has the perception, but for us the monistic form *per se* is a guarantee of the total excellence.

How is it a caricature to say that this permits of quietism? You yourself write of issues being 'guaranteed' by the larger order. Guaranteed *anyhow*, without specification of remedy. It permits equally of strenuosity, of course. It *dictates* nothing, but *justifies* all *fact* qua element of absolute experience. It thus helps sick souls more than pragmatism does; and as their needs are the sorest, it has always seemed to me that this is a towering merit, to be weighed against Absolutism's demerits.

But after all, *how* does an Absolute make so for Optimism, blindfold on our part, clear-sighted on that of Eternal?

Surely by the 'overruling' content which

it postulates as complementing the bad parts of experience. The 'more,' whether you take it empirically or absolutely, is more content of experience, which in neither case *you* (the finite experient) see, but only suppose or believe, but the atoning and redeeming character of which you suppose guaranteed when you *totalize* experience, and only possible or probable when you simply *prolong* it. The pragmatic value of the absolute consists in nothing but these *atoning facts*. The pragmatist postulates them by faith, *sans phrase*, the absolutist by his extra machinery, which is supposed to certify them.

In any case *our* only way of realizing them is as a prolongation. The only thing *we* gain by assuming the eternal point of view is the *permission of blindfold optimism*. To those who don't care for it, the invariable reply is: 'Go back to the finite point of view.' Hate and deplore things to your heart's content; for the 'now,' the evil part *as such*, exists in the Absolute to be deplored exactly as we deplore it. Only as overruled is it justified, only as He sees it.

And that is what I meant by the 'shuffle.' The Absolute has become only an abstract name, like 'Nature,' for the indefinitely prolonged content of experience, and we are all pragmatists again together. There may *be* an Absolute, of course: and its pragmatic use to us is to make us more optimistic. But it is n't forced on us by logic, as Royce and Bradley think, and its cash equivalent is the *atoning experience believed in*. Pardon so long a rigmarole,

Yours affectionately,
W. J.

In this letter James makes clear how he was saved from inevitable dilemmas by his free appeal to 'faith,' elsewhere defined by him as meaning 'the kind of belief a person may have in a doubtful case, and may carry a sense of heart in your throat, ready-to-back-outness; or a sort of passionate refusal to give up, or anything in between, and it is the same state, when applied to some practical affair of your own, or to a theologic creed.'

The book in which he first specifically set forth and justified this use of faith was called *The Will to Believe, and Other Essays*, and it utters a great call to the capacity for heroism in man, to his will to take big risks and fling himself, to sink or to swim, into the effort to achieve some noble purpose.

II

As a popular lecturer, Mr. James came to be in great demand all across the country. His voice was so splendid, his use of words and the way he spoke them were so unique, and the problems which he discussed were at once so close to the common experience of man and so filled with his own peculiar wisdom, that his lectures were hailed as an intellectual treat of the first order. Yet he himself always treated them as matters of slight importance and deprecated every word of praise.

Of his *Talks to Teachers*, still treasured as priceless wisdom by all engaged in the teaching craft, he wrote me on a post card: —

Thanks for your note of thanks. But pray don't wade through the Teacher part, which is incarnate boredom. I sent it to you merely that you might read the essay on a certain Blindness, which is really the perception on which my whole individualist philosophy is based. W. J.

Regarding his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, a most wise and most beautiful book, he wrote me: —

You are sweet to take my book so seriously. I thought, when writing it, that it could have no originality, but the reception it gets makes me feel that it is original in temper at least. No previous book of mine has got anything like the prompt and *thankful* recognition that has come to me in letters about this — many of them from strangers. But I can't myself say on reflection that I do anything [except] leave the subject just where I find it, and everybody

knows that the real life of religion springs from what may be called the mystical stratum of human nature. . . . Still the volume is selling well and will no doubt help to sell my other books. I want now if possible to write something serious, systematic, and syllogistic; I've had enough of the squashy popular-lecture style.

Of another book entitled *Pragmatism — A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking*, he wrote: —

Your two delightful letters, one to me full of forgiveness and the other to Alice full of communicativeness, have duly come to hand. Let me thank you for all the pleasant things you say of my book — only don't, *don't* take it too damned serious. It will doubtless please you to hear that I have news from Longmans, Green & Co. yesterday that they are going to press with a third thousand.

His essay on 'The Moral Equivalent of War' has a message which the world is slowly coming to understand. People of my generation first thought seriously of war, not as a romantic tradition of the past, but as belonging to America in our own day and generation, when President Cleveland made his sudden threat of war upon England over the borderland of Venezuela, and Mr. James wrote an anti-war pronouncement that still speaks to-day.

Three days of mob hysteria can at any time undo peace habits of a hundred years; and the only permanent safeguard against irrational explosions of the fighting instinct is absence of armament and of opportunity. Since this country has absolutely nothing to fear, nor any other country anything to gain from its invasion, it seems to me that the party of civilization ought immediately, at any cost of discredit, to begin to agitate against any increase of either army, navy or coast defense. That is the one form of protection against the internal enemy on which we can most rely. . . . I have not slept right for a week.

William James's outspoken protest against our adventure in the Philippines was deep and passionate. I myself was tremendously aroused over our war against the Filipinos, and I was thinking of going out there, so impossible did it seem to me to stay safe in a conquering land. Mr. James was full of sympathy with my feeling, and he wrote me (on a post card, and not forgetting to make his playful thrust at the Absolute): 'Your activity is splendid. Keep *mad!* but don't forget the higher unity! Much love. W. J.' And a few weeks later: 'Damn great empires! including that of the Absolute! You see how much crime it necessarily involves. Give me individuals and their "spheres of activity." Yours, Fanny Morse's, Jim Putnam's, and the like. . . . Love from us both. W. J.'

Then came the news of Aguinaldo's capture, betrayed in his fortress by our bribery of his native troops. This time William wrote in deadly seriousness: —

I now write just as the news comes of Aguinaldo's capture. This may put alteration into your notion of going out there, but I hope you may go all the same, since mutual acquaintance is in any case the thing most needed, and you are framed for heroic efforts, bless your noble generous heart. I'm glad we got Aggie by a bunco-steering trick: it would have been a pity to mar the moral harmony of our operations by making a legitimate capture. As far as physical access to him goes, we have now made the great step forward of being just where we were three years ago. . . . When one thinks, however, that we could have had these conditions for the asking, and been thanked for them and kept the native good will, our own honor and world-prestige and everything, three years ago, and that we have lost all these things and Heaven knows how many more things besides in consequence of our masterly stroke of 'avoiding all entanglement' with the natives except to 'use them against Spain,'

it makes one fairly sick. I doubt whether such would-be craftiness was ever before, except in the history of the Bourbons, identical with such actual stupidity. . . .

A post card containing two hundred and forty-five perfectly legible words, in his old playful strain, may well conclude these extracts from his letters: —

Better a post card than *gar nichts, nicht wahr*, and I have been aiming at a letter to you for so long without writing it that I feel the smallest reality to be worth more than the largest prospect. Your two long typewritten letters were most interesting and gratitude-arousing. You must be glad that the Cuban teacher scrape proved on the whole so well worth doing — I feel less joy over your repentance at not passing your examination and your coming to do it again [I had skipped an examination in a special philosophy course for the sake of making the trip as an advanced guard to escort back a deputation of teachers to take a summer course at Harvard]. Soon you will be unhappy at not having a Ph.D., that Moloch of our time which threatens to destroy so many of our innocent children. But perhaps this grumpiness is all due to my jealousy at your being Royce's disciple instead of mine. Whosoever you are, be it with all your strength! . . . W. J.

III

It was the year after my husband's death that I first visited the James family in their summer home at Chocorua, New Hampshire. It was my impulse to refuse their invitation, so impossible did it seem to me to make visits. But then I decided that it was too stupid to close such an open door in my own face, so on an August morning I started on a six hours' journey to West Ossipee, some seven miles from their home. Alice met me at the station, and a desolate little figure I felt myself as I mounted into her open wagon. She gave my hand a warm clasp, exclaiming, 'You poor child, how you must wish you had not come!' And I confessed that she had read my mood aright.

Besides themselves, the James household consisted of Mrs. James's mother, Mrs. Gibbens, a gracious and beautiful woman; her married sister Mary and her husband, William MacIntire Salter, an ethical lecturer and quite one of the elect; her then unmarried sister Margaret, and the children. All of them, grown-ups and children, spoke in resonant organlike voices like Alice's and William's, and the talk about the table seemed always to be on some high theme. I used to pinch myself in an effort to discover whether I was still in the flesh or in some heavenly state. Alice was busy ripping the boys' suits, to turn them, and very thankful was I to be allowed a part in that humble service. William that summer was making a flying trip to Europe, and his letters, which Alice read aloud, were a noble substitute for his conversation.

One day, driving in the open wagon, Alice told me how she and William had come to find each other. She said that one morning at breakfast her husband's father, a prophetlike person, — Henry James, Sr., as he came to be called when his second son had made a name for himself in the literary world, — had announced: 'William, I have seen the woman you are to marry!' And he went on to describe a young schoolteacher named Alice Gibbens whom he had met the previous evening at the Radical Club, where Boston's free spirits were wont to congregate. William, evidently believing in his father's prescience, had counted the days until the Radical Club met again, and there he had found the woman surely born to be his own.

I am one who dearly loves a lover, so I listened eagerly to this tale. 'So it was love at first sight!' I exclaimed.

But Alice's sister Margie, who was in the wagon with us, remarked, 'Well, Alice, it was n't what I call first sight with you. You kept William waiting a good two years.' Whereupon Alice turned to me with a deprecating look, exclaiming, 'But, Bessie, don't you think a woman has a right to take her time?'

With the happiest and the most harmonious family life to be imagined, William James was nevertheless a perpetually restless and unsatisfied soul. 'I am going away for a fortnight to be alone with God, after so much family immersion and unfulfilled household responsibilities,' he wrote. His wife always had the wisdom to speed his going; and he would write back letters commenting on 'the soap your dear hands packed' and using similar phrases rich with domestic tenderness. '*Zerrissenheit* or torn-to-pieces-hood,' he said was what the Germans called the constitutional disease from which he suffered. 'The days are broken into pure zigzag and interruption. . . . Give me twelve hours of work on *one* occupation for happiness. . . . Your account of 12 Otis Place is seductive enough. I think I might find there coolness, seclusion, and even a sense of continuity.'

When William went to Europe for his sabbatical year, taking with him his wife and four children, he wrote back letters eloquent of his torn-to-pieces state of mind. Apologizing for a long-delayed letter, he wrote from Gryon: —

> We have been distracted by the children living all the time, as it were, in one and the same bedroom with us, with inward perplexities about the educational problem and the future abode, and with my wildly zigzagging to and fro to find a proper place for ourselves and the boys. We have come to a temporary rest in this precipitous Alpine village, but although I start tomorrow again to look for a better abode, many of our perplexities are already solved by the experience of five weeks, and we begin to breathe more equably.

Here his letter was interrupted and was taken up two days later.

> I have been dashing round to find families to put the boys into. No easy task; one becomes so fastidious here that the crumpled rose leaf makes one say 'no' — the fact being, I suppose, that one dreads to alienate the little critters after all. But Switzerland is *good*, in spite of lake steamers blowing up and St. Gervais disasters — good through and through, and calculated to make the most pessimistic respect the Universe. I hope that your summer thus far has gone well in spite of labour troubles and presidential uproar.

It was always the habit of the James family to be amply hospitable. One day in Florence, when they were to have some formal company, William stipulated for champagne, which Alice conceded reluctantly as an unwarranted expense. At luncheon William came in bringing a friend, and he called for wine; a 'pop' was heard from the pantry, and in came the maid bearing the bottle of dinner champagne. 'Oh, not that, not that!' Alice exclaimed, stretching out her hands, so her husband averred, whereat he cried out, 'Oh, this is good! Champagne for luncheon, champagne for dinner!'

Another domestic climax was when William came home one day bearing an oil painting which he said was an original, and prodigiously cheap. Alice was wont to receive with a patient smile the photos and other knick-knacks with which he would come home laden, always measuring them against the cost of the children's education. But when the oil painting was produced she cried out, 'Oh, William, how *could* you!' Whereupon he seized the scissors and cut the picture to pieces. 'And will you believe me,' he said in telling

me the story, 'that when I destroyed the picture Alice wept!'

It was my pleasant fortune to pass several months at a pension in Florence near the Piazza del Indipendenza where the James family had an apartment, and to accompany them, when the spring came, up to Hinter Meggin, near Lucerne, and then to Ver-chezles Blanc, near Lake Geneva, and all this time I was practically a part of their household. Their children were charming little people. The baby, whom they called Tweedy, was about two years old, and very darling he looked, dressed in a bright red flannel frock. His name, given him in honor of a beloved family friend, I assumed was a nursery corruption of some more usual name, and William allowed that it simply would n't do. 'I shall write to Mr. Tweedy and tell him that we meant well, but that names are a thing we cannot control, so we have decided to call him Francis — Francis Robertson.' But the name Francis was apparently beyond control, for by the time Francis was twelve he had become Alexander, and now is generally known as Aleck.

Talking of the older boys once, William remarked, 'Harry has a steady disposition and can always be relied on to take what falls to him with equanimity. But when Bill does not get what he wants, he fills the welkin with his lamentations!'

Their one daughter Peggy, whose full name was Margaret Mary, — so called for her mother's two sisters, — was a strange little creature with dark blazing eyes, and with a most vivid inner life. Once asked her age, she answered, 'I am as old as the pangs of death.' When she was a little tot her grandmother one day read to the older boys Tennyson's *Ulysses*, with no thought that Peggy would take heed. She was then staying nights with Mrs. Gibbens, and in the early morning when she was thought to be asleep she was heard to say, '"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy" — oh, Grandma, those are beautiful words!' The summer I was with the family in Switzerland I made her a pink gingham frock which she used to call her 'R-rose R-robe.' She was passionately devoted to *mon oncle*, as she called her Uncle Henry, who passed some days or weeks at a hotel in Lucerne, from which he would descend, or ascend, to see his brother at Hinter Meggin, when William would pour out his stream of talk while Peggy would cling to Uncle Henry's hand and attend him as closely as if she were his shadow.

It was a part of the plan, for that second summer in Switzerland, that William and Alice should pass a couple of weeks with Henry in London, leaving Peggy and Tweedy in some reliable Swiss family, and there was often discussion at table as to when the parents should go and where the children should be left. And Alice used to tell me how, when Peggy would go to bed, she would scream and scream with terror that she was to be left, she did not know when or where. I said to Alice, 'Is n't it a mistake to discuss the matter before her? She will surely be happy when you are gone, but anticipation of it is getting on her nerves.' And Alice answered, 'Yes, that is what I say to William, and he agrees. But then he says, "Well, Alice, that's the sort of people we are; so let's be hearty about it!"'

As the oldest boy, it fell to the lot of Harry to get the first wear at clothes, which when outgrown were handed on to Billy. Harry's thoughtfulness for his little brother was exemplified when he remarked to his mother, 'It's all right for you to give Bill my coat, but I advise you not to ask him to wear

my hat. The boys always laugh at it. I don't mind, but he would.' From his youngest childhood Harry was always a responsible eldest son, and he grew to be relied on by his mother as her right hand.

The winter of 1892–1893, as before mentioned, I passed with the Jameses in Florence, going, however, from there for some six weeks to join friends in Egypt and returning in April by way of Athens. In Greece I received the following letter from Alice: —

. . . Your dear beautiful letters (which make me love you afresh) tell me of a most intense life fed by inner springs and outward beauty. I think you would be surprised to know how much you have given me of Egypt, and I am looking forward to more when you come and talk of it. What you wrote of Pæstum made a strong impression on me. A beautiful sight is worth going far to behold, for I find that it not only gives itself but in some mysterious way adds a new beauty to common sights, and Italy does help to circumnavigate the sea of thought and things at home.

You see I am in a fair way to leave the children with you for a couple of weeks if time and place and health all favour. I am delighted that you are coming for another draught of Florence — it is so fair in the warm sunshine and people seem so at home. This is the Italy they are conscious of, and its charm wipes out the memory of winter cold and fog. With the Spring comes a host of strangers.

The richest part of this rich year to me will be the feeling of goodness in the world, goodness of such different forms, but flowering and making life fragrant in strange places. And Florence has so many dear people to be remembered along with her beauty and olive trees. I should like to look as much like an olive tree as I can for the rest of my natural life. Billy says my hair is *green!* That is one step towards it. I shall write again before the fourteenth unless I hear from you in the interval.

From England the following summer she wrote: —

The heat here has been very oppressive and now I have had enough of London. The best thing I have had was a chance to hear the debate last Thursday in the House. Gladstone is the most impressive 'human' I have ever beheld or listened to. It seemed to me that one *must* believe what he believes. But the whole [Irish] question seems to me far less simple than we are wont to consider, and I begin to sympathize with dear old Dyer who said he was 'on both sides.' Balfour has a noble presence and beautiful voice. He made the only able speech on the side of the opposition. . . .

IV

When William was a young man he and some friends made a camp up in the Adirondacks, where many of his vacations were passed, which came to be called the Shanty. One day in the spring of 1899, when he was alone in the woods, he lost his trail and did not get back to the camp until the next day. From this mishap he suffered a heart strain which resulted in a serious illness and from which he probably never recovered. From Southern France his wife wrote: —

HÔTEL D'ALBION, COSTEBELLE
Jan. 17, 1900

Your blessed letter of October 12th reached us in London just after William's break-down, when I was plunged into the deepest anxiety, and resolved not to let the family at home know of our deplorable situation. The very excellence of your letter, and the impossibility of writing you a free letter just then, kept me silent, for I thought each week that William *must* be better. But for many weeks the change seemed all in one direction till a month ago, when we took him to Lamb House [Henry James's home] really at the end of our resources. I will not dwell on the anxiety of those weeks. He did show faint signs of returning strength at Rye, where he spent hours sitting in the sunny garden covered with wraps.

Last Friday Henry came with us to

Dover, where we spent the night, and the next day in a comfortable sleeping car we journeyed hither. And he has borne the journey well, and is improving daily in this wonderful air. He is in the garden all the morning and then in an easy-chair on our balcony. I am wonderfully encouraged, and as I shrank from telling you the measure of my grief, so I am doubly eager to let you know that better days are come. It seems to me that in addition to the functional disturbance of his heart my husband has had a complete nervous break-down, which naturally has aggravated all the cardiac symptoms. As yet he can only walk five minutes at a time and people tire him, — in other words he is still very weak, — but he is gaining.

Before we left [Henry's home in] Rye we had a little visit from Royce, which we all enjoyed. You have no idea how *good* he looked as he got out of the carriage. William has been reading his book, little by little, with the keenest delight in its excellence. He exults in its existence as a credit to American philosophy, and an honour to our University — in his own words, 'an honour to Irving Street.'

At Nauheim, where William had taken a cure, the Jameses met a Pole who told them 'monstrous things of his unhappy land.' 'Poland,' Alice comments, 'seems to be a country all by itself, of amazing sorrows and wrongs. . . .' If William were well, she and he would like to go there together. She would like to understand 'why Poland has no middle class, only nobles and peasants. . . .' Here William comes from his perch on the balcony where he has been watching the wild sunset. 'We have lighted our lamp and our bit of olive-wood fire, and he says he wants to write to you himself, so I gladly hold the pen for him.' He dictated the following: —

Don't think that this is the first time that my spirit has turned towards you since our departure. Away back in Nauheim I began meaning to write to you, and although that meaning was 'fulfilled' long before you were born, in Royce's Absolute, yet there was a hitch about it — in the finite, which gave me perplexity. I think that the real reason why I kept finding myself able to dictate letters to other persons — not many, 't is true — and yet postponing ever until next time my letter unto you was that my sense of your value was so much greater than almost anyone else's — though I would n't have anything in this construed prejudicial to Fanny Morse! Bound as I am by the heaviest of matrimonial chains, even dependent for expression on an alien pen, how can my spirit move with perfect spontaneity or 'voice itself' with the careless freedom it would wish for in the channels of its choice? I am sure you understand, and under present conditions of communication anything more explicit might be imprudent. . . .

Our present situation is enviable enough. A large bedroom with a balcony high up on the vast hotel façade, a terrace below it gravelled with snow-white pebbles containing beds of palms and oranges and roses, below that a downward sloping garden full of plants and winding walks and seats, then a wide hillside continuing southward to the plain below, with its grey-green olive groves bordered by great salt marshes with salt works on them, shut in from the sea by two causeways which lead to a long rocky island, perhaps three miles away, that limits the middle of our view due south, and beyond which to the east and west appears the boundless Mediterranean. But delightful as this is there is no place like home; Otis Place is better than Languedoc and Irving Street than Provence. And I am sure, dear Bessie, that there is no maid, wife or widow in either of these countries that is half as good as you. But here I must absolutely stop, so with a good-night and a happy new year to you, I am as ever,

Affectionately your friend,

WILLIAM JAMES

On April 13 he again dictated: —

Your delightful letter of the 28th surprised us yesterday and I must individually send you one word of thanks before the day

goes by. It is awfully damaging to me to write letters, although I have just got off a tremendously long one *eigenhändig* to Fanny Morse. I have been on the point of writing to you over and over again since your last. . . .

You write delightfully about Royce; and happy is he to have so eager and appreciative a pupil! When shall I have one? After this, I can't have you, I fear. . . .

Good-bye, dear Bessie. I am getting much better as to nervous strength, and Alice is *very* well, and more of an angel than ever. In a month I shall know something authentic about the heart's condition and about our future program. Keep well! and busy!

Another letter of that year of exile was written from Rome on November 16 by Alice: —

You have been a saint and an angel to write us such splendid letters and I have not been ungrateful, if silent. Such a disturbed, bewildered, anxious summer trailing its uncertainties even to this place, where at last, thank Heaven, they are in full retreat. *For William is decidedly better and gaining all along the line, nerves, heart, ability to walk and to work.* So mysterious tawny Rome already seems like a friend, and we can look forward to being quiet for three months. . . .

I am glad that William has been away during election, for he takes the country's errors so to heart. Next year he will be stronger. You little know how we long to get home. It is a pity that I should be in Rome when there are so many students to whom it would be the chance of a life.

I love to think of you flitting about Cambridge and taking so triumphantly all those difficult courses in Philosophy. I heard Mr. Palmer give one lecture to his Annex class nearly twenty years ago and I have never forgotten it. How I longed to join that very class, and how I wish now that I had had the course! We generally rue the day when courage gives out. It seemed to me then that I had no right to take the time for anything so delightful. But Peggy shall do all the good things — and better than I. . . .

After a year in Europe, William's condition was sufficiently mended to allow his return to Cambridge. There follows another breach in our correspondence until February 27, 1905, when, referring to some scheme which had seemed great to me, but which had fallen flat, William wrote: —

Darling Bessie,

What a golden heart and headlong generosity you are possessed by! . . . If you won't let me repay you in truth (i.e. in radical empiricism) you will let me pluck you from Long Island [the Boston Almshouse], where your generosities will have landed you.

After explaining all the letters he had thought of writing and had not written during a long illness I had suffered, he said, 'You were there in the absolute — and would keep!'

In an undated letter he wrote from Chocorua: —

It is pleasant to be able to be all together under our own rooftree again, and I am glad to say that my health seems to be improving satisfactorily.

It seems strange to be out of communication with you, even by hearsay, for so long. Pray write, a p.c. if nothing else, and let us know how it goes with you. Will it be possible to have you here sometime? Our place and life seem more primitive than ever after the things we have been seeing abroad, *but our hearts are still affectionate,* so please say you will come. Date can be arranged later.

Alice sends her warmest love, and so do I.

And again in an undated letter from Cambridge, as William and his wife were preparing to get off on one of their many trips to Europe, he wrote: —

Good-bye at last! May we each be better, nobler, loftier, more worthy of the other's friendship than ever before, when next we meet. Each is meant to include

Alice, who has been living on a higher level than I ever knew her for the past month. Working fifteen hours a day *straight*, eating almost nothing, yet amiable to the last degree always. . . .

Lebewohl!

Yours — W. J.

V

William James in his appearance was the embodiment of youth to the end of his days. His figure, about five feet eight inches in height, was light and buoyant, so that he seemed to spring as he walked. He usually dressed in rough brown tweeds, often wore a Norfolk jacket, and looked like a sportsman rather than a professor. At Chocorua he wore knickerbockers.

His hospitality was unbounded, as was that of his wife. But in him it was joined to a nervous tension that made it sometimes uncertain in its expression. The story runs that on one occasion when they were having something of a party he dashed into the hall and, seizing a student found there, cried: 'This place is hell! Here is the way to escape' — and he thrust his guest out through the back door. Later the student was found searching for his hat. He had wanted to stay, he had explained, 'but Professor James seemed to want me to go.' Felix Frankfurter, a professor at the Harvard Law School, tells a somewhat similar story. When he was about to graduate from the Law School he went to call on Professor James, to be asked, 'What are you now going to do?' He said he was going to New York to practise law. 'Yes, you are like all the rest; you are going to New York to make money!' Mr. James answered, and the young man felt himself to be almost put out of the door. Did Mr. James's indignant words weigh with Felix when, after a few months in a big law office, he threw up private practice to act as an assistant prosecutor to Henry L. Stimson (now Secretary of State in President Hoover's cabinet) and presently to follow him into public service in Washington?

Alice James often told of evenings when her husband would exclaim, 'Are we *never* to have an evening alone? Must we always talk to people, every night?' And she would answer, 'I will see that whoever calls to-night is told that you are strictly engaged.' So they would settle down for their quiet evening. Presently the doorbell would ring and Alice would go to the entry, to make sure that her instructions were carried out; but close behind her would be William, exclaiming, 'Come in! Come right in!'

Their house at 95 Irving Street, Cambridge, was of New England architecture, with a gambrel roof and wood-colored shingles. It had a sizable entrance hall, and the biggest library I have ever seen, with books on all the walls up to the ceiling, an open fire almost always burning, a long writing desk, a window seat running across four windows, two sofas, one on either side of the fire, and easy-chairs in sufficient number to accommodate several groups of people. Beside the fireplace was an entrance into the parlor, and well can one see William frequently darting from his desk into the adjoining room to take part in his young people's fun, proving how entirely he was a man of two worlds.

Jessie Hodder tells that once when she was visiting the Jameses at Chocorua she was asked to read some French book aloud. As she was about to start, William silently slipped out of the room, and she, who is always sensitive to the moods of others, inferred that he was sparing himself the torture of presumably hearing the language mispronounced. But, walking to

and fro outside the windows, he apparently 'listened in,' and presently returned and took his place with the others. Later he asked whether she had learned French as a child, and expressed his surprise that one who had learned the language as an adult should have acquired the accent of a native.

In formal conversation William could never be counted on to take the lead. But on summer mornings such as those in Switzerland, with only my sister, myself, and Peggy at the table, — Alice would be busy upstairs with Tweedy, — he would pour out a stream of talk, German words and English run together, of a quality so human, so imaginative, and so unique that one could not seem to bear it that all the world was not present to hear.

On one occasion, returning from the Shanty, he stopped for a night at Major Henry L. Higginson's outlying summer home on Lake Champlain, where he encountered the friend with whom I had gone to Cuba, Miss Grace Minnes. They talked together, she addressing him as 'Professor' James. 'Oh, don't call me Professor!' he exclaimed. 'Why, what shall I call you?' she asked. 'Call me Percival!' was his characteristic answer, perhaps indicating in that romantic word the many people to whom his heart was open.

The following letter was obviously written by Percival, full as it is of a romantic desire simply to stretch out his hand to a friend across a continent, and equally full of pure fun.

BERKELEY, CAL.
Sept. 2, '98

DEAR ELIZABETH,

You will be surprised at hearing from me at this distance; but at intervals all through this summer I have had stirrings of romantic appreciation of your character (which character grows upon me more and more, and which I won't pretend to diagnosticate for your own self-elation) that have brought me to the verge of a letter to tell you of the same — for why, when we feel most friendly towards a person, should we stay as dumb as a Boston Back Bay Fish? — but the letter has each time been postponed till now. Yes! Elizabeth, there is that about you, a touch of — what shall I call it? — magnanimity, that makes the thought of your existence in the world and of your friendship and toleration very, very consoling and helpful when one is in certain sorts of spirits about one's self and life. I wish to say to you this, for it is literally true; but I will say no more, for you probably find this enough. Let the word give you one momentary gleam of egotistic pleasure — for you deserve one. . . .

I have been away for five weeks, which seem much more — seen much grand scenery, some good people, and a very interesting city and civilization. I have a fortnight more of it, but shall get off to Monterey by myself for a week, for the social giggle, innocent and good as it is, seems to be a sort of poison to me. I shall be tremendously glad to get back to Alice and the Brats, and all that 'home' means, and hope soon after to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile, dear Bessie, I am your faithful friend,

WM. JAMES

The next letter, written in a quite different style, shows that William could be tart as well as sweet. One of his many protégés was a person who wrote admirable syllogistic articles but who was apparently incapable of earning even a crust of bread, and who once at least called William back from a trip in Nova Scotia to give him the money saved by thus cutting short his stay. William spoke to me of this man's needs and I spoke of them to a friend, and together we chipped in. But something was evidently wrong with our giving, for William wrote: —

DEAR BESSIE,

I have received enough from *your* friends for P—— the unfortunate, so give yourself no more concern about him. I return with thanks Mrs. H——'s check,

which can now go to some other 'object.' Christ died for us *all* — *nicht wahr?* . . .

Thine truly,

WILLIAM JAMES

It may be added that William's wife finally intervened between 'P—— the unfortunate' and William's out-of-bounds generosity by recommending P—— to pick cranberries on the Cape as a means of relieving his wants — advice which gave him high displeasure. In a final letter to me on the subject, William quoted the views of certain philosophers who claimed that pity was a vice, to be exterminated along with its object. 'I believe that to be a lie,' he had commented. But he went on to say that the 'canalization of pity was an engineering feat' demanding great skill — and that this especial 'object' put a sore tax upon his patience.

Oh, his patience! Who ever had so vast a supply? Numberless struggling authors and students sought his counsel and his financial aid. And always they met with an appreciative hearing, and money paid out almost recklessly.

William James died on August 26, 1910. He had been in Europe for some months, suffering cruelly from deranged nervous functions. When finally it was decided that he had best return home, he and his wife and his brother Henry made the journey with an unexpected degree of comfort. 'Oh, how good it is to be at home!' he exclaimed when they reached Chocorua. Nevertheless, two days later he collapsed, and the end came quickly.

Jessie Hodder was staying at a nearby hotel. She heard that her friend since her early married days, the friend who used to speak of her husband as the most brilliant philosophic student he had ever known, lay dying, and she describes the great cloud that hung over the mountain as if it were a portentous sign of the passing of a Great Soul.

I read the news of William's death in the paper as I was traveling from Milwaukee to the LaFollettes' home in Madison. I felt as if it eclipsed the light of the sky. It seemed impossible — impossible that such a vital creature should be lying still and cold, to be covered in the silence of the grave from the eyes that delighted in him. His wife wrote me in her own characteristic vocabulary, bidding me 'think of William as I love to, free from pain, and full of the joy of life, his feet beautiful upon the mountains whence he bringeth good tidings.'

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE RUSSIAN SOUL

A PHASE OF SOVIET RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

ATHEISM has become almost a state creed in the 'Holy Russia' of the Tsars. Under the Constitution, the Soviet Government recognizes the two principles of freedom for all forms of religious faith and complete separation of Church and State. But renunciation of religious faith is a condition of membership in the ruling Communist Party and in its junior organization, the Union of Communist Youth; and no effort of agitation and propaganda is spared to wean away the peoples of the Soviet Union from all forms of religious practice. The uncompromising hostility of Communism toward religion was expressed by Lenin in the following terms: —

'Religion is one of the forms of spiritual oppression, lying everywhere on the masses of the people, who are oppressed by eternal work for others, need, and isolation. The helplessness of the exploited classes in their struggle with the exploiters just as inevitably generates faith in a better life beyond the grave as the helplessness of the savage in his struggle with nature produces faith in gods, devils, miracles, and so forth. To him who works and is poor all his life religion teaches passivity and patience in earthly life, consoling him with the hope of a heavenly reward. To those who live on the labor of others religion teaches benevolence in earthly life, offering them a very cheap justification for all their exploiting existence and selling tickets to heavenly happiness at a reduced price. Religion is opium for the people.'

Apart from this conception that religion serves to divert the masses from class war and class struggle, Communist opposition to it rests upon the unquestioned acceptance of Marxist materialism, which excludes the possibility of any supernatural or idealistic interpretation of the phenomena of life and nature. It should be emphasized that Communist hostility is directed impartially against all religions and not solely, or necessarily chiefly, against the Russian Orthodox Church. Lenin's widow, Nadyezhda Krupskaya, who is a prominent figure in the Soviet commissariat for Education, once declared that the sectarians (as dissenters from the Orthodox Church are called in Russia), by discarding superstitious practice and 'attempting to smuggle in the idea of God by contraband means,' represented a greater menace than the Orthodox believers. And this idea of Krupskaya's, voiced several years ago, is finding more and more support in Communist antireligious circles to-day.

This struggle for the Russian soul between the Communists, with their goal of a new society in which religion shall have no place, and the Orthodox Church, the sectarians, Orthodox Jews, and Mohammedans, each group offering

some special appeal to its own worshipers, is one of the most complicated and interesting of the psychological dramas which are being enacted in the Soviet Union to-day. The struggle is symbolized in one of the main squares of Moscow, where, on a brick building opposite the famous shrine of the Iberian Virgin, have been inscribed the words: 'Religion is opium for the people.'

In many a worker's home one can find similar evidences of this struggle. In one corner of the room the wife continues to burn candles before the traditional Russian icons, or carved images representing Jesus, the Virgin Mary, and scenes from the Bible and the lives of the saints. In another place the Communist husband has arranged his 'Lenin corner,' strikingly and suggestively similar to the icon corner in general idea, with the pictures of Lenin from childhood to death, portraits of other Communist leaders, and a few Communist books and pamphlets.

I once stood in a factory church which had been turned into a workers' club, and here again the substitution of new objects of reverence for old was very striking. Instead of pictures of the saints, pictures of Lenin and Stalin. Instead of verses from the Bible, texts from the writings of Marx and Lenin. Instead of the rich decorations of the typical Orthodox church, red streamers proclaiming that with Communism would come the final liberation of humanity.

An adherent of the Russian Church with whom I talked once said, 'The Communists say that religion is opium for the people. But we can say, with much more reason, that Communism is opium for the people.'

Certainly in Communism, as in every strong new idea, there is an element of boundless faith, rising sometimes almost to self-hypnotism. Trotzky, in one of his most eloquent orations, delivered in 1918, depicted the future paradise which religion promised to humanity, and then, in his peroration, urged his exhausted, hungry, enthusiastic working-class audience to go out and work and fight for the true paradise, 'the paradise in this world' which would come with the final victory of the Revolution.

Soviet and Communist policy in the field of religion, as in many other matters, has gone through several evolutionary stages, and it is by no means certain that the last stage has yet been reached. The first blows of the Revolution fell most heavily on the Orthodox Church, which was so closely bound up with the Tsarist system that it was almost bound to suffer materially, if not spiritually, by the violent overthrow of the latter.

Before the war the Orthodox Church had no real independence; the Tsar's will was as supreme there as it was in the State. The office of Patriarch, which existed in the mediæval Russian Church, was abolished by Peter the Great, and very great power in regulating ecclesiastical affairs was vested in a lay official, the Procurator of the Holy Synod. The Tsarist Government was very intolerant in its attitude toward dissenters from the Orthodox Church, of whom, notwithstanding the restrictions and persecutions to which they were subjected, there were a considerable number. The sects ranged in character from the Khlists, who indulged in promiscuous orgies as a form of religious exaltation, and the Skopts, who practised unnatural self-mutilation, to rationalistic sects like the Baptists and Evangelical Christians, which in doctrine were not far removed from European Protestantism.

That the Orthodox Church was seriously weakened as an independent spiritual factor by its close identification

with the Tsarist state system can scarcely be doubted. Attendance at church was largely mechanical, being strongly influenced by official and social pressure. The poorly paid and poorly educated village priests were often required to act as spies for the police. Perhaps the most striking commentary on the internal hollowness of Orthodoxy is furnished by the fact that Count Leo Tolstoy, certainly one of the greatest Christian personalities in Russian history, died an excommunicate because of his radical social views, while the incredibly dissolute Siberian monk, Rasputin, as a result of the hypnotic influence which he acquired over the hysterical Tsarina, was able to exert almost dictatorial influence in affairs of Church and State alike during the last years before the fall of the Romanov dynasty. (There is a suspicion that Rasputin was a Khlist; and his morals, if not his doctrines, certainly suggested the influence of that orgiastic sect.) This internal dry rot in the fabric of the Orthodox Church was an important contributory cause of its weakness in the post-revolutionary period.

II

The Provisional Government which held power during the period between the overthrow of the Tsar and the Bolshevist Revolution of November 1917 did not have time to formulate a definite and all-inclusive ecclesiastical policy. A Church Congress held in the autumn of 1917 revived the office of Patriarch, and elected the ecclesiastic Tikhon as its first occupant. The first blows of the Revolution fell on the Orthodox Church, rather than on the sectarians, who were, indeed, relieved from the disabilities under which they had suffered in pre-war times. Church property was included in the sweeping nationalization measures of the Soviet Government, and all state aid was withdrawn from the Church, which was made dependent upon the contributions of believers. Priests, monks, and ministers of all religions were disfranchised under the new Soviet Constitution; and the Soviet Government, besides eliminating religious instruction in the schools, passed a law prohibiting in general the giving of religious instruction to children under the age of eighteen in groups of more than three.

During the Russian civil war the hierarchy of the Orthodox Church and the majority of the priests, quite naturally, were counter-revolutionary in their sympathies. The victory of the Whites would have meant, most probably, the restoration of the Church in all its old pomp and circumstance. The Patriarch Tikhon in 1918 pronounced a solemn anathema against the Bolsheviki, and many ecclesiastics in territory occupied by the White armies showed moral and material sympathy for the counter-revolutionary cause. This provoked reprisals on the part of the Soviet authorities, and priests and bishops were not last among the categories of people who suffered under the Red Terror.

The conflict between the revolutionary State and the Orthodox Church reached its climax when the Soviet authorities in 1921 decided to requisition the treasures of the Church and sell them for purposes of famine relief. There was some passive and a little active resistance to the carrying out of this measure, and ecclesiastics who were implicated in this resistance were ruthlessly punished, some being shot and many exiled and imprisoned. The Patriarch Tikhon was placed under house arrest.

The situation was somewhat changed in 1922 by the emergence in the Church of a number of groups that advocated a break with Tikhon's policy of noncoöp-

eration with the Soviet Government and a reorganization of the Church on the basis of drastic changes in ritual, ecclesiastical structure, and social outlook. Space prevents a detailed review of the rise and fall of these groups, which ultimately merged into a single so-called Living Church organization, headed by a Synod, or council, and without the office of Patriarch. Many of the more conservative believers looked on this whole movement with considerable aversion and suspicion as a device promoted by the Soviet Government to split and weaken the Church, and very probably there was some ground for these suspicions.

Seeing the Church threatened with schism and recognizing the stability of the Soviet Government, Tikhon made a confession of past error and a declaration of loyalty to the Soviet régime in the spring of 1923. The legal proceedings against him were then quashed, and he lived during the remainder of his life in the Donskoy Monastery, in Moscow, honored as Patriarch by the majority of believers who did not adhere to the Living Church movement.

After Tikhon's death in the spring of 1925 it was impossible to elect another Patriarch, because so many bishops were in prison or had seceded to the Synod that a canonical quorum could not be secured. Moreover, the Soviet Government was not disposed to permit the holding of a church council for this purpose. One of Tikhon's intimate associates, Peter, by an informal process of selection was recognized as his successor. Peter was not sufficiently compliant, however, with certain demands of the Soviet authorities in regard to the repudiation and excommunication of representatives of the Church abroad who assumed an anti-Soviet attitude, and eventually he was banished. The present informal head of the former Tikhonite wing of the Orthodox Church, Sergei, has adopted a more conciliatory attitude and has been left unmolested up to the present time, although no leader of the Orthodox Church can hope to lead a very secure and unharassed existence in the Soviet Union to-day.

The Living Church has discarded about 90 per cent of its original proposed changes in doctrine and ritual, and is now severed from the Tikhonites largely as a result of personal differences among the leaders. The continued separation is doubtless regarded with favor by the Soviet Government, which prefers a weakened and divided to a united and strong Church. The nationality policy of the Soviet Government has helped to promote further disunion in the Orthodox ranks by encouraging the emergence of nationalist churches in Ukraina and Georgia, which dispute the field with the Tikhonites and the Living Church alike.

III

For some time after 1923 there were no striking new developments in the Communist policy on the religious question. Abandoning as tactless and fruitless such violent means of anti-religious agitation as the holding of processions in which sacred rites were parodied and the taking over of churches for clubs where this did not correspond with the will of a distinct majority of the local population, the Communists concentrated their attention upon educational antireligious propaganda. A society called the Union of the Godless took over the direction of this propaganda, issuing several magazines and sending organizers and lecturers all over the country to spread the doctrine of atheism.

In 1928, however, symptoms of a more active antireligious policy began

to appear. Had the Communists been obliged to reckon only with the Orthodox Church, they might have been willing to trust their cause to time and propaganda, because, while there are still enough believers to crowd the churches to overflowing on the great Russian holiday of Easter, attendance at church on ordinary Sundays shows a distinct diminution. The hold of the Orthodox Church on the peasantry has been severely shaken. After a fair amount of travel in Russian peasant districts I am convinced that the profound and overwhelming devotion to Orthodoxy attributed to the Russian peasant by some pre-war investigators was either greatly exaggerated or has diminished almost to the vanishing point since the Revolution. Although there is little direct antireligious propaganda among the peasants, I did not find a single peasant priest who did not admit a falling off in church attendance, especially among the youth, and who did not regard the future very pessimistically. True, the old customs of church weddings, burials, and christenings persist, but more from habit than from any accompanying sense of deep religious conviction. I was in a Don Cossack village (the last place where one would find active sympathy with Communist ideas on religion or anything else) on a religious holiday and found most of the male population standing about on the village green and debating the division of the village hay, quite oblivious of the church bells which were calling them to service. It is a curious and yet psychologically not incomprehensible fact that in the cities, where antireligious propaganda is much more widespread, the churches, as a rule, seem to be better attended.

As far back as 1926, Emilian Jaroslavsky, Secretary of the Control Committee of the Communist Party and perhaps the most active atheistic leader in Russia, told me that half the industrial workers had definitely broken with religion. The two million members of the Union of Communist Youth represent a fairly large proportion of the young workers and students and a fair sprinkling of peasant boys and girls. One might not be willing to vouch that no peasant Young Communist is married in a church, but certainly no young man or woman of strong or profound religious convictions would join a society which regards antireligious agitation as one of its most important functions.

But side by side with these evidences of a weakening of religion appeared another tendency, which has been giving more and more concern to the Communists and has finally led to the adoption of a more drastic and active antireligious policy. This was the steady growth of the sectarians, especially of the Baptists and Evangelical Christians.

It is asserted by Communist specialists in the antireligious movement that there are now almost a million registered members of sects, about treble the pre-war number. Counting in families and sympathizers, it is estimated that several million people are in the habit of attending the sectarian services.

There were several reasons for this growth. Having experienced no favor, but only persecution, from the Tsarist State, the sectarians were not adversely affected by its downfall. They were less vulnerable to attack on the ground of identification with the autocratic régime. The war and the Revolution, coming in rapid succession, shook the traditional faith of the Russian people to its base. Many became indifferent or joined the ranks of the convinced atheists; but many more came into the state of wavering and

doubt which is psychologically most favorable to apostles of a new faith. And the sectarians developed a far-flung missionary activity, of which the following note in the *Baptist*, organ of the Federative Baptists of the Soviet Union, is typical: —

> Y. Y. Vins, who was invited to work by the whole Far Eastern brotherhood of Baptists, went enthusiastically about his tasks. All felt and saw with their eyes that the cause was in experienced hands. Brother Vins carried out a complete reorganization of the local department of the All-Russian Union of Baptists, carried out reforms which were very beneficial to the brotherhood and to the Cause of God, and in general correctly organized the evangelization activity.
>
> After stubborn, sometimes very difficult work, with the help of certain brethren, and, most of all, with the help of God, Y. Y. Vins achieved good results. Now in the Far East are counted hundreds of societies and groups and thousands of members.

In the same number of the *Baptist* were printed group pictures of the orchestra of the Baptist society in Blagovyeshchensk, in Siberia, and the Baptist choir in Slavgorod, a remote Siberian town. The sectarians began to develop a network of clubs, recreation circles, mutual aid societies, and artels, or groups for coöperative labor. All this activity did not go unnoticed in the Soviet press, where it was treated as unpleasantly successful competition with the organizing efforts of the Communist Party and the Union of Communist Youth. So a writer in the newspaper, *Trud*, of February 17, 1929, prefacing his article with the observation that 'in a number of workers' regions ripen the poisonous and disgraceful fruits of the activity of priests and ministers in the shape of new churches and prayer houses,' states that in such widely separated towns as Polotsk, on the western frontier, and Vladivostok, the chief Russian port on the Pacific, the Baptists are opening meeting-houses and clubs and developing propaganda among the workers. Even in such a revolutionary proletarian centre as Leningrad, sectarian religious agitation in workers' districts elicited much unfavorable notice.

Several blows fell on the Baptists during the winter of 1928–1929. A group of some sixteen Baptists, Russian emigrants who had been trained in a Baptist seminary in Philadelphia, in America, and had returned to Russia in some irregular fashion in 1920 or 1921, were arrested in White Russia, where they maintained a coöperative farm, and charged with counter-revolutionary agitation. Shortly afterward a man named Shevchuk, alleged to be in the confidence of the Baptist communities in Ukraina, where this sect is especially strong, was arrested on the Soviet-Polish border, accused of espionage and plying a contraband trade. In the spring of 1929 the Baptist training college in Moscow found itself obliged, at least temporarily, to suspend activities, although at the time of writing I do not know whether or not it has been definitely and permanently closed.

More important than these minor episodes was the new law regulating the activities of religious organizations in the Soviet Union, promulgated in the latter part of April, 1929. Two or three provisions of this law strike at the very heart of two main aspects of sectarian activity, the sending out of missionary propagandists from central headquarters and the extension of church activity into educational, recreational, and benevolent fields. Paragraph 19 of the law provides that 'the region of activity of ministers of cults, religious preachers, messengers, and so forth, is limited to the place of residence of the religious unit which they serve and the

place of existence of the corresponding house of worship.' This is pretty definitely aimed at itinerant preachers and missionaries.

Under paragraph 17 of the law, religious organizations are forbidden: '(*a*) to create mutual aid funds, coöperatives, productive societies, and, in general, to use the property in their possession for any ends except the satisfaction of religious needs; (*b*) to render material support to their members; (*c*) to organize special meetings for children, young people, women, and for prayer, and in general to organize meetings, groups, courses, departments, and so forth, for Bible study, literature, manual training, and education in religion, and also to arrange excursions and children's parks, to open libraries and reading rooms, to organize sanatoria and medical aid. . . . In buildings and houses of worship may be kept only books which are necessary for the observance of the given cult.'

The Communist State is a jealous State. It desires to maintain a monopoly of education, social welfare work, literary and recreational training. It does not wish to see sectarian or Orthodox clubs, coöperatives, reading rooms, and similar institutions developing to a point where they may win away souls from the teachings of Marx and Lenin.

IV

Another indication of the new, more active antireligious policy of the Communist Party is the movement to make the schools of the country not only areligious, as they have been ever since the Revolution, but definitely antireligious in teaching. The Commissar for Education, Anatole Lunacharsky, published in *Pravda* of March 26 an article entitled 'The Antireligious Struggle in the School,' the general purport of which is sufficiently visible from the following sentence: —

> Theatres, concerts, moving pictures, radio, visits to museums, richly illustrated scientific and especially antireligious lectures, well-arranged periodical and nonperiodical children's literature — all this must be set in motion, developed, completed, or created for the great objective of most quickly transforming the whole growing generation into an absolutely atheistic one.

Mr. Lunacharsky addresses the following significant warning to religious teachers, whom he estimates at 30 or 40 per cent of the total number of Soviet pedagogues: —

> The believing teacher in the Soviet school is an awkward contradiction, and departments of popular education are bound to use every opportunity to replace such teachers with new ones, of antireligious sentiments.

In conformity with this tendency a number of children's parades and demonstrations against religion have been organized in the larger Russian centres. Such demonstrations usually couple drink and religion as enemies of socialism. In the Communist mind the connection between alcoholism and religion is apparently very close, and the two are usually bracketed together in the speeches of Communist leaders. Orthodox holidays are invariably turned into gigantic drinking bouts, but the sectarians, as a general rule, preach total abstinence. In a textile factory I found that the head of the local Union of the Godless was also the president of the factory Anti-alcohol Society. He seemed to feel that the workers parted with their religious convictions more easily than with their drink, remarking regretfully that in the factory settlement of some seven thousand workers it was difficult to find a president of the Anti-alcohol Society who could be

trusted to remain sober on all occasions.

A number of other evidences of the strengthened antireligious policy may be noted. Articles have appeared in the press urging the printers to boycott religious literature by refusing to print it. (About a score of religious publications are permitted in the Soviet Union. They appear, usually, once a month or less frequently, and are restricted by the Glavlit, the central organ of censorship, to a few thousand copies at the most for each issue.) There is also an agitation against the leasing of municipalized houses to religious bodies for purposes of worship, and I have heard that private people who lease houses to such bodies are sometimes subjected to so much hostile pressure from the authorities that they find it inadvisable to continue the practice. This affects the sectarians much more than it does the Orthodox Church, which is still well provided with houses of worship. The Baptists, for instance, have 400 chapels of their own, 800 which are leased, and 3800 places of worship in private quarters.

The tendency to close churches, usually turning them into clubs, schools, or other public buildings, is gaining in momentum. During 1927, 17 churches, 34 monasteries, 14 synagogues, and 9 mosques were closed; in 1928 the figures were appreciably higher, rising to 359 churches, 48 monasteries, 59 synagogues, and 38 mosques. Only a small fraction of the churches and other houses of worship have been closed, however, since it is estimated that there are 50,000 functioning churches in the Soviet Union. Such closings are not supposed to be carried out by purely administrative authority, but only after the local 'toilers' have expressed their will on the question. It is unlikely, however, that all of these sequestrations correspond with the wishes and feelings of the congregations affected.

V

During the early part of 1929, I attempted to gain some further knowledge of the situation on what the Communists like to call the 'antireligious front,' through a series of visits to the headquarters of the Union of the Godless, the Baptists, and the Living Church wing of the Orthodox Church. The high dignitaries of the Tikhonite wing, for prudential reasons, are not disposed to talk with foreigners.

I had paid a visit to the Union of the Godless in 1926 and was impressed by the evidence of increased activity on the part of this organization. It had moved into new and larger quarters; typewriters were clicking; bundles of the society's publication, *Byezbozhnik*, or *Godless*, were being prepared for the post.

My informant, a tall young man who spoke with the ardor of a convinced Young Communist, summed up his point of view as follows: —

'Our society has more than doubled during the last year and now counts 600,000 members, organized in 12,000 branches, which work in factories, offices, and villages. Our agitation varies, depending upon the form of religion which we are combating and the class of the population among whom we are working. Our most dangerous enemies are the sectarians, because they have done away with the more silly ritualistic practices. However, their growth has been stopped recently.

'Among the peasants we emphasize the laws of natural science, and show that thunder and lightning and hail are not supernatural or mysterious phenomena. Our village branches are supposed to cultivate garden plots, in order to demonstrate that good crops

come not from prayer, but from observing the rules of scientific agriculture. Among the workers we emphasize more the class character of religion as an instrument of capitalist enslavement. We publish a weekly journal, the *Godless*, with a circulation of 170,000, a biweekly magazine with 80,000 readers, and another journal, the *Antireligious Worker*, less popular in character and designed for our agitators, with a circulation of 20,000. We also arrange lectures and have issued twenty antireligious moving pictures. We have just now opened a central antireligious museum.'

A visit to this museum, which is in the former famous Strastnoi Monastery, in the heart of Moscow, revealed an emphasis on two points: the alleged common origin of religions, illustrated by pictures and illustrations of various ancient myths and legends, and the identification of the Orthodox Church with the Tsarist system, driven home by exhibitions of manuscripts, figures about the wealth that churches and monasteries received from the Imperial family and the nobility, and so forth.

Glancing through a specimen copy of the propagandist magazine, the *Godless*, one first noted an account of the alleged anti-Communist activity of priests, in league with the *kulaks*, or rich peasants, at the Soviet elections. There was a harrowing story about the 'icon of death,' which people persisted in kissing, despite the risk of infection, during the great Moscow plague of 1771. A cartoon pilloried two enormously fat kulaks as 'the support of the Church Council.' As a light touch the magazine included a cross-picture puzzle, a series of pictures which, when fitted together, would point an atheistic moral. Violently hostile articles about the Salvation Army and the Russian sectarian groups in Odessa and portraits of priests participating in the funeral services for the former Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevitch filled out the magazine.

The Baptist headquarters was in the building of their seminary for preachers, which at the time of my visit had not been closed. Sixty-three 'brothers' and nine 'sisters' were studying there. One gained the impression of a religious sect that had grown spontaneously out of the masses of the people; the pictures of pioneer Russian Baptists which hung on the walls represented a collection of typical bearded peasant faces.

The spokesman for the society declared that 95 per cent of the Russian Baptists were peasants and most of the remainder workers, the society having made special progress among the miners of the Donetz Basin. In general the doctrine of the Baptists, like that of another large sect which very much resembles them, the Evangelical Christians, is quite similar to that of conservative evangelical Protestantism, being based on literal acceptance of the Bible. Baptist teaching is against smoking and drinking, against attending moving-picture and theatrical performances, although concerts are regarded as allowable and moving-picture representations of sacred scenes are sometimes given in churches.

The Baptists reckon 200,000 members and about 1,000,000 friends and sympathizers, counting in the families of the members. They are especially strong in the Ukrainian peasant villages. Their monthly magazine, the *Baptist*, was first printed in 7000 copies; now this number has been cut down to 4000. At one time they were granted permission to print 25,000 Bibles; later this number was reduced to 2500, and the carrying out of the whole order seemed to be in doubt. The Baptists maintain mutual aid funds to help their needy members. Their educational and

recreational activities, even before the promulgation of the new law regulating religious organizations, had been stopped by administrative order, and they complained that they experienced great difficulty in leasing buildings for worship and that many of their rank-and-file members, besides their preachers, who are elected by their congregations, had been disfranchised.

Notwithstanding this atmosphere of actual and threatened repression, I carried away from the Baptist headquarters the same impression of fresh young strength that I have acquired in contact with sectarians in the villages. Unspoiled by prosperity, the Russian sectarians have many of the qualities of faith, charitableness, and brotherly good will which one is apt to attribute to the early Christians. I shall not soon forget the impressive reply of a Ukrainian peasant lad who had just returned home from a term in prison for refusing to serve in the Red Army. I asked him whether he had the right to refuse to serve, meaning to inquire whether Baptists in general were freed from the obligation of bearing arms. (A few very small traditionally pacifist sects are exempted from bearing arms under Soviet law, but the Baptists are not one of these groups, I have since found. Probably with a view to averting friction with the authorities, the Baptists, in a national congress, decided to leave the question of bearing arms to the consciences of their individual members. The Baptist with whom I talked in the seminary declared that a considerable number of the younger members of the sect had conceived such an abhorrence for war that they were willing to endure any penalties rather than serve in the Army.)

The lad interpreted my question as a challenge to his action, and replied, with a firm earnestness of conviction, quite equal to what one comes in Russia to associate with the more sincere and devoted Communists: —

'Of course, on the basis of the Word of God, I had the right to refuse to learn how to kill.'

Most probably the Union of the Godless is correct in regarding such people as its most dangerous ideological enemies.

One found little of the eager faith and hope of the Baptists in the magnificent ecclesiastical mansion which somehow escaped nationalization and serves as the headquarters of the Most Holy Synod, as the directing board of the Living Church wing of the Orthodox Church is called. I had been promised an interview with the head of the Synod, Alexander Vedensky, one of the leading intellectuals in the movement against the Patriarch Tikhon, but as Vedensky was suffering from one of his chronic fits of heart trouble I talked instead with a professor of theology. He declared that in dogma and ritual there were practically no differences between the two wings of the Orthodox Church. The Synod has introduced an innovation in permitting bishops to marry (Russian priests have always been allowed to marry) and desires to replace Old Slavonic in the church service with Russian.

'We are in favor of church reunion,' declared the professor, 'but the Tikhonites are stubborn and carrying on an agitation against us, spreading rumors that our icons are not holy and will not work miracles. We hold about 35 per cent of the churches in the country. Our chief strength is in Leningrad and in the Kuban, and we are weakest here in Moscow.'

The professor admitted that there had been a considerable exodus from the Church since the Revolution, some former believers giving up faith altogether, while others joined the ranks of

the sectarians, whose number he estimated at several millions. While the Soviet Government is not inclined as a rule to show special favor to any religion, the Synod enjoys two privileges which are denied to the more conservative Tikhonites: to maintain theological seminaries, of which there are two, one in Leningrad and one in Moscow, and to issue a publication, the *Messenger of the Most Holy Synod*, which is filled with theological articles and polemical attacks on the Tikhonites and the sectarians.

VI

I have devoted most of this article to a consideration of the position of the Christian religion because most Russians adhered to it in pre-revolutionary times and the Communist campaign has naturally been largely concentrated against it. Neither of the two largest non-Christian faiths in the Soviet Union, the Mohammedan and the Jewish, however, has escaped its share of the attack. Mohammedanism is a regulated system of life, rather than an intellectual creed; and anti-religious propaganda in the Mohammedan centres of Central Asia and the Caucasus, the Crimea and the Volga Tartar Republic, is inextricably bound up with the Soviet effort to remould its Asiatic population along more modern lines. Cautious at first about offending the traditional habits of the Mohammedan peoples, the central and local Communist organizations, as the Soviet power has become more firmly established, have taken bolder and bolder steps in this direction. The number of murders of women who have discarded the veil indicates that there is still a strong psychology of resistance in the Soviet East, and that the mullahs, or Mohammedan priests, still retain substantial influence, at least in some places.

While Russian Orthodox Judaism has never been actively counter-revolutionary in the sense that many bishops and priests of the Russian Orthodox Church were counter-revolutionary (the threatening spectre of pogroms was sufficient to keep even the most conservative Jews, as a general rule, from desiring or working for the violent overthrow of the Soviet régime), Judaism is also 'opium for the people' in the eyes of the Communists, and is exposed to much the same forms of hostile agitation and pressure. Almost simultaneously with the closing of the Baptist seminary in Moscow a Jewish rabbinical seminary which had existed semilegally in Vitebsk Province was shut down. Jewish Communists are most active in urging their co-racialists to forsake religious practices, and synagogues, like churches, have been turned into workers' clubs. The general effect of this on Jews and Russian Christians has apparently been very similar: the lukewarm and indifferent fall off, but those who remain loyal are strengthened and deepened in their faith.

How will it end, this first conscious effort to make a large nation atheistic, this struggle for the Russian soul, or, as the Communists deny the existence of either personal or national souls, this struggle for the moulding of Russian thought and character?

In my opinion the issue depends largely upon how far religion is the product of such mechanical influences as habit, authority, tradition, early training, and how far it is a spontaneous psychological and spiritual need of human nature.

Obviously, so long as the Communist policy toward religion remains unchanged (and there is no reason to anticipate any abatement of the fundamental hostility, although there may be alternations of mildness and severity

of method), religion will have no external basis of support. The influences of State, school, and society, which in other countries are generally either favorable to religion or at least neutral, will be cast solidly against it.

But so far as religion is a matter of mature individual faith it will quite probably be strengthened rather than weakened by the period of trial and official disfavor through which it is passing. The Russian philosopher Soloviev described his countrymen as a 'God-seeking people.' And it will not be surprising if among those who turn away from the promised Communist 'paradise in this world' old religious tendencies, both mystical and rationalistic, will be strengthened and new ones will arise.

OLD AGE ON THE BALANCE SHEET

BY M. B. FOLSOM

I

INDUSTRIAL concerns throughout the United States are giving increasing attention to the subject of pensions for employees who have grown old in their service.

A number of theories have been advanced as justification for the employer's granting a retirement annuity. One theory is that a pension is a deferred wage, and that money expended for pensions comes out of funds available for compensation of labor and is, in effect, merely a part of the wages which might have been paid the worker during his productive years. This theory does not hold, for the simple reason that an employer does not have to pay pensions in order to procure and hold a labor force. Neither is the theory sound that a pension is a gratuity or reward for long service. The theory which is being advanced now by most students of the subject, and which seems to be sound, is that a pension plan is a direct aid to the management in keeping up efficiency and in lowering costs, and that it is therefore a legitimate business expense.

That a pension plan is needed is indicated by the fact that a large number of companies that have been in business for twenty or twenty-five years have introduced pension plans. In a recent study made by the Industrial Relations Counselors, Incorporated, record was obtained of 355 companies, exclusive of railroads, which had inaugurated some kind of pension plan.

The principal reason why organizations have adopted pension plans is that many employees reach retirement age without an appreciable amount of independent reliable income. While the proportion of persons reaching old age in poverty has been exaggerated in many statements and advertisements, it is true that many reach retirement age without sufficient income to support themselves. The most reliable statistics available on the subject are the results of an investigation recently made by the National Civic Federation of approximately

14,000 persons sixty-five years of age and older, living in certain industrial cities of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, and of a similar study made of 17,350 persons of like age by the Pension Commission of Massachusetts.

An analysis of the combined results of the two investigations — based upon interviews with approximately 31,000 persons sixty-five years of age and older — showed that 42 per cent of these persons owned property to the value of $5000 or more, 13 per cent owned property worth between $5000 and $2000, 15 per cent owned property worth less than $2000, and 30 per cent owned no property at all. They indicated that 56 per cent either possessed property to the value of $5000 or more or had an annual income of at least $1000. Some of the conclusions of the report of the National Civic Federation are given: —

> This country has furnished the opportunity to persons with individual initiative to care for themselves, and the majority of our aged have succeeded either in accumulating enough or in being able to earn enough not to be dependent.
>
> Labor is not so mobile but that a general adoption of a standard pension system in industry and commerce would produce substantial benefits to a high percentage of employees.
>
> Nearly 40 per cent stated that they had been with the same employer twenty-five years or more. There is hardly a table in the report which does not contribute some point in the argument that a large proportion of those workers who are in danger of becoming dependent could be cared for in the future if industry generally should adopt a definite policy for retirement annuities and for providing light employment for the workers of failing strength.

This report indicates that, although there has been distinct progress toward the elimination of dependency of workers reaching old age, nevertheless industry should adopt some plan to provide for those who would otherwise be dependent in whole or in part upon others for support.

II

Without provision for the retirement of employees, an employer confronted with the discharge of an employee who has given long service and who does not have sufficient means for sustenance does not discharge the employee, but keeps him on the force. As a result, there is a pension cost which is not recognized as such. Large companies are, therefore, considering it better policy to retire such a man and replace him by an abler employee. Removing the older man who is no longer able to produce makes way for younger people and has a stimulating effect upon the whole organization. Employers all feel that, up to the age of declining strength, long-time service on the part of many employees is a business asset. An organization which takes adequate care of its superannuated people appeals to the workers. A well-established pension plan undoubtedly serves to attract employees, even at younger ages, who are of a more stable nature, and to that extent affects turnover and the general character of the working force. The reputation of an employer in a community is enhanced by the fair treatment of the older employees, and this is a definite business advantage.

Many students feel that state pensions are bound to come, while others think that if a pension plan is adopted by industry generally the state-pension plan can be avoided. Six states — Montana, Nevada, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Colorado, and Maryland — have already adopted straight old-age pension laws. There is agitation in a number of states for the passage of a 'Standard Bill' which is advocated by

the American Association for Labor Legislation. This bill is a very modest proposal that a citizen of seventy years or upward who has resided continuously for fifteen years in the state shall, if the value of the applicant's property does not exceed $3000, be entitled to a pension which, when added to other income, shall not exceed a total of one dollar a day. This bill offers a small pension; but, once such pension laws are enacted, the rates will probably increase.

Such a pension by the state, with poverty as a qualification, is really only a substitute for the poorhouses, and would not solve the pension problem of industrial concerns. On the other hand, a compulsory contributory system, such as has been tried in some South American countries, might easily become burdensome to industry. Almost all government schemes are more costly than others because of the inefficiency of operation.

Many companies have started to retire employees without any definite pension plan, handling each individual case on its merits. The experience in such cases has been that, when the number of people retired increased as the company grew in size, a definite pension plan was developed. There is little argument as to the advantages to a company of having a definite plan, from the point of view of both employee and employer. The employee knows what he may expect, and the employer can use the pension plan to retire those employees who have become disabled through age or ill health.

Most pension plans in this country are dealt with as supplementary pay roll, and the pension expenses are charged to operating costs as they are paid. Annual pension expenditures have increased steadily, — in some cases in a startling manner, — and so heavy have these payments become that some nonfunded plans have been either reduced or abandoned. The following table showing the pension expenditures made by the United States Steel Corporation since 1911 illustrates the tendency of pension expenditures to increase: —

1911	$281,000	1924	$1,684,000
1917	712,000	1925	2,069,000
1921	948,000	1926	2,538,000
1922	1,267,000	1927	3,013,000
1923	1,448,000	1928	3,488,000

The Pennsylvania Railroad pension payments increased from $300,000 in 1900 to $6,083,000 in 1928. Wage increases and increases in the force account for part of this rapid growth; but the principal cause of the increased payments is inherent in the pension system itself.

The cause of rapid increase can be easily understood by considering an organization which has shown no growth in number of employees for a long period of years. In such an organization a fairly uniform number of employees might be expected to reach retirement age year by year. It is evident that the payments of pensions granted each year must be added to the amount paid on pensions granted in previous years. Not until the annual amount of pensions discontinued on account of death among the pensioners equals the annual amount of new pensions granted will a maximum annual cost be reached. This will probably take twenty-five years after payment has begun on the first pensions. If, however, the organization is one that has been growing over a long period of years, the number of persons reaching pension age increases more or less steadily, with the result that the annual cost rises more rapidly and the time of maximum cost recedes into the future probably forty or fifty years. In fact, the day may come when the annual pension

expenditures represent a very large percentage of the annual pay roll.

III

Many companies which established pension plans years ago are now facing the problem of how to meet the increasing pension payments. Funds which were set aside to provide for pensions and were originally sufficient are now found to be inadequate. Very few of the pension plans in existence among industrial companies to-day are on a sound actuarial basis, and the companies must begin setting aside an additional amount each year to take care of the accrued liabilities or they will soon face an almost prohibitive increase in the pension costs. The following is quoted from an article appearing in the *Monthly Labor Review* of the Department of Labor: —

> It is evident that the majority of plans dealt with in this discussion (all private industrial pensions) are on a thoroughly unsound basis. They are meeting present liabilities, but making no attempt to provide for the heavy expenses which must eventually be faced.
>
> Most of the employers undoubtedly have every intention of meeting pension claims honorably and fully, but in this matter intentions are a poor substitute for investments. 'As far as the employees are concerned, and from any sound financial and actuarial point of view, these plans are hopelessly insolvent.'

Many of the larger companies have begun to realize the probable increase in their pension payments and have taken steps to put their plans on a funded basis.

There are several ways in which a plan can be funded. A fund may be set up, the income from which will be expected to be sufficient to pay pensions. Instead of setting up a large reserve at once, a definite percentage of the pay roll may be added to the fund each year to accumulate an amount sufficient to carry the pensions over the 'peak' to be reached in the future.

The more scientific method is to take care each year of the pension liabilities accruing during the year on account of employees on the active pay roll. This method is called the 'group annuity plan.' While this plan is of comparatively recent origin, a number of companies have adopted it. Some of those companies are the Western Clock Company, Cleveland Railway Company, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York Stock Exchange, St. Joseph Lead Company. The most recent adherent of the group annuity plan is the Eastman Kodak Company, which had an accrued liability of $6,500,000.

Under the annuity plan the employer puts up during each year of the employee's term of service an amount of money sufficient to provide him with a certain annuity payable at retirement age. This sum is either set aside in a fund administered by trustees appointed by the company or turned over to an insurance company. The company has no recourse to this fund, and a man is entitled to the stated annuity when he reaches retirement age. The next year, and each year following, the employer puts up an additional amount. Although the employer intends to put money into the fund or make payments to the insurance company each year to add to the annuities, he is not legally bound to do so, and he can omit payments in any year. If payments are omitted, he can make them good in later years. Furthermore, he can either increase or decrease the amount which he puts up to provide for the annuities. In any case, despite possible changes in payments, pension-earning employees

are assured of the benefits of all sums that have been paid into the fund.

The principle underlying the group annuity plan is that a certain liability as to pensions accrues each year and that a charge should be made against that year's operating costs to cover this liability. The liability can be set up on the books and payment made later, but the concern which makes its charge and pays for it at the same time is in a better position than the concern which merely makes a charge.

If a company started this plan when it was first organized, liberal retirement annuities could be provided for all employees without a very heavy cost to the employer, owing to the accretions on account of compound interest and savings from mortalities and withdrawals. But if a company has been in existence for some time prior to the initiation of a pension plan, there is an accrued liability, owing to the fact that employees are already reaching retirement age and no reserve has been set up for their past service. The annuity which would be provided for the older employees from year to year would not be enough to give them sufficient retirement benefit because of the short period of employment they have left in which to accumulate an annuity principal.

Hence, in a company which has been organized for some time, it is necessary to take care of the accrued liability. Otherwise, provision would not be made for the very people for whom the plan is inaugurated — the men who are now approaching retirement age. Where a company has been organized for a long time, the accrued liability is quite an appreciable item. This has been the real obstacle to the inauguration of a financially sound retirement plan by many companies; but it can be met by spreading the accrued liability over a period of years.

Many companies which have adopted the annuity plan set aside a sufficient amount each year to provide an annuity of 2 per cent of the annual salary. By the time an employee has reached retirement age, which is usually sixty-five for men and sixty for women, there will have been accumulated for him an annuity equal to 2 per cent of his entire salary during his period of employment. For an employee of, say, thirty-five years' service this would represent an annuity of 70 per cent of his average annual salary. In setting up the accrued liability, it is customary to provide for an annuity equal to 1 per cent of an employee's present annual salary multiplied by his years of past service. Because of the big increase in wages since the war, 1 per cent of the present pay might, in the case of a person of long service, equal $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent or $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the average pay during the entire period of employment.

Many of the older pension plans which are in existence base the amount of the pension on a certain percentage of the final salary or the average salary during the last ten years of employment. This feature is not desirable for a pension plan on an actuarial basis, because it is impossible accurately to predict what the final salary or the salary during the last ten years of employment is going to be.

There are many advantages in the annuity plan. The employer knows that he is taking care of his pension problem, and he knows in advance what liability he is assuming. The employer provides each year for the liability accruing in that year. Each year is a closed book. If for any reason the plan should have to be discontinued, the employee would get the benefit from the amount which the employer had already set aside. Later the employer might decide to make up for the years in which payments were

discontinued. Of course, an employer entering upon this plan should be reasonably sure that he will continue to make the payments each year; but it is always stated that the employer is under no legal obligation to continue these payments.

The only uncertain factor is the turnover of employees in the future. If the turnover is conservatively estimated, the employer is sure he has covered his pension liability, and, if the turnover should be higher than estimated, credits would be given on the current payments each year.

So far as the employee is concerned, he has definite knowledge of the annuity which he can expect, and he knows that the amount which has already been paid for cannot be withdrawn. He knows that everyone is put on the same basis, the percentage and the length of service applying to each person in accordance with his salary. It is easy for the employee to calculate what his pension will be.

IV

Most of the plans which are now in existence are noncontributory, with the employer paying all the cost; but there is a distinct tendency now toward the contributory plan. This type of plan has two advantages. More adequate benefits are possible without making the cost too burdensome to the employer; and the participation of the employees ensures their cooperation and active interest.

It has been found in practice that, where an employer provides a certain pension and the option is given to the employees of taking an additional pension, very few of them will come in unless the employer offers some inducement. The older employees are willing to come in, but the amount of the annuity which they can buy with a certain deduction from their pay is much less than what the younger employees could buy. The younger employee is not particularly interested in pensions. In order to encourage contribution by employees, the employer generally gives a certain minimum annuity and will give an additional one if the employee will agree to a deduction from his salary toward the purchase of an annuity for himself. This means, of course, not a reduction in the wages the employer has to pay, but that the wage deduction is paid to the insurance company or the pension fund instead of to the employee.

Another way in which employees have been induced to contribute toward their pension cost is by tying the pension up with other features, such as life insurance, disability insurance, and health insurance, and having the employee contribute a certain percentage of his salary — say 3 or 5 per cent — toward the cost of all these benefits. This plan, called the 'package plan,' has succeeded well in a number of cases where it has been tried, because almost any employee is interested in some one feature. While the younger employees, and girls in particular, might not be interested in the retirement annuity, they would be interested in life insurance or sickness benefit.

Fundamentally a contributory plan seems to be sounder than a noncontributory plan. The contributory plan also takes care of the very difficult problem of the employee who leaves before retirement age. Under this plan the employee will get back with or without interest the amount which he has contributed toward his individual annuity. He could take the refund either in the form of cash or in the form of a paid-up annuity.

In most plans which are not contributory the employee who leaves

before reaching retirement age does not get anything, as the employer pays the entire cost and has instituted the pension plan only for the employees who reach retirement age with the company. Some companies, however, have adopted the policy of giving the pension outright to employees after they have served, say, twenty or twenty-five years, even should they later leave the employment of the company before reaching retirement age.

V

Assuming that a company decides to set up reserves to cover pension liabilities, the question immediately arises as to whether these reserves should be set up on the books of the corporation, placed in a separate trust fund, or given to an insurance company.

One of the principal purposes in setting up reserves for pensions is that the money set aside shall be used for pensions and nothing else. If the reserve is simply set aside on the books of the corporation, there will always be the danger of having the reserve used for other purposes by the management in the future. A pension plan for an average employee thirty-five years of age who retires at sixty-five and lives, say, twelve years on pension involves forty-two years, which is a very long time in business. During this time there will be many changes in business conditions, ownership, management, profits, and so forth. If a sound, safe pension plan is desired, it seems well established that this cannot be achieved by setting up a reserve on the books of the corporation.

The question resolves itself, therefore, into whether it would be better to turn the money over to trustees with the provision that it could be used for no other purpose than the pension, or whether the money should be turned over to an insurance company.

A pension fund would increase rather rapidly during the first few years while the reserves were being built up, and payments into the fund would greatly exceed the amount being paid out to pensioners. The fund would probably increase for fifteen or twenty years and would not become stabilized until the payments to pensioners equaled the liability incurred each year for future pensioners. While the management in the future could not divert any of the money set aside in this fund from the purpose for which it was intended, they could cease to make appropriations annually for it. If this were done, no difficulties would develop right away; but in future years the fund would be on an unsound basis, and it would become necessary either to curtail the pensions or to set aside additional appropriations.

The investment of the assets would require considerable work on the part of someone in close touch with the investment field. If an ultraconservative policy were adopted for the investment of the funds, as would probably be the case, the yield would be low as compared with the yield on the investments of an insurance company.

The arguments generally advanced in favor of a self-insured plan are that the employer would like to keep in touch with the pensioners direct instead of through an outside agency; that the cost of administration is less than that charged by the insurance company; and that the insurance company must make some money from the transaction or it would not be in the business, and this profit to the insurance company is a cost the employer can save.

It is a debatable question whether the cost of administering a self-insured

plan is less than the overhead charged by insurance companies. The overhead expenses of some self-insured plans in England of which we have record are higher than the overhead charged by insurance companies. The insurance companies maintain that they are expert in this field and that, because of the large number of transactions which they handle and the large number of policies in force, they can do the administrative work at a lower cost per item than can an individual company dealing with a relatively small number.

There are other arguments advanced in favor of turning over the money to an insurance company. Only a very large industry would have enough pensioners to obtain the average life expectancy required for annuity rates. The insurance company guarantees the rates for the working lifetime of persons coming under the contract. It also guarantees the safety of the principal sum, a certain minimum return on the principal, and a certain maximum charge for overhead. The employer is further safeguarded by the supervision of the State Insurance Department exercised over the insurance companies. The insurance company, with its skilled investment men, can obtain a higher yield on investments than the average company handling its own pension plan can secure. A plan administered by a large insurance company would probably appeal more strongly to the employees than a self-insured plan.

The cost of pensions consists of three elements under any plan, whether it be handled by an insurance company or a trust fund, or whether no reserve is set up: (1) the amount of benefits actually paid out to employees, plus (2) the cost of administration, and minus (3) the interest on invested funds.

The great majority of pension plans are still self-insured, but practically none of these are on a sound actuarial basis — that is, very few of these companies have actually set aside enough money in their pension funds to take care of their pension liabilities. As these companies already have a number of pensioners on their pay roll, they have to pay part of the pensions out of current income. In a number of companies the income from the fund is still more than sufficient to meet the current payments to pensioners, but will soon be insufficient. The payments to pensioners in practically all these cases are increasing quite rapidly each year. If the companies are not prepared to pay these costs out of current income, the plans will either have to be drastically reduced or discontinued.

Good, humane management will not permit employees of long service to be discharged if they have not adequate means of sustenance. Yet good management cannot keep employees on the force when they are no longer productive. The solution is the inauguration of a sound and adequate pension plan. The longer the solution is delayed by business organizations, the more expensive it becomes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Shall I enter?

I am in the early twenties — a graduate of one of the country's most 'fashionable' preparatory schools and one of the 'big three' universities. I come from a family composed entirely of lawyers or business men. My environment has been as conventional as my talents. I am married and have one child, but I have an income sufficient for our desires provided they are kept within reasonable bounds. My natural course of action, one which my family and my friends would be horrified not to see me take, would be to enter either law or business. Shall I?

I have turned the problem over in my mind vainly for months, unable to arrive at a decision. One side of my nature vehemently urges me to live my life as it conceives it might be led most fully; that is, by turning my back on business and giving myself time to observe, read, think, and develop. It is the side of my nature of which the device is *Savoir vivre*, a glorious motto which it seems to me is almost obsolete in the business America of to-day.

But the other side of me, sprung from and nurtured by the environment in which I have lived, regards such a life as the province of poets, of whom I am not one, or of impractical fools, of whom it shudderingly suspects I am one. When this side of me is uppermost, even a life of teaching, which I am most seriously considering, seems an evasion of the battle of life which every virile man should enter.

So it was with peculiar interest that I read in the Contributors' Club of the July *Atlantic* the article entitled 'Shall I Retire?' I am more fortunate than the gentleman who wrote it, for I may make the right decision earlier than he.

Whereas, however, if his article fairly reflects his whole feeling in the matter, he knows definitely that he wants to get out of the rush of the business world and is only invoking the courage to do so, I am not sure of what I want to do. For while my *savoir vivre* side cheers in sympathy with what he has to say, my 'conventional' side just as enthusiastically rebels at it.

The gentleman mentions that if he clings to his business it is to avoid ridicule, and he feels that it is a shabby reason. But is it not a more valid argument than he assumes it is? No matter how much he may pride himself on his courage, an ordinary man brought up in the gregarious atmosphere of to-day will be unhappy if he sets himself at odds with his friends and his environment. More especially he will be unhappy because of the ridicule he will turn upon himself. Life, as he has conceived it since childhood, will be going on without him and he will sneer at his own inactivity. He will see men about him still 'doing things' and he will see men he despises 'shirking life' like himself. And he will forget that the picture has a reverse side.

We are living in an age of go-getters, however much we may deplore the type, and we are so infected with the spirit of the age that we are not happy if we are different. It may be sad, but it is true. Our control over our psychological reactions is feeble at best; to take them into account as we do more tangible pros and cons is not cowardly.

There is another phase of the prob-

lem, at base psychological also, which it seems to me must be considered. That is the Anglo-Saxon desire for concrete achievement. We are essentially a practical race; pure poets are rare. Even those most sensitive to nature and beauty, the surface Shelleys of our contemporary life, have often far more common sense than they realize. Art for art's sake seems nonsense to the majority of them, though they will not all admit it. So a life devoted exclusively to intangible spiritual ideals, while enticing, might lose its savor in the end.

It must be remembered that I am setting forth only one aspect of one side of the problem. I have neglected entirely the other half of the picture, the seductive call of the *savoir vivre* which the retiring gentleman has already championed much more convincingly than I could. Our personalities are both in conflict with the spirit of our age. The only question is whether, in the end, the greatest happiness will be found in acquiescence or rebellion. There have, however, been nonconformists before, and, in spite of my ingenious argument, I am told that they were happy men.

I SHALL RETIRE

A TRULY remarkable coincidence! For reasons to follow, about the date of issue of the July *Atlantic*, I was seriously considering the possibility of taking things a bit easier. The *Atlantic* arrived and the first article that caught my eye was 'Shall I Retire?' in the Contributors' Club.

I read, and read on, every word, to the end, and over again. There was practically the story of my own life, experiences, ideas, and dreams.

I am in the late fifties. I am married, have three children, a moderate-priced motor car, and a more than comfortable home in the semicountry a few miles from one of the largest cities in North America.

My income, consisting largely of my personal salary, has averaged about $18,000 annually. We have lived not extravagantly but nicely, surrounded by a host of valued friends who live as we do or better, but who may perhaps be better business or professional men, or enjoy an income from investments largely in excess of mine.

Our expenses are the usual ones — taxes, wages, schools, clubs, contributions, amusements, insurance, and the general upkeep of a family of five. We have saved a little. We have educated two boys. They are well launched in business. We still have to complete the education of our third boy, a little chap of twelve.

For thirty-odd years I have caught the 8.02 to town every morning except Sundays and the 5.15 home in the evenings. I have always worked for corporations, never for myself. Pleasant and interesting work with fine associates, while it lasted. But the war, changes in control or management, and consolidations several times rendered my services unnecessary, and I have stepped out with the thanks of my employers and generous evidence of appreciation of results accomplished. All of which meant that I had to dig out new openings that would carry salaries commensurate with my living scale. A fearsome and decidedly hazardous experience for a man over fifty.

I have nothing but gratitude for the blessings life has vouchsafed to me. But now I am going to lay out a simpler plan.

Aided in reaching this decision by your contributor's article, I have retired.

We will sell our home and settle in a beautiful town in the hills of New England, where a simple little home,

with rooms for our boys to live with us or to come to us when they want to, will be maintained by the income from the proceeds of the sale of our present home and from such securities as we now possess.

The man who has an income of $20,000 a year and spends it to live is no better off financially than the man who has an income of $5000 and lives on that.

How can the shift be made?

Well, in the first place you must want to live in a smaller community, and like the country. You must not be dependent upon what the big city offers. You must take your pleasures in the things that are free and that the country gives in abundance. You must be prepared to give up some of the things that you have perhaps thought were necessary to your happiness.

We are going to do just that. We are going to keep our car and together spend many days out in the open along the banks of trout streams or in the woods with a gun and a dog, doing at will the very things that for eleven and a half months of each year I have worked hard to enable me to do in my short two weeks' vacation.

Our wages will be $600 a year instead of $3000. Our taxes will be $150 a year instead of $1000. Our club dues will be $75 a year instead of $400. I have plenty of old clothes, a pet hat perhaps. I'm going where I can wear them and where my friends wear theirs. We are going to get rid of a lot of unnecessary 'things.' (Do you recall the article on 'things' in the *Atlantic* a year or so ago?) But we are going to keep the things we love, which won't cost us anything to continue to own and maintain.

The 8.02 and the 5.15 will see me no more. My books, musical instruments, and nature will see much more of me. I shall start a business of my own to keep myself occupied when I want to work. I shall be free from the fear of 'getting off somebody's pay roll.' We shall live simply and sweetly. My wife, who has stood by me through all the ups and downs of the past, will also take things easier. Side by side we will go down the slope together as long as we are spared to each other. 'Far from the *madding* crowd,' but among sensible fine friends whose needs and resources will be similar to ours.

I am not rich and I don't want to be a loafer. I don't mind dying in the harness, but I shall welcome a smaller collar and a lighter load to pull.

The prospect pleases.

My heartfelt thanks to your contributor. I should like to meet him some day and thank him in person for what he has done for me. We are off on our Adventure in Contentment.

Tragedies of Etiquette

Said Grandma Eldridge to me one rainy day, 'There are some very old books in the woodshed. You can have 'em if you want 'em.' I needed no further invitation to explore, and soon returned with *The American Letter-Writer and Mirror of Polite Behaviour*, a tiny but meaty book of poetry and prose entitled *Wedding Ring* and dealing entirely with the infrequent joys and unlimited sorrows of the married state, and a volume called *Etiquette for Ladies*, combined with *Hints on Female Beauty*. A short time before, my daughter had asked me to buy an etiquette book, 'so I can tell how to behave,' and with some haughtiness I had told her that as long as she lived with me she needed no other guide to behavior. But *Etiquette for Ladies* quickly removed all vanity from my humbled spirit. How should I know I ought to tell my child that 'ladies should never bow hastily, but with

slow and measured dignity'? I did not even know enough to remark on entering my reception room, 'Come off the door and into the fire,' and my mother, whom I had always considered well-bred, had never taught me that a young man should be offered a stuffed chair, an elderly one an armchair, while a lady must always be seated on the sofa.

For the first time, too, I found that I had been guilty of the greatest vulgarity in taking my beloved dog calling with me. 'As for animals, it is a thousand times better not to have them at all.' When it came to table manners, I read, 'Custom allows ladies to dip their fingers into a glass of water, and to wipe them with their napkins; it allows them also to rinse the mouth, using the plate for this purpose — but custom sanctions in vain what is of itself disgusting.'

I pass over the delightful chapters on marriage, servants, dress, 'the management of the person in drawing, reading, &c.,' and touch but lightly on 'Corsets.' In this corsetless age it may be of interest to note that 'corsets are used partly as a warm covering to the chest, and partly to furnish a convenient attachment to other parts of the female dress. They are employed to modify the shape, to render the chest as small below and as broad above as possible, and to increase the elevation, fulness, and prominence of the bosom.' What more could one demand of an article of dress?

One chapter I should like to recommend to our altogether too easily kissing world of to-day. It is headed 'Carriage and Demeanour,' and I am sure no one can read the sad tale of the fair lady who lost her noble count without tears of sympathy. Listen to her sad tale, and keep in mind that we do not mean 'the embrace of vice, but merely that indiscriminate facility which some young women have in permitting what they call a *good-natured kiss*. These have often bad effects and can never be permitted without injuring the fine gloss of that exquisite modesty which is the fairest garb of virgin beauty.'

'I remember,' says a traveller, 'the Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsomest young men in Vienna. When I was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court; and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for Count M——, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind and delicate sensibility. He loved her for herself alone — for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings when one night at his intended father-in-law's a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival. Several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment till the Count was commanded by some witty mademoiselle to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, advanced to his mistress, retreated, advanced again — and, at last, with a tremour that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his pledge in evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry unthinking disposition, was adjudged, by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits, — "as his last treat before he hanged himself," she said, — to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows: —

'Lips whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
As Love had fanned them freshly with his wing!

'A lively contest between the lady and the gentleman lasted for a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh. And the Count had the mortification, the agony, to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised. Without a word, he rose from his chair, left the room — and the house; and by that *good-natured kiss* the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more!'

Newest education

Whatever other complaints the younger generation may have to make, it cannot assert that its education has been neglected. And if parents may justly be reproached for their lack of enterprise in other fields, surely they have not lagged behind when Progressive Educators have cried 'Forward!' So docile, indeed, have these parents been — and so easy the conquests of the reformers — that one humble observer cannot resist putting forth the following radical proposal, with the firm conviction that parents will accept it just as soon as pedagogic support can be found.

Only those few rare spirits who have definitely achieved maturity are in a position to understand the importance of adolescence — a period in which all too many of us permanently linger. Toward getting our little ones through this period all the energies of our educators should be bent, and any errors committed in that stage should be rendered as harmless as possible. The increased attendance in our colleges has, of course, hastened a solution, but even now certain academic errors, especially on the football field, have warped entire lives. The younger we are when we commit our indiscretions, the more likely we are to outgrow them.

But the true purpose of adolescent education should be to teach us the limitations, if not the futility, of pleasure. The permanently unbaked cynic, for instance, is a far more familiar figure than the disenchanted football star. For disciples of joy who have drunk the cup of life to the lees, the future holds nothing but a bleak expanse of work, punctuated by occasional hangovers. Their forces are spent and their lives are one third lived. They are truly tragic figures, as all of us who have played the part well know. Gradually, however, the luckier and wiser ones adjust themselves to their apprenticeship of work, which slowly teaches them how to enjoy life, just as their apprenticeship of pleasure taught them why to revile it. The pity is that the process should take so long and that our period of desolation should last well into the twenties, just when we ought to be at the peak of our powers instead of wandering into unhappy marriages and unsanitary saloons. Ask Dad — he knows.

Only a realistic system of education can solve the problem, and it is such a system that is set forth here. Under present conditions, the wildest spree that most children can enjoy, once they have passed the nursing-bottle stage, is a furtive ice-cream cone or a bottle of ginger ale. Pleasure sneaks up on them gradually, without impact. At ten or twelve they begin smoking cigarettes, and many of them must wait until they have entered high school before getting their first taste of hard liquor. Such a slow process makes each fresh discovery a disappointment, and the only pleasure involved consists in doing what is forbidden. By the time they have dared to try a cigarette, their little palates are ripe for gin — and so on *ad infinitum*.

Let us therefore give them their

pleasures with a bang. Let us give them high-powered kiddie-cars, and turn their nurseries into night clubs. Let us equip our little golden-haired daughters with a certain widely advertised brand of lipstick that makes their kisses *worth* stealing. Of course a few pioneers have already made faltering steps in this direction, but they have not gone far enough. That youth will rebel is almost certain, and in that certainty defenders of the old order will take abundant solace — in fact, it is hard to see who can honestly object to a vigorous enforcement of such a plan. Youth moves at a rapid pace, and there is every reason to believe that a year or two of compulsory, high-pressure pleasure will produce a state of disillusionment that few full college courses can offer to-day. By the time the ten-year-old of the future is matriculating for grammar school, he — or she — will have attained a hardened cynicism with the freshness of youth still upon it, a brighter, fresher, more wholesome cynicism than we have ever known before.

Many delightful vistas at once appear. It is, for instance, by no means impossible that the next war will be fought by youngsters between the ages of six and ten. Adventurers of four and five will inevitably emerge, of course, but the average fighting age will be somewhat older, just when the pugnacious instinct is at its height. And how vivid will be the disillusionment of the grizzled veterans of such a conflict!

Thus there can be small doubt that by the time the products of this new system reach voting age they will be equipped with a rare knowledge of the world, and at the same time a vigor that will be in no wise diminished by that abiding *Weltschmerz* which has caused so much recent havoc. Trivial objections naturally arise. Some parents have so utterly forgotten their own youth that they wink at the youthful — nay, childish — insistence on pleasure that their offspring feel. Yet even such palæolithic survivals must recognize that the younger generation is getting younger every day, and is setting out independently on a quest for pleasure that its elders vainly forbid. Indeed, the thirteen- or fourteen-year-older is causing the same anxiety now that the eighteen- or twenty-year-older caused before the war.

The call of the older generation is imperative. Before our children have taken matters into their own hands, let us go them ten years better and insist that as soon as they have passed the teething stage they enter upon a disciplined routine of pleasure similar in motive, if not in detail, to the régime of ancient Sparta. In those days the problem was essentially military, and by catching the future citizen young the Spartans built up a highly efficient State. Now our enemies are cynicism and pleasure, and our youth should be so equipped as to triumph over them at the earliest possible moment. Every tired business man of forty who has discovered the joys of the flesh for the first time in his life pursues them to the grave with an ardor as desperate and unceasing as his despair. The youth of twenty, on the other hand, sometimes recovers with the years. With a child the period of depression will be a matter of months, and recovery is almost certain. Logically, the case is water-tight, and only courage is needed. This quality parents have already shown to a high degree in their unquestioning acceptance of the Montessori method and other halfway measures. Now let the schoolmen do their part. And if anyone fears for the future, let him look about and ask himself if things could possibly be worse than they are.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXV

'You are a most amazing person,' said Ada Leigh.

'I don't see why,' answered Finch. 'Arthur does n't think so, do you, Arthur?'

'I'm not sure that I don't.'

'But why?' Finch, who so hated being under discussion at home, yearned for the analytical interest of the Leighs. 'I think I'm a chap who will never be noticed.'

'Don't deceive yourself,' said Leigh. 'People are always going to stare at you.'

'I know I'm ill-favored, but please don't rub it in.'

For the first time in his life Finch was feeling conceited. It was delicious.

Ada said, 'When we heard that your grandmother had left you her money, we said at once, "How natural! He's bound to have spectacular things happen to him!"'

'You're ragging me!'

'I never could do that. I should be afraid. You're so sensitive.'

'It's a pity my people don't feel that way about me.'

'I suppose it came rather as a surprise to them — your getting all the money,' said Leigh.

'A tremendous surprise.'

'I hope they took it well.' Leigh tried to keep curiosity out of his voice. That family! He could imagine their being pretty formidable, especially the peppery fox-faced fellow from whom he had bought a horse he did n't want.

'Oh, they were very decent about it!' How easy to lie — to picture Jalna as running on oiled wheels — in this rose-and-ivory drawing-room! He expanded more and more in the warmth of their interest. They drew him on to talk of his music, what he had been practising that summer, his experiences in New York, plans for his future. Arthur's interest in Finch was generous and affectionate, but Ada's was mingled with chagrin at the feeling which his presence aroused in her. His awkwardness repelled her to the point of dislike, yet the sadness of his face in repose, the lank fair lock on his forehead, his shapely hands, in contrast to his bony wrists, had a disturbing fascination for her. She knew that he was mystified and attracted by her. It amused her to think that she could play on his sensibilities, yet she had a subtle suspicion that to do so was to risk her own detachment.

Mrs. Leigh joined them, still more like a sister to Ada than a mother, after the exhilaration of their European trip. With her desire to please, she had almost the effect of being younger, or, at any rate, more ingenuous.

They talked of Europe, and Arthur said, 'As soon as you come into your money, Finch, we'll go to Europe together!'

'I shall go, too,' said Ada.

'Never! This is to be a vagabond journey. Little girls,' he included his mother in his glance, 'will be safer at home. Finch, do you remember, when I talked of our going to Europe last spring, you scoffed at the idea? You said you'd never have the money to go abroad. Now look at you!'

'Yes,' agreed Finch serenely, 'there's quite a difference.'

Mrs. Leigh said, 'We did n't know of your grandmother's death until we heard of the legacy. I'm afraid that when Arthur wrote to you he was excited and perhaps

forgot to say how sorry we are to hear of your loss.'

'I'm afraid I did forget,' said Leigh.

'You must miss her. She was extraordinarily vigorous for her age, was n't she?'

'Yes.' . . . The strong old face came before him — blotted out the pretty room, the pretty women. He saw the rust-red eyebrows raised in humorous disdain of such. He saw the toothy grin with which she would have dismissed them. His face lost the animation that had made it attractive and became blank.

'I wish I might have seen her. We must get to know your family, Finch.'

'Y-yes. Thanks. I'm sure they'd like it.'

'Are you really? Then I shall motor out to Jalna one day and call on your aunt, Lady Buckley!'

Finch hastened to say, 'She's going home to England. She is just here on a visit.'

'Does she like England better?'

'Oh, yes, she hates the Colonies.'

Leigh exclaimed, 'Colony! I like that! We're an independent part of the Empire.'

'Of course. But I'm used to hearing us called a colony at home.'

'I should think you younger ones would object,' demurred Leigh.

'I don't see why. If you're a part of anything, how can it matter what you're called?'

Mrs. Leigh said, 'It does n't matter. We all love England — that is what matters.'

'I don't,' said Ada. 'I love Russia. I have a Russian soul.'

'But how can you tell?' asked Finch, wondering if possibly he had one.

'Because it's never satisfied.'

He sighed. 'In that case, I'm afraid it's my stomach that's Russian!'

Mrs. Leigh noticed that he looked as though he had been ill and asked him about his health.

'I'm awfully fit,' he insisted. 'I've never been better. I'm just naturally cadaverous.'

'Perhaps. But more probably you have been growing very fast.' Her mind flew back to his family. 'You have sisters-in-law at home, have n't you? And one of them — the wife of a poet brother — is an American?'

'Yes . . . that is — they live in another house — just a little place. He's been ill.'

'We were *so* intrigued when we were crossing! A young man from Philadelphia was enthusiastic over both books of your brother's poems. The lyrics, and — ' She could not recall the other.

'*The Golden Sturgeon*. It's a narrative poem. I'll tell Eden. He'd like that.'

Mrs. Leigh said eagerly, 'Let me tell him myself! I shall go out and call on him and his wife.'

'They are leaving, too,' said Finch desperately. 'I'm sorry. . . . You see, he has recovered, but he has to go to a warm climate.'

Her pretty face fell. 'I'm doomed not to meet your family! Still — there's another sister-in-law.'

'Young Pheasant. She is scarcely grown up. My uncles would be frightfully pleased if you were to call on them. There's nothing they like better than calls. It would be better to let them know which day you're coming. They'd make you very welcome.' But his tone was a little anxious.

She leaned forward, smiling, her lips drawn back from her teeth. 'Do you think I might just *rush* out for a very few minutes and entreat your brother to autograph his books for me? I bought them both yesterday. Do you think that would be too much to ask him?'

Leigh intervened. 'I'll take them out for you, if Finch thinks he would do it.'

Finch wished that Mrs. Leigh were not so interested. He began to feel that a somewhat ruthless interest was the keynote of her character. He assured her rather glumly that Eden would sign as many of his books as she desired. It was probably the first time he had been asked to autograph his poems, he added — and instantly wished he had not given his brother away.

When he had been two days at the Leighs' he reached the point of moral courage where he could ask Leigh for a loan. It was not so easy to frame the words as he had thought. He was hot all over, and Leigh was not so casual as he had expected.

His bright glance dived into the turgid pool of Finch's soul.

He asked, 'Are you sure that you want this for yourself, old fellow? It's quite a lot of money, you know.'

Finch nodded.

Leigh smiled. 'I'm afraid you're lying, and I love you for it. But it makes me sick to think that someone has perhaps been working on your sympathies. Perhaps trying to get money out of you that he'll never pay back. Upon my soul, I'm afraid to lend it to you for fear you've got some quixotic idea in your head about helping someone who is n't worth it.'

'But he is!' burst out Finch.

'There, you admit it! It is for someone else.'

'I'm borrowing it to please myself, but I admit I'm going to help someone — with some of it.'

'Not all of it?'

Finch said hotly, 'Very well, don't lend it to me!'

'Finch, you're angry with me. But I'm not going to get angry with you. It would be too unreal.' Leigh's voice shook. 'I'll lend you the money. For heaven's sake get some security, if you can, from this friend of yours!'

'I can't take it when you feel like this about it, Arthur.'

'But you must. You know that all that's troubling me is the fear that you'll lose it.'

'You don't give me credit for any common sense, then!'

'I know that your generosity is greater than your common sense. I'm terribly afraid that if you start off like this — lending your money before you're in possession of it — you're going to be an easy mark for unscrupulous people.'

It was easy to lie in the rose-and-ivory drawing-room, but how difficult up in Leigh's study, among his intimate things, and with his clear eyes full of trouble for one's sake.

'Arthur,' he said, 'I can't take it without telling you who it's for, now that you've put things as you have. It's for Eden.'

'Aha, one of the family!'

'Yes, but he did n't ask me for it! I offered it. He's been ill, you know, and he wants to go to the South of France for the winter for his health. And it is n't only that. He has it in his mind to write something perfectly splendid, a tremendous piece of work. I wish I could tell you all about it. Renny's willing to send him to California for the winter, but that won't do at all. There's a special reason why he must go to France and not be bothered by a job or anything for at least a year. Look here, Arthur, you know that Eden's poetry is good. He's had splendid reviews. Alayne gave up her job to come and nurse him because she's so keen about his poetry. She's not very keen about him now, you know. They'd been separated. I think it would be beastly selfish of me if I would n't put out my hand to help my own brother, when he's so clever, and his wife did, and there's no one else!'

Leigh sprang up and came and took him by the shoulder.

'Of course I see it! But why did n't you tell me all this at first? It's splendid of you. And look here, I won't take a cent of interest. I want to help, too. Darling Finch, I want everything to be as clear as crystal between us!'

Even while Finch's soul drew strength and happiness from Arthur's love, it shrank within him at the thought of what Renny and Piers would have said if they could have heard that 'darling Finch.' But it was all right. Arthur was exquisite, and could use exquisite words; Renny and Piers were vigorous, and used vigorous words. And somewhere in between he floundered.

A note went to Eden that day: —

DEAR EDEN, —

Everything is arranged, so don't worry. Shall be home Wednesday and will bring a cheque for the amount mentioned. My friend Leigh is coming out with me. He's anxious to meet you. He knows a great deal more about poetry than I do, so I thought perhaps you would n't mind reading some of your new poems to us both. We'd be pretty safe from interruption on the bridge. Leigh is bringing out your books for you to autograph. They belong to his mother, so perhaps you might think up something clever to write in them as well as your name. I guess you'll be pleased about the money. Some financier, eh?

FINCH

Now that the strain of borrowing the money was over, his promissory note carefully made out and handed to Leigh, Finch began to be almost happy. He began to

realize the new amplitude which the possession of money would give to his life. He not only realized, but greatly magnified its possibilities. He had seen so little money; he had seen Renny and Piers jubilant over a small unexpected gain. Piers would be in a gale of good spirits if he got more than he had hoped for from a consignment of apples, or if one of his Jerseys had healthy twin calves. Renny would raise his voice and shout his winnings at the races. From the time Finch had been in sailor suits he had known that his grandmother's money was the subject of jealous conjecture. He had seen the rivalry for first place in her affections from the point of view of an outsider, never in any flight of fancy picturing himself as her heir. Her decision to leave all her money to one person had always seemed to him cruel and unjust. He secretly believed that she had expressed such an intention with the direct purpose of keeping the family interest in her always at high tide, their nerves at concert pitch. She had succeeded. But now tide had ebbed into darkness, suspense no longer tightened the nerves, and Finch, looking about him, inexperienced and hungry-eyed, believed there was no limit to his power.

It was sweet to help Eden. They were travelers in a region which the rest of the family did not enter, and even though neither could fully understand the experiences of the other in that mysterious region, they knew each other as palmers to the shrine of beauty.

Finch found himself able to play the piano in front of the Leighs. His paralyzing shyness under Ada's eyes was gone. Sitting before the keyboard, more erect than at any other time, with motionless head and flying hands, he looked and felt sure of himself. He seemed, to Leigh's ardent eyes, capable of glorious things.

As Ada sat curled in the corner of a sofa while he played, Finch exulted in the fact that in these moments he was fascinating to her. He could tell that by the look in her eyes as they gazed at him through a veil of cigarette smoke. Yet no matter how balanced, how firm he felt, he could not recapture the amorous energy that had made it possible for him to embrace and kiss her on the evening of the play.

It was not until the night before he left that he had the courage again to approach such intimacy. They had been at a dance. She had been kind to him, dancing with him repeatedly because he was shy of other girls, and now and then throwing him an encouraging look from the arms of another partner while he stood glumly in a doorway. It was a night of sudden, intense chill; the white fur collar of Ada's cloak was turned up against her cheeks during the ride home. Seeing her thus muffled, with only her hair, her white forehead, and her eyes exposed, made Finch feel suddenly inexpressibly tender toward her. She seemed like some flower bud wrapped in a protective sheath from which he longed tenderly to disengage her.

Arthur took the car to the garage, and as the two ran up the steps Finch put his arm about her and pressed her to his side. He put his face against her hair and murmured, 'Darling Ada! You were so good to me to-night.'

'It is n't hard for me to be good to you, Finch.'

'And I used to think you did n't like me!'

'I like you far too well.'

'Ada, will you kiss me?'

She shook her head.

'Then will you let me kiss you?'

'No.'

'But you let me kiss you once.'

'I'm afraid.'

'Of me?'

'No, of myself.'

'You said something like that once before — about being afraid. Are you afraid of life?'

'Not a bit. I'm just afraid of my own feelings.'

To hear that she was afraid made Finch afraid, too. A shiver of sympathy, ecstatic yet terrified, ran through him. There seemed a menace in the bitter nip of the night air, in the large glittering stars. His arm relaxed and dropped to his side. He took off his hat and passed his hand over his hair, looking down at her pathetically.

'It's frightful to be afraid,' he said. 'I'm afraid of myself, too, often. And of my feelings. It takes the strength right out of me.'

She gave him a scornful little smile.

'I don't think I understand your kind of fear.'

'I think I understand the difference,' he said. 'I think yours is a hot fear, and mine is a cold. Yours makes you want to fly away, and mine paralyzes me.' His eyes sought hers, eager for understanding.

She was searching for her key in a brilliant-studded handbag. He saw the shadow of her lashes on her cheek.

'If only you would let me kiss you,' he breathed, 'I think we could understand each other.'

'Too well,' she answered, with a catch in her voice. She fumbled with the key against the lock.

He took it gently from her and opened the door.

The next morning he and Leigh left early for Jalna. Finch would have liked to linger in the hope that he might have a few minutes alone with Ada, but Leigh was impatient to be off. Having it in his mind to meet Eden and hear him read his poetry, he could tolerate no delay in reaching the appointed spot, even though Finch declared that Eden would scarcely be there so early. Leigh left his car near the gate, and, descending into the ravine, they made straight for the rustic bridge across the stream. Eden was not there. Still, Leigh's desire for haste was gratified. He perched on the railing of the bridge and extolled, now the beauty of the sky, now that of his own reflection in the pool below.

Leigh chattered on for a while, but soon the coolness of the ravine penetrated him. 'I wonder,' he said, 'whether your brother should come here this morning. It does n't seem quite the right spot for anyone with lung trouble.'

'He 's over that. At any rate, he looks pretty fit. Our doctor says that he needed rest and good food more than anything. Still,' he looked dubiously at the wet boards of the bridge, 'it does seem rather damp for him.'

'Perhaps we had better go to him.' Leigh would have liked to tell his mother that he had sought the poet in his retreat, perhaps glimpsed the wife about whom an atmosphere of mystery seemed to have gathered.

'I think I hear him coming.'

'Hullo, what's that?'

'An English pheasant. Renny is stocking the woods with them.'

She whirred heavily out of sight, young ones fluttering after her. A rabbit hopped down the path, but, seeing the two on the bridge, turned, showed a snowy stern in three successive leaps, and disappeared into a thicket.

Eden's legs appeared, descending the path; then his body became visible, and last his head, touched by the flicker of sunlight between leaves. He was carrying some rolled-up papers. 'A poet, and beautiful!' thought Leigh. 'How I wish the girls were here!'

'Hullo!' grinned Finch. 'We thought you had got stage fright.'

Eden stood at the end of the bridge, his eyes on Leigh. Leigh thought, 'He's smiling at me, looking at me, and yet he does n't really seem to see me. I don't think I like him.'

Finch said, 'This is Arthur Leigh, Eden. . . . He has been wondering if it 's too damp for you here.'

'I 'm as seasoned to damp as an oyster,' answered Eden, shaking hands with Leigh so warmly that he obliterated the first impression of inviolable detachment.

Leigh said, 'I hope you are not going to be as reticent as one. I 'm very keen to hear some of your poems, if I may. Did Finch tell you?'

'Yes.' The eyes of the brothers met. Understanding flashed between them. Finch thought, 'I've made him happy. It's glorious, this doing things for others. I can't imagine why other rich people don't try it!'

Eden talked freely to Leigh of his coming trip to France, unconscious that Leigh knew Finch's motive for borrowing the money. Leigh thought, 'Does n't he think me capable of putting two and two together? Perhaps he does n't care. He knows he can make three or five of them whenever he wants.'

The sun rose high, pouring warmth into the ravine, which appeared to stretch itself, languorous and supine, under that delayed caress.

They sat down on the bridge, which was now dry, while Eden, in his deep mellow

voice, read poem after poem. Some had been read before, to Alayne, but not all. They were the essence he had drawn from the past summer, what he had formed into strength and brightness from those shadowed months. As he listened to his own words, and saw the rapt faces of the two boys, he wondered whether the solution of his life might not lie in such moments. Might not the suffering he knew he had caused in the lives nearest him be justified, even be necessary to the creation of his poetry? The evil in him was inseparable from the good; he was like the gods, whose energies were directed first into one channel, then another. So he seemed to himself, and so less coherently he seemed to Finch, who never dared to hope that anything he might create would justify his own clumsiness in life.

There was a third listener to the reading, of whom the others were unaware. This was Minny, who, wandering into the ravine from the direction of Vaughanlands and hearing voices, had stolen from trunk to trunk of the trees till she was within sight as well as hearing. It chanced that this morning she wore a dark dress instead of the usual gay colors, so she was able to conceal herself behind a great clump of honeysuckle within a few yards of the bridge. She crouched there, her feet pressing into the moist earth, the succulent growth all about her exhaling a sweet, sticky odor, and, almost touching her face, a large and meticulously woven spider's web in which two jewel-like flies were caught. She felt no discomfort in her situation, but rather an increased sense of adventure. As a doe might have crept close to watch the browsing of three stags, she observed with ardent interest every detail of their faces, their attitudes and gestures. She absorbed the beauty of Eden's voice, but the words he uttered made no more impression on her than the words of the songs she sang.

She hoped, and tried to will it so, that the two boys would depart first, leaving Eden on the bridge. Contrary to the usual vanity of such hopes, this was what happened. All three got to their feet, but Eden did not accompany the boys when they ascended the path. Instead, he stood motionless, looking in her direction, and, after a few moments in which she was wondering whether or not to reveal herself, he called, 'Come along, come along, Minny! Don't you think you've been hiding long enough?'

She stood up, straightening her dress. She was not at all ashamed, but advanced toward him, laughing.

'How long have you known I was here?'

'All the time. I saw you playing at Indian, creeping from one tree to another. You're a little hussy!'

She liked that. Her laughter became teasing.

'I heard every word you said!'

'No, you did n't!'

'Yes, I did!'

'What was it I told them that made them laugh?'

'Shan't repeat it!'

'Because you did not hear.'

'I don't care! I heard all your poetry.'

'It is n't becoming in a young girl to spy on men.'

'*Men!* Listen to the child!'

'Well, the others are boys, but I suppose you'll admit that I'm a man.'

'*You!* You're the greatest baby of all!'

'Me! I'm a disillusioned profligate.'

'Then you're a profligate baby! Your wife has made a baby of you. Coming all this way to nurse you when she does n't really care a damn for you.'

'I suppose you would n't have done that?'

'Of course I should.'

His laughter joined hers. They sat down on the bridge together.

As he held a match to a cigarette for her, he looked deep into her narrowed, mirthful eyes. 'I wish I understood you!'

'It's a good thing for your peace of mind that you don't.'

An obscure pity moved him to change the subject.

'How did you like my poems?'

'Ever so. Two of them sounded awfully like two songs I sing.'

'It's a wise poem,' he replied gravely, 'that knows its own creator.'

'I suppose they'll make you famous one day.'

'I hope so.'

'What a pity you did n't get any of the money!'

'My naïve young brother saw to that!'

'I should think you'd hate him for it.'

'I don't hate anyone. I only wish people were as tolerant of me as I of them.'

'I hate someone.'

'Not me, I hope.'

'You'd never guess.'

'Tell me, then.'

'Your wife.'

'Do you really? My sister has done that.'

'Not at all. I hate her on my own.'

His gaze slid toward her swiftly, but he made no comment on this. They puffed in silence, each acutely aware of the other. He heard her suck in her breath once as though putting some sudden restraint on herself. Now the sun beat down on them hotly, inducing a mood of dreamy acquiescence.

After an interval, she said, 'I've been to the shore the last three mornings. It seemed lonely there without you.'

He was astonished.

'Have you really? What a shame! And you did n't let me know!'

'I thought you'd expect me. I would n't disappoint you.'

'My dear child!' He took her hand in his.

At his touch her eyes filled with tears, but she laughed through them. She said, 'What a silly I am to care so much!'

XXVI

There followed a succession of perfect September days, so alike in their unclouded sunshine — a sunshine which was without the energy, for all its warmth, to produce additional growth — that it seemed possible they might continue forever without visibly changing the landscape. Michaelmas daisies, loosestrife, with here and there a clump of fringed gentian, continued to cast a bluish veil beside the paths and stream. In the garden nasturtiums, dahlias, campanula, phlox, and snapdragons continued to put forth flowers. The heavy bumblebee agitating these blossoms might well think, 'I shall suck honey here forever.' The cow in the pasture, which this year had never turned brown, might well think, 'There will be no end to this moist grass.' The old people at Jalna might well think, 'We shall not grow older and die but shall live on forever.' Even Alayne, collecting her belongings in Fiddler's Hut, did so as in a dream. It seemed impossible that she should be going away, that life held the potentialities of change for her.

She wondered whether the things with which the Hut had been so overfurnished would be left there. She had grown used to them, and they no longer seemed grotesque in the low-ceilinged rooms. She went about collecting the few things she wished to take away with her, and wondered what were Eden's thoughts as he lay on the sofa reading, now and then giving her a swift look across the page.

An odd embarrassment had arisen between them. He no longer had need of her care; their relationship was meaningless. They were like two travelers, forced by the exigencies of the journey into a juxtaposition from which each would be glad to escape. If he came in tired, he no longer demanded her sympathy, but sought to conceal his weariness. She no longer tried to prevent his doing things which she thought would be bad for his health. His restlessness was a source of irritation to her, while her reserve, and what he thought her stolidity, made her presence weigh upon him.

Yet on this, the second day before her departure, a mood of pensiveness had come upon Eden. He felt a somewhat sentimental desire to leave a memory, not too troubled, of himself with her. He would have liked to justify by some simple, yet how impossible, act their presence together in these last weeks. They avoided each other's eyes.

She went into his room and reappeared carrying his laundry bag. She took it to the kitchen, and he heard her talking to the Scotch maid. She returned and put a slip of paper into his hand.

'Your laundry list,' she said. 'You had better look it over when it comes back. They're very careless.'

He crushed the neatly written list in his hand.

She began to take things from the desk. From her writing folio she turned out some Canadian stamps.

'Here are stamps I shan't need. On the blotter.'

'Oh, all right. Thanks.'

He looked at her half-quizzically, half-

reproachfully, then impulsively got up and went to the desk. He smoothed out the laundry list, then, licking the stamps one by one, he stuck them in a fantastic border round the edge. He discovered a picture tack and pinned the paper to the wall.

'A memorial,' he said, tragically.

She did not hear him. She was gone into her room.

He followed her to the door and stood looking in. She had changed into a thinner dress; her cheeks were flushed.

'Do you know,' he said, 'you are the most matter-of-fact being I have ever known.'

She turned toward him with raised brows. 'Am I? I suppose so, compared to you.'

'No other woman living,' he returned, 'could keep such orderly habits with such a disturbed mind.' And his eyes added, 'For your mind is horribly disturbed, you can't deny it!'

'I guess it was my training. If you could have known my parents and our way of living! Everything in such perfect order. Even our ideas pigeonholed.'

'It's deeper than that. It's in your New England blood. It's a protective spirit guarding you, eh?'

'Possibly. Otherwise I might have gone mad among you.'

'Never! Nothing would send you off your head. In spite of your scholastic forbears, I seem to see in you the spirit of some grim-lipped sea captain. His hands on the wheel, consulting the barometer, making entries in the log, while the blooming tempest raged and the bally mast broke and the ruddy blooder — I mean the bloody rudder — got out of commission. I can hear him saying to the mate, "Have you made out the laundry list?" — while the heavens split! And taking time to stick a stamp on the brow of the cabin boy so that his body might be identified when it was washed ashore.'

Alayne began to laugh.

'How ridiculous you are!' she said.

'Tell me the truth: don't you feel that old fellow's chill blood in your veins?'

'I feel it boiling sometimes. My great-great-grandfather was a Dutch sea captain.'

'Splendid! I knew you had something like that somewhere. Now if only he had been a Spanish sea captain, how we might have got on together!'

She made no response, but began to take things from a bureau drawer and lay them carefully in the tray of her trunk.

'I wish I could help you,' he said, almost plaintively. 'Do something for you.'

'There's nothing you can do.' She checked an impulse to say, 'Except to leave me alone.'

'I wonder if you will be angry with me if I ask you something.'

She gave an unhappy little laugh. 'I don't think so. I feel too tired for temper.'

'Oh, I say!' His tone was contrite. 'I've bothered you all the time you've been packing.'

'It's not that. It always upsets me to go journeys. What did you want to ask?'

'Turn round and face me.'

Alayne turned round. 'Well?'

'Would you have come here to nurse me if Renny had not been here?'

The flush on her cheeks spread to her forehead. But she was not angry. The shock of what he had asked was too deep for that.

'Certainly I should.'

A look, antagonistic but shrewdly understanding, passed between them.

He said, 'I believe you, though I'd rather not. I'd like to think that it was your love for him that dragged you here, against your reason. I hate to think that you did such a tremendous thing for me alone. Yet, in spite of what you say, you can't quite make me believe that you would have come back here if you had never loved Renny. The place itself must have had a fascination for you. I believe places keep some essence of the emotions that have been experienced in them, don't you? Do you think the Hut will ever be the same again after this summer? Alayne, I honestly believe that Jalna drew you back, whether you realize it or not.'

She muttered, 'How can you be sure that Renny and I care for each other? You talk as though we had had an affair!'

'When we came to Jalna after we were married, I saw that Renny had made a disturbing impression on you. Before many months had passed, I saw that you were trying desperately to beat down your

love for him, and that he was trying just as hard to control his feeling for you.'

Under his scrutiny she lost her air of reticence. She pressed her hand to her throat. She had woefully failed, then, in her first effort to conceal her love for Renny. Eden had watched this smouldering passion with an appraising eye from the beginning!

She asked brokenly, 'Did that make a difference to you? Knowing so long ago that I loved Renny? I thought you had only guessed it, later — believed that I had turned to him when I found you did n't care any more —'

He answered mercilessly, 'Yes, it did make a difference. I felt an outsider.'

'Then,' she gasped, 'I am to blame for everything! For Pheasant—'

'No, no. It would have come, sooner or later. It's not in me to be faithful to any woman.'

She persisted doggedly, 'I am to blame for everything.'

He came into the room and touched her with an almost childlike gesture.

'Alayne, don't look like that. You're so — it's stupid of you. You can't help what you are. Any more than I can help what I am. My dear, I suspect that we are much more alike than you would let yourself believe. The great difference between us is that you analyze yourself, while I analyze others. It's better fun. . . . Alayne, look up —'

She looked at him sombrely.

'The whole trouble has been,' he said, 'that you were a thousand times too good for me!'

She turned away from him and returned blindly to the arranging of her trunk.

He said, 'I told old Renny one day that you'd go through hell for a sight of his red head.'

'Oh! And what did he say?' Her voice was without expression. Eden should not bait her again.

'I forget. But of course he liked it.'

She turned and faced him. 'Eden, will you please leave me to pack in peace? You know that I have promised to spend the evening with your aunt and uncles. I have no time to waste. Are you coming?'

'No, you will be happier without me. Give them my love. Will Renny be there?'

'I don't know.' How cruel he was! Why could he not let her be! How she would rejoice to be far away from all this in another twenty-four hours!

When he had returned to the living room, he hung about miserably. He hated himself for having upset her. If he had! Perhaps it was the thought of going away that made her look like that. And he had meant to say something beautiful to her at the last! The whole situation was ludicrous. The sooner this impossible atmosphere was dispelled, the better. . . . Did he hear a sob from the other room? Lord, he hoped not! That would be horrible. He stood and listened. No, it was all right. She was only clearing her throat. He fidgeted about till she came out, ready to go. She looked pale, calm, her hair beautifully cared for, as always. She had a pathetic air of serenity, as though the final word had been said, as though she were now beyond the reach of emotion. He saw that she had indeed been crying.

The sun had sunk below the tree tops and had left them almost instantly in a well of greenish shadow. There was no afterglow, scarcely any twilight. After the rich radiance of the sun came shadow and chill. It was like the passing of their love, he thought, and mocked at himself for being sentimental.

'Alayne — ' he said.

'Yes?'

'Oh, nothing — I forgot what I was going to say.' He followed her to the door. 'You must have someone bring you home. It will be very dark.'

She hesitated on the flat stone before the door. She turned suddenly to him, smiling.

'Home!' she repeated. 'It was rather nice of you to say that.'

He came out, took her hand and raised it to his lips. 'Good-bye, Alayne!'

The crows were returning to their nests from some distant field. She heard their approach beyond the orchards, first as the humming of a vast hive of bees which, as it drew nearer, swelled into a metallic volume that drowned all other sound. The air rocked with their shouts. Separate cries of those in advance became audible, raucous commands, wild shouts, vehement assertions, shrill denials — every brazen, black-

feathered throat gave forth an urgent cry. They passed above the orchard, against the yellowish sky, hundreds of them, seeking the pine wood. Some battled with the air to overtake those ahead; some swam steadily with forceful movements of the wings, while others drifted with a kind of rowdy grace.

As Alayne followed the orchard path beneath them she wondered if it were possible that in a few hours she would have left all this behind and returned to a life so alien.

There was no mistake about the welcome from those at Jalna. Piers and Pheasant were in Montreal. Renny, although the old people said they expected him, did not appear at supper. The summer had gone like a dream, Nicholas said. A strange, sad dream, Ernest added. Augusta tried to persuade Alayne to go to England with her instead of returning to New York. Augusta dreaded traveling alone, she dreaded returning to her lonely house, and Alayne had never seen England! Why could she not come? Alayne felt a momentary impulse to accept the invitation. Why not go across the ocean and see if she could find forgetfulness there? But how could she forget with one of that family beside her, with constant references being made to the others? No, she could not do it. Better cut loose from them entirely, and forever. Finch played for her during the evening, and she was filled with delight by the improvement in him, pride that it had been she who had persuaded Renny to have him taught. The air in the drawing-room, though subdued, was genial. It was full of a melancholy gentleness. Wakefield was allowed to take the jade and ivory curios from their cabinet to show them to Alayne, and afterward arrange them on the floor to his own satisfaction.

Alayne had never spent such an evening at Jalna. Something in it hurt her, made her feel more acutely the impending parting. And yet the old people were cheerful. They had been pleased by a call from Mrs. Leigh. 'A pretty woman, egad!' from Nicholas. 'Very modern, and yet so sweet, so eager to please!' from Ernest. 'She was for going to hunt you out at the Hut, — you and Eden, — but I told her you were out. I thought it best,' from Augusta.

Wakefield curled up beside Alayne on the sofa. He took off her rings and adorned his own small fingers with them. But when he went to replace them she shut her hand against the wedding ring.

'I am not going to wear it any more,' she said, in a low tone.

'But what shall I do with it?'

'I don't know. Ask Aunt Augusta.'

'What shall I do with this, Aunt?' He twirled the ring on his finger.

Augusta replied, with dignity, 'Put it in the cabinet with the curios.'

'The very thing!' He flew to the cabinet. 'Look, everybody! I've put it on the neck of the tiny white elephant. It's a jolly little collar for him.'

Alayne watched him, with a smile half humorous, half bitter. So that was the end of that! A jolly little collar for a white elephant. And the glad thrill that she had felt when it had been placed on her finger! She fidgeted on the sofa. She had waited past her time in the hope that Renny would return. Why was he avoiding her? Was he afraid? But why should he be, when it was her last night at Jalna? All day she had hugged the anticipation of the walk back to the Hut at night. For surely he would take her back through the darkness! What he might say to her on the way had been the subject of fevered speculation all day. She had dressed herself, done her hair, with the thought that as he saw her that night so would she remain in his memory. And he had taken himself away somewhere, rather than spend the evening in the room with her!

Augusta was murmuring something about a horse — Renny — he had been so sorry — his apologies.

'Yes? Oh, it is too bad, of course. Say good-bye to him for me.'

'Oh, he will see you again,' said Ernest. 'He's driving you into town himself tomorrow.'

No peace for her. The feverish speculations, the aching thoughts, would begin all over again.

She said, 'Tell him not to trouble. Finch will drive me in, won't you, Finch?'

'I'd like it awfully.'

'What do you suppose, Alayne?' cried Wake. 'I've never been on a visit.'

'What a shame! Will you visit me sometime? I'd love to have you.' She pressed him to her, on the sofa, and whispered, 'Tell me, where is Renny?'

He whispered back, 'In the stables. I know, because he sent Wright to the kitchen for something, and I was there.'

Finch was to see her back to the Hut. He ran upstairs for his electric torch.

Alayne was enfolded in the arms of Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest.

Ernest said, 'How shall we ever repay you for what you have done for Eden?'

Nicholas growled, 'How shall we ever make up to her for what he has done? Turned her life topsy-turvy.'

Augusta said, holding her close, 'If you change your mind about coming to England with me, just let me know. I'll make you very welcome.'

Finch and Alayne were out in the darkness, the beam from the electric torch thrown before her. Cold, sweet scents rose from the flower beds. The grass was dripping with dew.

'Let us go through the pine wood,' she said. She had thought to return that way with Renny.

They spoke little as they went along the bridle path beneath the pines. Her mind was engaged with its own unhappy thoughts, Finch's was filled with the sadness of life, its reaching out, its gropings in the dark, its partings. It was cold under the trees. From a cluster of hazels came the troubled talking of small birds passing the night there on their migration to the South.

Finch flashed the light among the branches, hoping to discover the small things perching. His attention was diverted to a more distant sound, as of footsteps moving among the pines.

'What are you listening to?' whispered Alayne.

'I thought I heard a twig break. Someone in there Wait a second.' He left her and ran softly padding toward the sound.

She strained her ears to listen, her eyes following the moving beam of the electric torch. The sound of Finch's padding steps ceased. The light was blotted out. She was in black silence except for the infinitesimally delicate song of a single locust on a leaf near her. She was frightened.

She called sharply, 'Finch! What are you doing?'

'Here! It was nothing.'

The torch flashed again; he trotted back to her. 'One of the men hanging about.' He thought, 'Why was Renny hiding in the wood? Why did n't he turn up at the house? If looks could kill, I'd be a dead man! Gosh, he looked like Gran!'

The Hut lay in darkness, save for starlight sifting among the trees. A tenuous mist hung among their trunks, weighted with chill autumnal odors, dying leaves, fungus growths such as wood mushroom and Indian pipe, and the exhalations of deep virgin soil.

Alayne opened the door. Dark and cold inside. Eden had gone to bed early. He might have left the lamp burning and put wood on the fire! Finch flashed the light into the interior. She found a match and lighted two candles on the table. Her face in the candlelight looked white and drawn. A great pity for her welled up in the boy's heart. She seemed to him the loneliest being he knew. He glanced at the closed door of Eden's room. Was Eden awake, he wondered.

Alayne said, 'Wait a minute, Finch. I must get that book I want you to read.' She went into her room. 'Goodness, what a muddle I have here!'

When she returned, after what seemed a long while to Finch, what little color she had had in her face had been drained from it. She laid the book on the table.

'There,' she said in a strained voice, 'I hope you will like it.' She went on, with an odd contraction of her mouth, 'I have just had a note from Eden.' He saw then that she had crumpled a piece of paper in her hand.

'Oh!' he said stupidly, his jaw dropping. 'What's he writing a note about?'

She pushed it into his hand. 'Read it.'

He read: —

DEAR ALAYNE, —

After all your preparations, it is I who am to flit first! And not to flit alone! Minny Ware is coming with me. Are you surprised, or have you suspected something between us? At any rate, it will be a surprise for poor old Meggie. I'm afraid I am never to

have done taking favors from your sex. There is only one thing for you to do now, and that is divorce me. I am giving you good grounds — and not so impossibly scandalous as the first time. My dear child, this is the first really good turn I've ever done you. My withers are wrung when I think what you must have gone through this summer!

If you and Renny don't come together, I'll feel that I have sinned in vain.

We are not going to California, but to France. I shall be writing to Finch from there, so he will be able to inform your lawyer of my exact whereabouts.

Thank you, Alayne, for your magnanimity toward me. I can say thanks on paper.

Yours,

EDEN

Finch read the letter through with so distraught an expression that Alayne burst into hysterical laughter.

'Oh, Finch, don't!' she gasped. 'You look so funny, I can't bear it!'

'I don't see anything funny about it,' he said. 'I think it's terrible.'

'Of course it's terrible. That's what makes it so funny. That, and your expression!' She leaned against the wall, her hand pressed to her side, half laughing, half crying.

He put his arm about her.

'Dear Alayne, don't tremble so! I'm afraid you'll be ill.'

'I'm all right. Only I'm very tired, and Eden's way of doing things is so unexpected!'

'I'll say it is! I'm the one that ought to know. He did n't tell me he was going to take a girl with him when he borrowed the money.'

She was bewildered. 'Borrowed the money! What money?'

'The money for the year in France. I raised it for him. But for heaven's sake don't tell Renny of it, or I'll get into a frightful row!'

She ceased trembling, her face set. 'He borrowed money from *you* — to go to *France?*'

He assented, not without self-importance.

'But, Finch, Renny was paying for a winter in California!'

'I know. But Eden did n't want to go to California. He wanted a year in France. He must have it because of something he's going to write. I can't explain. You understand how it is. You left your work and came here to nurse him because of his poetry. It makes you feel that what he is does n't really matter. You and I feel the same about art, I think. I hope you don't think I'm a fool.' He was very red in the face.

She must not hurt his feelings by deprecating his act. Ah, but Eden would never pay him the money back! She put a hand on each of his cheeks, and kissed him.

'It was a beautiful thing to do, Finch! I'll not tell a soul. . . . Strange how he uses us, and then leaves us standing staring at the spot where he has been.'

He broke out, 'You can't stop here tonight! You must come back with me.'

'I am not afraid.'

'It's not that. It's the gruesomeness. I could n't stick it myself. I'll not leave you.'

'I would rather be here.'

'No. It won't do! Please come. Aunt will like to have you. There's your old room waiting.'

She consented. They returned.

There were lights upstairs now, but a light still burned in the drawing-room, and from it came the sound of the piano. Nicholas was playing.

From the hall they could see his gray leonine head and heavy shoulders bent above the keyboard. Alayne remembered with a pang that she had not asked him to play that evening, though she had urged Finch.

He was playing Mendelssohn's 'Consolation.' When had one heard Mendelssohn! His terrier sat drooping before the fire, waiting for him to come to bed.

Finch whispered, 'Shall you tell him?'

'Yes. Wait till he has finished.'

They stood motionless together. When the last notes had died, Alayne went to his side. He remained looking at his hands for a little, then slowly raised his eyes to her face.

Startled by her reappearance, he exclaimed, 'Alayne, my dear! What is wrong?'

'Don't be alarmed,' she said. 'It's nothing serious. It's only that Eden has

gone away a little sooner than I expected. He left a note at the Hut for me. Finch would n't let me stay there alone — so I'm back, you see.' Her head drooped; she twisted her fingers together. Her voice was scarcely audible as she added, 'He took Minny Ware with him.'

Nicholas's large eyes glared up at her. 'The deuce he did! The scoundrel! He ought to be flogged. My poor little girl—' He heaved himself around on the piano seat and put his arm about her waist. 'This is the return he makes you for all your kindness! He's nothing but a young wastrel! Does Renny know of this?'

'I have n't seen Renny.' She was filled with shame at the thought of Renny. Now she did not want to see him. She would leave this house and never return to it again.

Augusta was calling from upstairs, 'Did I hear Alayne's voice? What is wrong, Nicholas?'

Full of excitement, he limped vigorously to the foot of the stairs.

'Gussie!' He had not given her this diminutive for years. 'Come along down, Gussie! Here's a pretty kettle of fish. Young Eden has run off with that hussy Minny!'

'Nick, you don't mean to tell me!'

Ernest appeared at the top of the stairs in nightshirt and dressing gown, the cat Sasha rubbing herself against his legs.

'What's this new trouble?' he demanded.

Augusta on the stairs, midway between the brothers, answered, 'Some scrape of Eden's. I'm afraid that Ware girl has been leading him into mischief. Nicholas does get so excited.'

Just as they drew together at the bottom of the stairs, and Nicholas was demanding to see Eden's letter, and Augusta was declaring that she had always expected something like this, and Ernest was saying what a blessing it was that Mamma had not lived to see this night, and Nicholas was retorting that no one enjoyed a to-do better than Mamma, quick steps were heard in the porch and the door was opened by Renny.

Before he had seen her, Alayne fled down the hall. She could not face him there before the others. She would escape to her room and not see him before morning.

She heard his question: 'What's up?' She heard Nicholas put the situation pithily before him. He made no audible comment, but she could picture his expression, how the rust-red eyebrows would fly up, the brown eyes blaze. Then she heard Augusta's voice.

'Alayne is here, poor girl. She is staying the night. Why, where has she gone? Alayne, dear, Renny is here!'

She did not answer. The door of Grandmother's room stood open; she stepped inside and drew it to after her. She was startled to find the night light burning. By its faint radiance the room was revealed to her in an atmosphere of sombre melancholy: the tarnished gilt flourishes on the wallpaper, the deep wing chair before the empty grate, the heavy curtains with their fringe and tassels, the old painted bedstead, on the headboard of which perched, above the fantastically pictured flowers and fruit, Boney, his head under his wing.

Alayne stood by the bed, listening. Had they gone upstairs again, or into the drawing-room to talk? She could hear voices, but Renny's voice, which carried so distinctly, was not audible.

He was coming.

Involuntarily she moved toward the door, as though to bar it against him. But he was there before her. He pushed it open and came inside. In the clouded radiance of the night light, against the background of a heavy maroon curtain, she saw the face she loved. The face she called up in the night, the face that haunted her by day. There he stood — she could put out her hand and touch him. He lived in her, and the urge toward him would not be denied. But what did she really know of him? What was really his conception of love and happiness? She did not know. He was an enigma to her to which the only answer was the cry of her heart.

He said, scanning her face, 'Shall you divorce him, now?'

She breathed, 'Yes.'

'And marry me?'

'Yes.'

Her eyes fell; she was afraid of their nearness. Against it she raised the barrier of a question.

'Why did you not come to-night?'

'I could n't,' he answered, 'because I knew they had gone.'

'You knew Eden and Minny had gone?'

'Yes.' He gave a short, strained laugh. 'I was riding. The gates at the crossing dropped as I got there. It was just light enough for me to make out their two figures on the platform. They were carrying bags. And when the train passed I saw him again at a window.' His grimness was dispersed by the sudden arch grin so amazingly like old Adeline's. 'He saw me and waved his hand!'

'And that is why you did n't come in to supper?'

He nodded.

In sudden pain, she asked, 'And you were n't going to tell me? You were going to let me go back to the Hut and find out for myself?'

'I suppose.'

'But how cruel of you!'

He did not answer; his eyes were on the little pearl-white hollow of her throat.

Now her eyes searched the dark depths of his. Was he really cruel, or only shy as a wild animal is shy, afraid of things he does not understand? She remembered the sound of someone moving in the pine wood, Finch's odd look when he returned from searching.

'Were you in the woods? Was it you Finch and I heard, then?'

Again he did not answer, but this time he came and put his head against hers, and whispered, 'Don't ask me questions. Love me.'

She felt the fire of his kiss on her neck. She clung to him, her forehead pressed against his shoulder. They could find no words, but their hearts, pressed close, talked together in the language of the surging tides, the winds that bend the branches to their will, the rain that penetrates the deep warmth of the earth.

XXVII

A month later a party were setting out one morning from Jalna for the wild-duck shooting. They were going by motor to the lakes and marshlands haunted by canvas-back, mallard, and snipe. With Maurice Vaughan were to ride two friends of his, Mr. Vale from Mistwell, and Mr. Antoine Lebraux from Quebec. Piers and Renny were to take the dogs, which, filled with gladness by the sight of the guns, trotted without rest from point to point of interest — the dunnage bag, the provisions, the weapons, and their masters' legs, clad in thick woolen stockings or leather leggings. The sky was gray, broken by small patches of cold blue, while the scattered sunshine seemed deliberately to seek out the burning red of the maple trees. A strong wind was blowing from the southeast, bringing with it the smell of the lake and sound of its thunder on the beach.

Wright came from the house, carrying a heavy canvas-covered hamper, and stowed it in the back of Renny's car.

'The bacon's in this one, sir,' he observed, 'and the small tinned stuff. The bag of dog biscuits is in this corner. And this here's the sperrits.'

'Good.' Renny stuck his head into the car. 'We can start directly. . . . All set, Maurice?'

'Yes, it's time we were off.'

Nicholas and Ernest, Finch, Wakefield, Pheasant, and Mooey were out bareheaded to see the party off. Nicholas wore a heavy red-and-green-plaid dressing gown; his iron-gray mane had not yet been combed, and rose in a crest above his strong features. Ernest stood chatting to the strangers, hands in pockets, looking slender, feeling young again, exhilarated by the bustle. Pheasant, her short brown hair fluttering, was everywhere in pursuit of her son, who, on his feet now, wrapped in a muffler of Piers's, his small nose blue, was in imminent danger from cars, dogs, men, and the excited racings of Wake.

How Finch wished he were going!

He stood curved like the new moon, hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched against the wind, watching with a wistful grin the fascinating activities of the hunters.

Piers was passing him with a pointer on a lead, when he stopped abruptly and stared at him. The grin faded from Finch's face. He stiffened, expecting a sneer. Piers said, 'Why don't you come along?'

Finch returned pleasantly, 'Yes, I see myself!'

'I'm in earnest. It'd do those fool nerves of yours good. Set you up for the winter.' He called to Renny, who was peering suspiciously into the engine of his motor. 'Why don't you let young Finch come? He might be of some use.'

'He'd be more likely to put a shot into one of us! He's never been. Why take him?'

'Why not?' persisted Piers. 'Look at him! He'll never live to enjoy his money if he goes on like this. He's all legs and nose.'

The two surveyed him. Finch giggled distraughtly, feeling himself to be dangling in mid-air.

'Very well,' agreed Renny laconically. 'But don't waste any time getting ready.'

Finch flew toward the house.

'Why, he's as keen as mustard,' said Piers, approvingly.

'Me, too!' clamored Wake. 'I want to go!'

Piers tried to quiet him by standing him on his head, but the moment he was released he got into the car and established himself on the dunnage bag, whence he had to be forcibly ejected.

'Do you know,' he said, tears in his eyes, looking up into Renny's face, 'that I have never been anywhere in my life?'

'You can't come.' Renny took out some silver and put two fifty-cent pieces into the little boy's hand. 'Try to have a good time on this.'

Wake had never had such a magnificent sum given to him before. He was effectually quieted, even made solemn by the responsibility.

In his room Finch was throwing clothes and boots into a suitcase. In a fury of haste he dragged a bottle-green sweater over the dark red one he wore. 'Gosh,' he exclaimed, 'this is fierce!' What he designated as 'fierce' can only be guessed, but he probably referred to the furious speed with which life was moving. There were Eden and Minny Ware mysteriously disappeared, and there were Aunt Augusta and Alayne in England, and here was he off hunting with the other men.

He tore down the stairs, the suitcase bumping against his legs, and appeared wild-eyed before the others. He sprang, bag in hand, into his brother-in-law's car.

'Here,' objected Vaughan, 'you can't ride in this car! You'll have to go in the other.'

'Get in here with the dogs,' said Renny.

He put his suitcase on top of the mound of luggage, and wedged himself in with the two spaniels and the pointer. They were trembling with excitement. They licked his hands and face and cried with glad eagerness to be off.

They were off! Maurice's car was turning into the drive, its three occupants waving and calling out to the group who were left. It was impossible to believe that he was in the car behind Renny and Piers. He put his head out of the window and shouted, 'Good-bye, Uncle Nick! Good-bye, Uncle Ernest! Good-bye, kids!'

They shouted back. Wake was dancing up and down with excitement. Uncle Ernest had Mooey in his arms. Pheasant and Mooey were throwing kisses. The joy, the abandon, of it pained him. He could bear unhappiness, but he had no defenses against joy.

On either side of the road the oaks and the maples stood up showing their scarlet and mahogany-colored leaves, a few of which, with every gust, were swept from them and flew a short way like bright birds before they sank to the roadside. As they neared the church the cedars of the graveyard rose in a dark green cluster against the sky. Renny touched Piers's hand on the wheel. 'Go slow here,' he said.

The car crept past the graveyard. The brothers looked up the steep path, remembering how only a short while ago they had carried a coffin up there. Renny took off his cap. He shot a quick glance at the others, and they too pulled off theirs. Piers held his in his brown hand, glancing out of the corner of his eye at Renny for the signal to replace it. But Renny looked over his shoulder and said to Finch: —

'Finch, do you remember what her last word was?'

'Gammon,' answered Finch.

(*The End*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

GRANDSON of the great protagonist of science in the nineteenth century, **Julian S. Huxley** continues the tradition of making scientific knowledge accessible to people of general understanding. Δ The first paper by **Count Hermann Keyserling** that the *Atlantic* published was entitled 'A Philosopher's View of the War,' and appeared long before his reputation in America was born. Count Keyserling suffered his share of deprivation in the debacle of the Russian Revolution, finding it necessary at one time to hide in moors and woods for weeks. A lecture tour and a succession of prominent books have since made him familiar to American readers. His new series of papers will eventually be included in a volume on America which will appear this winter. **Sir W. Beach Thomas** gives one further instance of the fact that no ethical problem is without paradoxes. **Harriet Connor Brown,** whose life of Grandmother Brown received the *Atlantic's* prize of $5000 for the best biography submitted in our contest, is the wife of Herbert D. Brown, Director of the Bureau of Efficiency in Washington, the last of the 'four little Hawkeyes' mentioned at the close of the present installment of Grandmother Brown's story.

Eleanor Risley introduces us to a man named for a day of the week. Literature provides only one other instance of which we can think. **Eileen Shanahan** writes of a different Satan from Milton's, who proclaimed: —

> All is not lost — the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield. . . .

James Norman Hall is in his tenth year of residence on the island of Tahiti, and celebrates appropriately with the reflections which we print herewith. Δ From South Carolina comes the illuminating incident which **E. T. H. Shaffer** has recorded.

A boat is the mother of adventures and strenuous action, before launching as well as after, as **Alfred F. Loomis,** well-known editor and writer, found in the course of the building of his yacht. **Joseph F. Rock** was born in Vienna, and received much of his education there. The list of his accomplishments as a scientist and explorer is long. He served as botanist to the Hawaiian Board of Agriculture and Forestry, as agricultural explorer with the office of foreign seed and plant introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture. He has been Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. He has directed and accompanied botanical and zoölogical expeditions in China and Tibet, and is the author of numerous books and monographs. **Nancy Byrd Turner** achieved deserved reputation by writing the one poem in celebration of Lindbergh's flight to Paris which was worthy of the event, and of poetry. **Major A. W. Smith,** who served in the British army during the war and later became a member of a trading company in Rangoon, is now in this country.

Elizabeth Glendower Evans pictures a happy association with America's most influential and original philosopher and his family. **William Henry Chamberlin,** as foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* has lived continuously in Russia for nearly a decade, and has acquainted himself intimately with the Soviet régime in city and country. His papers amply justify his words, written to us in a letter from Moscow: 'I aim so far as may be possible to avoid two besetting sins of much of the literature that has appeared about contemporary Russia: partisanship and superficiality.' The *Atlantic* sets serious store by the illuminating group of Russian papers of which this is the first. **M. B. Folsom** made a study of the theory and practice of industrial pensions in connec-

tion with the inauguration recently, by the Eastman Kodak Company, of a comprehensive retirement annuity plan for its employees.

From the editor of *Police '13–13,'* the organ of Chicago's police department.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Homer Henley's experiment with 'Prison Music,' narrated in the July issue of the *Atlantic*, was as interesting as it was revealing. One is convinced that the 90 per cent now have a musical psychology towards life, and that their own souls are much the better for it. Such a result, it would seem, vindicates the logic of the experiment. It ought to be caught up.

Yet one is confounded in trying to apply that logic to the problem of the intelligent or the semi-intelligent criminal, whose name, society should be assured, is legion. He is here in the form of the élite bootlegger and the metropolitan gangster who specializes in extermination for as little as $250 per victim.

It is truth and not legend that many of them are connoisseurs of the 'fine things' of life, being notoriously choosy about the operas they shall attend, the symphonies they shall hear, and the biographies they shall read. One Salvatore 'Samoots' Amatuna was recently famous in Chicago for his almost religious patronage of the local opera. He was an unchallenged critic of that type of music even for the performers themselves, and none other than Tito Schipa wept aloud when he heard that 'Samoots,' who carried a violin case containing a sawed-off shotgun, met the abrupt finish that is gradually eliminating his kind.

Mr. Henley's experiment, I fear, can only be applied to the plastic material and will in no wise affect the wholly disillusioned and blasé type of criminal. Its worth is there.

Meanwhile, what can we devise that will charm this other savage breast?

CHARLES DE LACY

The confidential English.

RUE BELTCHEFF NO. 21
SOPHIA, BULGARIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your June number, which recently appeared in this distant 'neck of the woods,' brings M. André Maurois's interesting suggestions to a young Frenchman 'On Living in England.' In contrast to his story of the Englishman with whom he lived in the same tent for six months without being asked whether he were married, and so forth, let me tell the following.

Some years ago I found myself in a second-class railway compartment going north from Salonica, Macedonia, with a single companion. His appearance led me to address to him the question, 'Do you speak English?' 'I should rawther think I do, bein' a native of Manchester,' was his reply. I had the courage to break M. Maurois's 'golden rule' never to ask questions, and learned that my companion had just ended a three years' contract with a cotton mill in Salonica, as its chief machinist. Without my asking about his family affairs he was eagerly telling me, within ten minutes, that he had a daughter who was born on the twenty-ninth of February and so had a proper birthday only once in four years; that she was to be eighteen on February 29 of this particular year; that he was timing his journey so as to appear in his home on the morning of that momentous day — without having forewarned the family! He pictured to me the sensation this happy event would produce, the astonishment on the Missus's face and how the daughter would run at Daddy, with the same pleasure that any normal human being feels in sharing an anticipated joy with a sympathetic listener. He had a broad, bearded, rather heavy face which lighted up as he developed his theme. When I left the train we shook hands like lifelong friends, and I can't think of him to this day without a 'God bless him' in my soul.

Of course my friend did not belong to English upper-tendom, with which class M. Maurois's contacts evidently have been made. But 'one swallow does n't make a summer' in any case. An English officer with whom I was on a peace mission in Macedonia showed me pictures of his wife and children within two weeks of our becoming acquainted — in exchange for similar confidences on my part. A young English vice consul told me of his engagement and impending marriage with the same frankness and pleasure with which a young French captain of gendarmes told me of his. Despite my humble calling of foreign missionary it has been my privilege to administer 'first aid' of sympathy to a titled English high official wounded in an affair of the heart, although this naturally came about after a friendship of some years.

I am confident that my companion of the railway compartment is typical of Englishmen in general. It is possible that we Americans, standing midway between the English and French in emotionalism and talkativeness, may understand them both better than they understand each other. Therefore I would beg permission of M. Maurois to add a suggestion to those made by him in the June *Atlantic*. It is: Never stand in awe of the English. Treat them like ordinary humans and they will return the compliment.

EDWARD B. HASKELL

The anonymous man of affairs who asked in the Contributors' Club the vital question, 'Shall I Retire?' has received ample advice from our correspondents. In fact, he has made retirement quite the question of the day in the *Atlantic's* mail. We print in this number another Contributors' Club paper by a young man who is so seriously struck by the situation that he proposes to retire before he has well begun. Below are two other points of view. Only a purist will complain that in these letters poetic license has been pushed a little too far and metaphors are not always strictly consistent.

By all means retire. Your wife has enough to live on as she pleases. She may even be more than willing to lose a 'business man' to regain a 'lover.' Your children are minors and, theoretically at least, are still under your control. With more time to devote to them you will be a better father and make of them — I started to say better citizens, but I prefer to say better human beings.

There are two ways of living within one's income. One is to have an income large enough to cover all possible demands. The other is to keep one's needs so simple that one's income, however small, may cover them. I prefer, and try to practise, the latter, though I know that, from the point of view of Business, it is rank heresy.

An English college professor, educated at an American university, remarked that the American college trains men for the science of living, the English for the art of living.

In these days of increasing leisure, let any man who has within him the faintest glimmering of what the art of living means blow hard upon the tiny spark. Heaven knows we need it.

I would like to see founded some sort of MacDowell colony where the square pegs who have succeeded, by hook or by crook, in crawling out of their round holes may — unhampered — carve out square holes for themselves, according to their lights and leanings, where

. . . each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are.

I am supposed to be near the top in my profession. My chief pleasure in this is that it enables me to save money with which to 'make my get-away' before I am a bag of dry bones.

Yes, individually or collectively, I'd say, retire.

J. H. B.

Dear Atlantic, —

The dilemma voiced in 'Shall I Retire' will grow more common as men awake from the horror of industrial nowhitherness. The Robots are dancing on the steel girders and sending radio waves to the sensitive receiver.

Plainly, what are we to do when life automatically invents newly created needs and fails to satisfy them without money payment? The needy solve the problem by finding some corner without necessarily brightening it or wishing to do so. But to him that hath — ah, let him drop the receiver and run to the Maine woods. There, if he has ears, let him listen to the catbird and the splash of water; if he has eyes, let him catch the glint of silvery trout in the stream or watch a feathery cloud spread thin over blue vacancy.

The problem posed can be solved by courage; by a will to live otherwise, in the face of Elks and Rotarians. He who hesitates submits to herd notions of industrial morality that profiteers and their henchmen have made popular.

The Duchess's garden — and a familiar but ever-welcome anecdote.

Pemaquid Point, Maine

Dear Atlantic, —

Miss Arnold's charming 'Reminiscences of Lewis Carroll' in the June *Atlantic* recalls a delightful experience that I had at Oxford last summer. Just as I was leaving Christ Church Cathedral after the morning service on Sunday, a dapper little man, ruddy-cheeked and brown-eyed, whom I recognized as the chief verger, but who had now abandoned his gown and staff and appeared in blue civilian clothes and a derby, was leaving too, and mentioned to me on the walk outside that there would be beautiful music at the six o'clock service. His voluntary friendliness made me ask him whether he could tell me in what part of the college were the rooms of Lewis Carroll. Thereupon he indicated that I might see them just outside the main entrance to the quadrangle, a group of rooms with a bay window on the second floor to the left as one entered. I happened to say that someone had suggested to me to see a Mr. F——, who could tell me much of Lewis Carroll. At that he 'ruffled his feathers,' straightened his chest, and, clearing his throat, acknowledged that F—— was his name.

Mr. F—— had been in a hurry to get off (evidently he had afternoon duties at the Cathedral after luncheon), but he mellowed under the mention of the name of Lewis Carroll. He had known Dr. Dodgson well, and he said, in a courtly manner, that he would take me up to the library, which had been in his care also in Dr. Dodgson's time, and show me where the eminent don used to spend a great part of his days. He pulled from his pocket a massive iron key. We hastened

along. Mr. F—— was brisk for eighty-eight, and later I was told that at eighty-six he had been cycling about the streets of Oxford. Soon the great door swung open. We climbed the staircase, and after unlocking another door were within the library of musty yellow volumes, alive with the touch of centuries. He pointed to a place by the window. 'There is where Dr. Dodgson used to work, miss, and out there is Dean Liddell's garden and the rockery. Many are the times he and little Alice had tea on the green.'

And there, to be sure, was the exact replica of the Duchess's garden — a fair greensward, stiff rose trees, borders of blue delphinium and pink foxglove, a rockery, and last of all a trim little path along which one could see the White Rabbit hurrying with coat tails flying.

Mr. F—— with shining eyes continued to talk of Dr. Dodgson, of *Alice in Wonderland*, and of the writing of the book. 'Many are the times I have skooted Dinah, the Cheshire cat, out of this library,' he declared with a twinkle.

He asked me whether I realized the significance of the name 'Lewis Carroll' — Lewis for Lutwidge, a derivation, he supposed, of the German Ludwig, and Carroll from the Latin Carolus for Charles.

With a winning smile he recalled an incident which took place shortly after the much-talked-of appearance of *Alice in Wonderland*. Her Majesty Queen Victoria sent a royal command to Dr. Dodgson, requesting him to send her a copy of his latest work. Now Dr. Dodgson's latest publication happened to be an abstruse treatise on some branch of higher mathematics. Though he knew perfectly what Her Majesty wanted, he could not resist the opportunity to be both honest and humorous. Mr. F—— had been in the library while the professor with many chuckles carefully tied up a brown paper parcel containing this latest work.

DOROTHY BRUCE

The ambiguous key.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The lovers of Shakespeare's sonnets are assuredly deeply grateful to the *Atlantic* for the article in the July number by Ian Colvin, 'Shakespeare Unlocked His Heart.' Through the author's researches we now have added confirmation of the value of Sir Denys Bray's notable rearrangement of Shakespeare's sonnets.

Even with Sir Denys's rhyme-linked aid to continuity the sonnets as a whole or in single examples are deeply freighted with conjecture. As mental exercises they are unequaled — a single phrase often having the power to possess the mind as may a haunting chord or a spiritual revelation. Shelley called the sonnets the 'whetstone for dull intelligence.' There are others who have not felt the necessity of rearrangement, and also Shakespearean students, notably Thomas Taylor, M. A., who viewed them as a unity and chronologically arranged.

Grant that the sonnets as originally published are in disorder; is not that seemingly the way of life? The individual life resembles the seasons; though the days and months may be unseasonable, still order prevails. Even in nature's haphazard style order and significance may be discovered.

Hence psychic illumination may be experienced by refraining from reading the sonnets episodically, but by reading them instead as symbolical revelations of Shakespeare's inward life. By so doing the reader will be convinced that in line with the Titans of the race Shakespeare experienced a spiritual transformation. With this key there is a dignity in the sonnets otherwise lacking. The noumenal translation substituted for the phenomenal invests the sonnets with the same immensity of range possessed by the plays. Thus perceived, the beautiful high-born youth referred to in the majority of the sonnets symbolizes the mystic's experience of immortal youth and his revelation of beauty as all prevailing — yet haunted still with the revelry of the world, its lusts and thwartings, symbolized by the mysterious lady, 'the woman colour'd ill.'

Thus Wordsworth read the sonnets, not as a mere confession or record of events, but as the unlocking of his heart. Instead of being a trafficker in the episodical sense, Shakespeare became a seer of life's spiritual significance as recorded in the majority of the sonnets. Hence he could proudly say, —

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

T. R. FLEMING

Doctors in fiction.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read with much interest Miss Repplier's charming article entitled 'The Public Looks at Pills,' in the April number. In this paper the author makes the statement that the late Dr. Weir Mitchell once said to her that, in his opinion, neither English nor American fiction had ever produced a satisfactory portrait of a doctor.

In thinking over this statement I was inclined to disagree with the famous specialist and author. Dr. Mitchell himself has given us in Dr. North a very charming picture of a doctor who was also a thoroughly trained scientist.

Two very different but equally distinct figures rise, however, before my mind, portraying with a loving fidelity the faithful family physician.

Who can ever forget Dr. MacLure in *Beside the Bonny Brier Bush* — his unfaltering devotion to his people and to his high standard of duty. Always, as has been said of one of our greatest presidents, 'loyal to his rock-ribbed Presbyterian soul.' How clearly we recall the wonderful scene when, with his faithful old mare, Jess, he swims the Tochty — the swift Highland river — in flood time to save the lives of Annie Mitchell and her baby; and the desperate all-night fight that won the life of Saunders. How vividly then comes to our memory his gentleness with little children — his 'saving common sense,' and his wonderful hold on the hearts of his people. No wonder that the whole community turned out to do him honor when he was laid to rest.

In marked contrast is the portrait given us by Margaret Deland in Willie King, the hard-headed, practical, kind-hearted family physician of Old Chester.

He is the embodiment of common sense, but as we follow him in story after story of the *Old Chester Tales*, where he comes in contact with so many human lives in their times of direst need, ministering to mind and body with the faithful use of all knowledge at his command, and spending his life to the uttermost, ungrudgingly, for these his people — we feel that he is worthy to take his stand by the side of Dr. Lavendar as one of the greatest forces in the welfare of the community.

These last two men are true and graphic portraits of a type that is fast fading from our life — the faithful family physician, who ministered to the members of his community from the time that he brought them into the world until he soothed the last hours of the dying, and comforted the stricken household, as no one else could do. All honor to his memory, and may he come back to us with the changing cycles of social development.

SALLIE M. LACY

'Years to Savannah.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Due to the rapid development of the South, many of the quaint customs and expressions of the Old South are fast disappearing.

The following anecdote relates how the negroes on the plantation recorded a date. Sometimes it was so many years before or after the stars fell or so many years before 'Missus' died; nearly always it was with reference to some important happening the date of which could be easily established.

A few days ago, while sitting at my desk in the City Hall at Mobile, I happened to glance toward the door and there stood an old white-headed negro with his battered hat in his hand and a wonderful smile on his face. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him and he replied, 'Boss, is you the head-tax man?' I answered in the negative and told him that this tax collector did not work after five o'clock in the afternoon. His face took on a worried look and he asked me if I could n't take the money, explaining that he worked until five o'clock each day and by the time he walked the three miles to the city all the offices were closed — he had tried this several times already. I then agreed to take the money, so he placed three dollars on my desk and started out without giving his name, address, or age. I called him back and explained that the tax was five dollars. He answered, 'Well, boss, I jist don't believe I got to pay dat much — I think Ise over age, but I want to give them three dollars to keep them men off of me.' Of course I then asked his age, but he could n't enlighten me, and my next question was the date of his birth. His reply was instantaneous. The words came so fast and so mechanically that I knew that he had repeated them to himself literally thousands of times throughout his life so that the date would not be lost. And this is what he said: 'Two years to Savannah, three weeks before Christmas.' I pondered a few seconds while my memory sped back to the old plantation in the Black Belt of Alabama, and I replied, 'Why, John, you were born the first week in December, 1867, and you are over sixty years old, and you won't have to pay head tax.' He said, 'Yas sir, yas sir — dat's so, boss. You must be from up home' — and his face beamed and my heart softened and I was glad.

I remembered that the expression 'years to Savannah' means years after the Civil War, which ended in 1865.

ANDREW A. COFFIN

Readers of the Contributors' Club will remember the rich fruitage of names recently gathered and presented to the public by a filing clerk.

TECHOW, SHANTUNG, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was gracious of the filing clerk to recognize the injustice that was being done to some of us by not including our names. That apologetic word must have been specially meant for another quartette, namely — Miss Darling, Mrs. Love, Dr. Kissing, and

Yours truly,

M. HUGGINS

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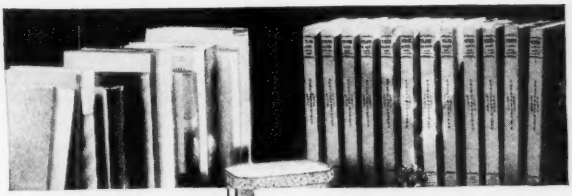

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The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Fourteenth Edition; a New Survey of Universal Knowledge. New York: Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc. 1929. 24 vols.

OPPOSITE the title-page of each volume of the new *Britannica* stands a proud column of dates: 'First Edition, 1768. . . . Eleventh Edition (last complete revision), 1910. . . . Fourteenth Edition, 1929.' The appearance of a fresh edition of the premier encyclopædia in English is an event of the greatest importance in the world of books. It is like the sudden publication of a magazine with contributions by a thousand of the world's leading authors and scientists.

This latest edition is a startlingly new book. A few familiar features remain, and it is pleasant to see John Morley's famous article on Burke and Macaulay's on Goldsmith, standing beside those by G. B. Shaw on Socialism, Henry Ford on Mass Production, and R. A. Millikan on the Electron. But the old fine-print sections are gone, and the ponderously long articles, from which specific facts had to be dug out with the help of the index. An astonishing wealth of illustration, both plates and text cuts, keeps one looking at pictures wherever one turns. The paper is heavier, the print clearer, and every article is broken up into convenient sections by clear captions in bold-face type. The maps, made by Bartholomew, are placed in the final volume, with the index.

Looking more deeply, one becomes aware of two things: the book is a unit, with a new perspective, that of 1929; and there is a new emphasis on the practical — on processes, as apart from history. How things are made, how business is conducted, how games are played, how birds and aeroplanes fly — these are all made clear. Less space is devoted to the biography of obscure men — old French authors, old English actors, old Scottish divines — and enormously more space to farms and football, to mining and dancing, than in the earlier editions. That which appeals to one reader in a million has been cut down or cut out, and that which appeals to the average college boy or business man has been treated with the greatest fullness, in an interesting and easy style, and illustrated so that the reader of ordinary intelligence cannot fail to understand.

Yet the old authority has not been sacrificed; it has simply taken a new form. It seems odd to see the names of Gene Tunney and Irene Castle beside those of Elihu Root and Albert Einstein; yet Tunney certainly knows about Boxing in America (his section of the general article on Boxing) and Mrs. Castle about Modern Dancing, just as surely as does Mr. Root about the World Court or Einstein about Space-Time. Milton Work writes of Auction Bridge, Gilbert Murray of Homer, Frank Brangwyn of Mural Painting, G. K. Chesterton of Dickens, Cardinal Bourne of the Roman Catholic Church, Sir Oliver Lodge of the Ether, Jesse Lasky of Picture Production, George Haven Putnam of American Copyright, and Marshal Foch of Morale in War; no one could have chosen better persons to speak on these subjects, and they are typical of thousands. The old detachment is gone, and perhaps some of the distinction; but the authority remains.

The new book is not only 'humanized' and 'picturized,' but Americanized. The attempt has been made to have every article intelligible to the average reader. The illustration is worthy of all praise; the thousands of line cuts in the text are clear and informing; the half-tone plates are very beautiful, the color plates are even more remarkable; and in every case the titles are fully explanatory, so that one has no need to hunt through the text in order to understand the picture. The *Britannica* has at last escaped fully from its insularity, and is now addressed to the whole English-speaking world. A corps of American editors has seen to it that the American aspects of every subject are adequately treated; on all legal topics, for example, a separate section is devoted to American practice, and the same is true of sports and industry. A helpful feature of the book is the insertion at the head of each major topic of a list of the articles bearing on that topic, with an indication of the scope of each; 'Chemical Articles,' for example, is a complete guide to the widely scattered material in the field of chemistry, while 'Historical Articles' is a means of quickly finding one's way to the important summary articles — many of which

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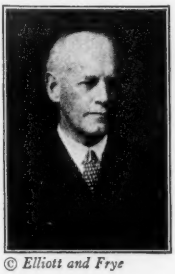

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have titles which would not immediately occur to the reader — in this great field. By such means and by abundant cross references, dependence on the index volume is greatly lessened.

A word should be said about the art features of the work. In no encyclopædia has so much attention been given to art in all its phases, including many that are not obvious. There are, for example, remarkable articles on such topics as Chinese Sculpture, with eleven plates, Glass, with eighteen plates (in addition to three on Glass Manufacture), and Bronze, also with eighteen plates. The plates devoted to each country beautifully illustrate the charm of its towns and cities; in a number of cases, fine reproductions of etchings are used for this purpose. The art direction of the whole work has been conducted with intelligence and enthusiasm, so that every volume contains many pages of pure delight to the eye.

There has been a thoroughgoing revision of all bibliographies, and many references of 1928 date are given. Nothing seems to have been neglected; the book has gained in general helpfulness far more than it has lost through the sacrifice of some of its old-fashioned literary aloofness. The twenty-four volumes are to be published as a unit during the coming autumn; the entire process of manufacture will have been accomplished in the almost impossibly brief period of nine months.

It is the belief of the reviewer that no one who inspects the book carefully can fail to share his enthusiasm, which is based on a detailed examination of the first eleven volumes.

FRANK H. CHASE
Reference Librarian, Boston Public Library

The Tragic Era: The Revolution after Lincoln, by Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. 8vo. xxii + 567 pp. $5.00.

To his well-known volumes on the political history of Federalist and Jacksonian days Claude G. Bowers has added a treatment of the Reconstruction period which can only be called masterly. The characteristic qualities of his earlier books reappear in *The Tragic Era* — the succession of strong pictorial effects, the rapid march of narrative, the vivid and often original portraits, and the constant interjection of telling bits of drama and even melodrama. In his previous volumes his achievement was rather that of infusing new life into old materials than of adding to our actual sum of knowledge. But in this book he projects much fresh illumination on the Reconstruction years — illumination gained from probably the most patient examination of newspaper files yet made, from a thorough search of official archives, and from new manuscript materials, notably the unpublished diary of George W. Julian, the diary and papers of Governor W. W. Holden of North Carolina, and a wealth of Southern letters collected by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The result is a work which, as interesting as any romance by Dumas or Stevenson, and containing some of the most lurid and some of the most poignant pages of American history yet penned, does more than any student of the period would have thought possible to reshape its lines, alter its perspective, and bring new facts out of the gloom.

It is purely a political history, and even yet this era in our politics is a battle ground littered with live bombs of controversy. Mr. Bowers, who has never felt it his duty to assume an Olympian aloofness any more than Grote or Macaulay did, is here anything but impartial. His sympathies are wholly with the South, stretched on the rack of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and in dealing with the Republican rulers of the country he spares neither the honest fanatics like Stevens and Sumner nor the greedy corruptionists like Oakes Ames and Babcock. In details he is nearly always scrupulously fair. His pages upon Thaddeus Stevens, studious, conscientious, heroic in suffering, grimly devoted to his ideas, give the reader a sense of sympathy even while Stevens's aims are made repellent. Mr. Bowers does not gloss over the brutalities of the Ku Klux Klan, though he treats them with summary brevity. But the effect of his steady succession of pictures of Southern suffering and Northern recklessness is a damning indictment of the dominant party in the eleven years between Appomattox and the counting-out of Tilden. It is largely a justified indictment; but Mr. Bowers's strength is not in analysis. It would carry more conviction if there were a cool analysis of some of the more mooted questions. A preponderance of opinion has always held that at one time the South could have regained peace and its old status by accepting the Fourteenth or Civil Rights Amendment alone, without the horrors of negro-carpet-bag control, and that Andrew Johnson's greatest blunder was his advice to reject these terms. This issue Mr. Bowers hurries by. To take a minor issue, he also hurries by the question of the 'black codes' — whether they were justifiable restraints, or in some degree a veiled attempt to reduce the negroes to peonage — with a quotation from Professor W. A. Dunning, who said something on both sides.

But Mr. Bowers's partisanship, like his rather excessive use of picturization, makes his book the more fascinatingly readable without too seriously detracting from its worth as our best single work on the Reconstruction. Particularly valuable is the care with which a number of important but neglected leaders, especially on the Democratic side, — Daniel W. Voorhees, Thomas A. Hendricks, Michael Kerr, Benjamin H. Hill, — are rescued from an approach to oblivion, and the evidence of their stature and achievements impressively set forth. Other men, not so much forgotten, like Oliver P. Morton and L. Q. C. Lamar, stand forth as living figures. In a more direct way than ever before, we learn from the

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lips and pens of everyday Southern whites just what agonies of apprehension, humiliation, and deprivation they went through. Some of the bits of social drama, revolving around such figures as Kate Sprague and the proud Mrs. Belknap, who was crushed in the face of all Washington, illustrate the time in a profoundly significant way, and it is a service to have brought them back to light. The period was really less hectic and lurid, it was fuller of quiet, normal forces of growth and improvement, than the reader would perhaps guess. But its hectic and melodramatic phases — Johnson's duel with the radicals, the crisis of impeachment, the hurly-burly of reconstruction, the corruption and scandal under Grant, the dizzy contrast between post-war ostentation and post-panic poverty, and the disputed election of 1876 — have never been described with such striking detail and such ability to recreate the past. The book is a rare addition to the literature of American history.

ALLAN NEVINS

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. 1929. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 8vo. 423 pp. $2.50.

MISS DE LA ROCHE has done that very rare thing — hit the bull's eye twice in succession. People who delighted in *Jalna* — and certainly there were very many who did — need not fear to find any slowing up of interest in this second chronicle of the Whiteoaks. With her brilliant characterization, her passion for life, for beauty and sincerity, and perhaps most of all her unfailing humor, giving balance to the whole, she has set this unique family before us once more with an amazing sureness of touch.

Miss de la Roche knows her Whiteoaks. She has only to look at them again to see them clearly; and more, to make the reader see them also. Personally I am sure that they live in Canada. This is not to say that she has fallen into the error of photographing real people, against which Stevenson warned J. M. Barrie long since, but that she has so firmly and convincingly woven the strands of their varied personalities upon the warp and woof of imagination that she has fetched them into being, and made them more alive — more, as one might say, true to life — than many perhaps falsely so-called real people whom one encounters blowing aimlessly about the world. For me this second book is not a sequel. It is rather as though I had thought suddenly, 'Oh, I wish I could hear something of the Whiteoaks! What's going on at Jalna, I wonder?' — and then, thank goodness! Miss de la Roche pays them a second visit and tells me all about them, to my great interest and delight.

Perhaps what I enjoy most about these astonishing Whiteoaks is their constant unexpectedness; I never know exactly how they are going to jump. So brutal, and yet at times so tender! In scene after scene this happens. Look, for instance, at the Grandmother — that, as one might suppose, completely selfish old hag (her home life so unlike that of one's own dear grandmother!) who yet at the last makes not only a sporting finish, which one would have expected of her, but, in her own peculiar way, almost a sacrificial one. And the way she left her money was a complete surprise to me!

Well, one parts from these living people with regret. I know I shall wonder often what they are doing, and long again for news from Jalna. Can Miss de la Roche do it again? I don't know. I am half afraid to have her try, and yet I am as greedy as the old Grandmother herself: like her, I want 'More! More!' Especially I should like more about Finch.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

The Incredible Marquis, by Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1929. 8vo. 336 pp. Illus. $5.00.

MR. GORMAN has written a vivid and brilliant narrative of one of the most picturesque and picaresque lives ever lived by any human being. The career of Alexandre Dumas was contemporary with the larger part of the French nineteenth century and no figure in all that crowded period was more showily conspicuous than he. The son of a Napoleonic general and the grandson of a mulatto woman, he made the most of a varied and vigorous inheritance. He pushed his way from abject poverty to distinguished and triumphant success, first by masterpieces of romantic drama, then by the historical novels, culminating in *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Cristo*, which were read by the whole world. Money poured in upon him, but it ran out faster than it ran in. Glory poured in upon him, but he squandered it more wantonly than he did the money. So that when he died, in 1870, he was certainly not forgotten, but he had drawn from life all it could possibly give him.

What he was is even more impressive than what he did. He had the simple negro vanity in a colossal degree. He loved to hold the centre of the stage, to be talked of and pointed at, and above all to talk of himself. Yet with the vanity he had a human kindliness which made him everywhere beloved and popular. What is most astounding about him is his immense, enduring, inexhaustible vitality, which made him able to do the work of four other men, while at the same time he was living with a varied intensity that would have seemed incompatible with any work whatever. With the vitality went a huge enjoyment of everything. He enjoyed food, he enjoyed love, he enjoyed laughter, he enjoyed success, and in every possible way he enjoyed being Alexandre Dumas. Yet the vitality and the enjoyment had always something animal about them, so that he went out of existence almost with the sordid and pitiable decay of the brute.

Mr. Gorman has delineated this extraordinary existence with a thoroughness of research which

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author of "The Golden Bees"

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only those who have done some work on the period can fully appreciate. The mere production of Dumas himself is an enormous field for research and this has been widely supplemented and corrected. The rich and ample historical background, with which the main personage was so intimately connected, is fully and intelligently developed, and the minor and major characters associated with the story are given their appropriate place. Dumas knew everybody, and the great men and women of France and Europe naturally crowd into the pages that treat of him. But I am grateful to Mr. Gorman for keeping the sex aspect of his subject within decent limits. It would have been so easy to develop here and still keep within the facts. Also, we are spared the weary reiteration of Freudian complexes and repressions, perhaps because Dumas never repressed anything.

But through all the varieties of background and the crowding characters the main figure always stands out, partly by Mr. Gorman's skill and partly by his own superabundant vitality. He saw everything, he tried everything, he did everything, and the vast and shifting surface of life had no secrets for him. The one omission in his nature was God. Not that he would have allowed this, for he patronized God as he did the great ones of this world. Nevertheless, the lacunæ in Dumas's career may well be summed up in the little word 'God.' Perhaps the mention of this might not be unprofitable to the flippant twentieth century, though it might not be wholly welcome.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Falcons of France, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. 8vo. 332 pp. Illus. $2.50.

'THE unforgettable fragrance of burnt gasoline and castor oil,' 'the faint crackle and acrid smoke of tracer bullets' about one's ears, the intense spiritual exhilaration of the first moments of successful escape from enemy prison — what sensations these phrases will recall to a handful of old pilots!

To those who never played the rôle of either target or marksman in the human duck-shooting phase of the recent general unpleasantness, let it be said that *Falcons of France* tells with extraordinary accuracy the fascinating story of life in a hard-working French pursuit squadron at the front.

It comes at a particularly fortunate moment. The air needs to be cleared of cloyingly sentimental and grotesquely false pictures of the Foreign Legion and of the Lafayette Squadron as told in movie and adventure story.

Nordhoff and Hall are well qualified to do this. Both were writing men when they enlisted early in the war in Allied armies. Their military careers took them from service to service, and from army to army; Hall's brilliant record as pursuit pilot was cut short by the extraordinary shooting down behind the lines exactly as described in the book. Then after the Armistice they produced the official History of the Lafayette Flying Corps.

Old Escadrille Lafayette pilots will be amused to recognize the vivid descriptions of fights, gambols, and escapes in which they took part. Individuals and types are familiar and cleverly sketched: Captain Clermont, the stimulating and appreciative chief; Cartier the mechanician, efficient, impertinent, but utterly devoted; Felix, the old orderly, guardian of the repose of his boy pilots. Small wonder that the action and characterizations of the book are convincing!

It is impossible not to compare the story of Selden's life in air service and German prison with *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Sergeant Grischa*. In *Falcons of France* one misses the bitter hopelessness, the occasional revolting detail and episode. This difference is due largely to the author's choice of subject and character. The detail is painstakingly accurate, although that of a pleasanter game — a refreshing change. All of the Americans in the French Army were not Seldens, but there were many whom Hall, Nordhoff, and the rest of us have not forgotten. Too many of them can never be more than memories.

'Jim' Hall's immensely kind and friendly nature is, I am afraid, going to be disturbed by the reaction of the younger generation to this book. *Falcons of France* certainly will not make the prospect of war adventures repugnant to them. I shall try to have my own sons read dismal tales of the horrid life of the infantryman, but they will probably read *Falcons of France* on the sly.

At the front, the French military pilot, particularly the pursuit pilot, lived in a curious world apart, — an oasis, — utterly remote from civilian life at home and detached from many of the experiences and hardships of the other arms. He lived a splendid hard masculine life with only one responsibility — his flying mission. Days of crisp early morning sunlight, the drive of a magnificent motor; sudden combat with great enemy birds; terrifying escapes; the joy of a perfect landing after a hard patrol. At the end the appreciation and understanding of sympathetic chief and comrades — or a clean quick death.

Hall and Nordhoff have told it well. *Falcons of France* is more than a good yarn — it is a living and consequently better history of the Lafayette Squadron.

HAROLD B. WILLIS

The Ordeal of This Generation, by Gilbert Murray. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. 276 pp. $3.00.

THIS eminent scholar who wrote a mettlesome book on the Homeric question without once losing his temper here becomes the statesman who can write a peaceable book about world peace. An avowed militarist would experience the surprise of finding in these pages his own case better stated than he could state it himself and its difficulties faced with such candor that

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DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, 449 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

when the opposing arguments do begin one can imagine even a hardened army man thinking, 'I don't agree with this, but it 's so!' In the past ten years, when so many people of the thinking class have gone away and forgotten the League of Nations, Professor Murray has labored for it (and in it) unceasingly. The man who can translate Euripides into English verse and re-establish Greek drama on the modern stage can probably think of plenty of things he would rather do than drudge over the technicalities of international affairs; but the Greek scholar remembers his Thucydides and the collapse of a civilization, and has cheerfully shouldered his share of the task of preventing a similar catastrophe to our own. 'Thucydides,' when speaking of Professor Murray, is shorthand for a knowledge of history which makes him one of the few who are genuinely qualified to speak in terms of ages, cultures, and civilizations, and he does so with a succinctness which enables him to say in a page, sometimes in a sentence, as much as many authors say in a volume.

Even if one cared nothing about the League, even if references in the daily press to its achievements did not smite one with twinges of conscience for being so ignorant of its processes (an ignorance which this volume goes far to dispel), Professor Murray's book would still be worth not only that rapid first reading which the ease and distinction of its workmanship make such a pleasure, but also careful rereading of those chapters in which nineteenth-century civilization and the present world-situation are so brilliantly orchestrated. He establishes the position of the nineteenth as one of the great centuries, with one fatal flaw — independent national sovereignties. His reply to its most formidable critics, the radicals of its own day and of ours, is that, be the faults of capitalism what they may, an imperfect order is preferable to no order at all, and that only where some semblance of order exists can the finer values be cultivated. His position with respect to war and peace is that no longer is defeat the danger — the danger is war itself.

'Can war be abolished? Is it not rooted in human nature? Is not man a fighting animal? Or rather, is not strife an essential in life itself? Such questions all miss the essential point. It is not proposed to abolish the struggle for existence, or angry passions, or any particular constituent of human nature; not even folly. It is proposed to abolish a certain method of political action which has become too expensive, too painful, too dangerous, and too futile. . . . There is no change to be made in human nature, only a change in machinery and habits.'

There is something dramatic in the very existence of this book. Vitally written and having to do with the most vital question of our time, it is by a professor of Greek, a subject than which, to the popular conception, nothing could be more remote from practical affairs. Yet throughout a lifetime Professor Murray has made that subject throb with the issues of contemporary life. In this volume one thinks of him as one of the great Athenians, who, having lived through the first Peloponnesian War and perceiving the deadliness of its threat to Hellenic civilization, set himself diligently and at severe sacrifice during the Peace of Nicias to prevent that second Peloponnesian War which did precipitate its wreck. May Professor Murray's generous and heroic labors meet with a happier issue.

LUCIEN PRICE

The books selected for review in the Atlantic are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board.

George Washington, by Shelby Little — MINTON, BALCH & CO. — $5.00
A detailed and fully documented life, neither stilted nor psychoanalytical

Little Novels, by Arthur Schnitzler — SIMON & SCHUSTER — $2.50
A collection of short stories by the famous novelist; concise and moving, but indifferently translated

The Great Apes, by R. M. Yerkes and A. W. Yerkes — YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS — $10.00
A definitive study, of great scientific value and general interest; admirably illustrated

Of Reading Books, by John Livingston Lowes — HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. — $1.00
A stimulating essay on the pleasures and adventures of reading, by the author of *The Road to Xanadu*

Weathergoose — Woo! by Percy MacKaye — LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. — $2.50
Imaginative stories, comic, grotesque, and touching, in Southern mountain dialect

The Meddlers, by Jonathan Leonard — VIKING PRESS — $2.50
A powerful satire on the harm wrought by zealots